

THE  
LOWELL OFFERING;

A  
REPOSITORY

OF  
ORIGINAL ARTICLES,

WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY

BY FEMALES ACTIVELY EMPLOYED IN THE MILLS.

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“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

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*New series.*  
First Volume.

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## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

In the early part of 1840, an "Improvement Circle," as it was denominated, was formed in this city. The meetings were holden one evening in each fortnight. The entertainments consisted solely of reading communications. Shortly afterwards, a second Circle was formed. In October, 1840, the first number of the "Lowell Offering" was published — the articles, selected from the budgets of those Circles, being exclusively the productions of Females employed in the Mills. Nos. 2, 3, 4, followed at intervals of a month or six weeks. In April, 1841, a new series of the work was commenced. The first Volume, completed, is now presented to the public.

The two most important questions which may be suggested, shall receive due attention.

1st. Are all the articles, in good faith and exclusively, the productions of Females employed in the Mills? We reply, unhesitatingly and without reserve, that **THEY ARE**, the verses set to music excepted. We speak from personal acquaintance with all the writers, excepting four; and in relation to the latter, (whose articles do not occupy eight pages in the aggregate) we had satisfactory proof that they were employed in the Mills.

2d. Have not the articles been materially amended by the exercise of the editorial prerogative? We answer, **THEY HAVE NOT**. We have taken *less liberty* with the articles than editors usually take with the productions of other than the most experienced writers. Our corrections and additions have been so slight as to be unworthy of special note.

These statements rest on our veracity. Those who wish to inquire concerning our standing and reputation, are respectfully

referred to His Honor, Elisha Huntington, Mayor ; Samuel Lawrence, Esq. ; Jacob Robbins, Esq., Post Master ; or any of the Superintendents of the Corporations in Lowell.

In estimating the talent of the writers for the Offering, the fact should be remembered, that they are actively employed in the Mills for more than twelve hours out of every twenty-four. The evening, after 8 o'clock, affords their only opportunity for composition ; and whoever will consider the sympathy between mind and body, must be sensible that a day of constant manual employment, even though the labor be not excessive, must in some measure unfit the individual for the full developement of mental power.

Yet the articles in this volume ask no unusual indulgence from the critics — for, in the language of the North American Quarterly Review, “many of the articles are such as satisfy the reader at once, that if he has only taken up the Offering as a phenomenon, and not as what may bear criticism and reward perusal, he has but to own his error, and dismiss his condescension, as soon as may be.”

We requested a correspondent to furnish a concluding article, but we did not specify nor even *suggest* a train of thought. She wrote as she saw fit ; and we are pleased that she considered it proper to notice some of the principal objections urged against our enterprize. She also refers to a period when the feelings of the writers, and of others interested in the welfare of the Offering, were sorely tried. The reference is to the hostility of some narrow-minded, envious persons, who sought by calumny and other unreasonable sorts of opposition, to defeat our novel undertaking. But the day of gloom is past, and we go on our way rejoicing.



# THE LOWELL OFFERING

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## ABBY'S YEAR IN LOWELL.

### CHAPTER I.

"MR. ATKINS, I say! Husband, why can't you speak? Do you hear what Abby says?"

"Anything worth hearing?" was the responsive question of Mr. Atkins; and he laid down the New Hampshire Patriot, and peered over his spectacles, with a look which seemed to say, that an event so uncommon deserved particular attention.

"Why, she says that she means to go to Lowell, and work in the factory."

"Well, wife, let her go;" and Mr. Atkins took up the Patriot again.

"But I do not see how I can spare her; the spring cleaning is not done, nor the soap made, nor the boys' summer clothes; and you say that you intend to board your own 'men-folks,' and keep two more cows than you did last year; and Charley can scarcely go alone. I do not see how I can get along without her."

"But you say she does not assist you any about the house."

"Well, husband, she *might*."

"Yes, she might do a great many things which she does not think of doing; and as I do not see that she means to be useful here, we will let her go to the factory."

"Father, are you in earnest? may I go to Lowell?" said Abby; and she raised her bright black eyes to her father's, with a look of exquisite delight.

"Yes, Abby, if you will promise me one thing, and that is, that you will stay a whole year without visiting us, excepting in case of sickness, and that you will stay but one year."

"I will promise anything, father, if you will only let me go; for I thought you would say that I had better stay at home, and pick rocks, and weed the garden, and drop corn, and rake hay; and I do not want to do such work any longer. May I go with the Slater girls next Tuesday? for that is the day they have set for their return."

"Yes, Abby, if you will remember that you are to stay a year, and only one year."

Abby retired to rest that night with a heart fluttering with pleasure; for ever since the visit of the Slater girls, with new silk dresses, and Navarino bonnets trimmed with flowers, and lace veils, and gauze handkerchiefs, her head had been filled with visions of fine clothes; and she thought if she could only go where she could dress like them, she should be completely happy. She was naturally very fond of dress, and often, while a little girl, had she sat on the grass bank by the road-side, watching the stage which went daily by her father's retired dwelling; and when she saw the gay ribbons and smart shawls, which passed like a bright phantom before her wondering eyes, she had thought that when older she too would have such things; and she looked forward to womanhood as to a state in which the chief pleasure must consist in wearing fine clothes. But as years passed over her, she became aware that this was a source from which she could never derive any enjoyment, while she remained at home, for her father was neither able nor willing to gratify her in this respect, and she had begun to fear that she must always wear the same brown cambric bonnet, and that the same calico gown would always be her "go-to-meeting dress." And now what a bright picture had been formed by her ardent and uncultivated imagination! Yes, she would go to Lowell, and earn all that she possibly could, and spend those earnings in beautiful attire; she would have silk dresses,—one of grass green, and another of cherry red, and another upon the color of which she would decide when she purchased it; and she would have a new Navarino bonnet, far more beautiful than Judith Slater's; and when at last she fell asleep, it was to dream of satin and lace, and her glowing fancy revelled all night in a vast and beautiful collection of milliners' finery.

But very different were the dreams of Abby's mother; and when she awoke the next morning, her first words to her husband were, "Mr. Atkins, was you serious last night when you told Abby that



she might go to Lowell? I thought at first that you was vexed because I interrupted you, and said it to stop the conversation."

"Yes, wife, I was serious, and you did not interrupt me, for I had been listening to all that you and Abby were saying. She is a wild, thoughtless girl, and I hardly know what it is best to do with her; but perhaps it will be as well to try an experiment, and let her think and act a little while for herself. I expect that she will spend all her earnings in fine clothes, but after she has done so she may see the folly of it; at all events, she will be rather more likely to understand the value of money when she has been obliged to work for it. After she has had her own way for one year, she may possibly be willing to return home and become a little more steady, and be willing to devote her active energies (for she is a very capable girl) to household duties, for hitherto her services have been principally out of doors, where she is now too old to work. I am also willing that she should see a little of the world, and what is going on in it; and I hope that, if she receives no benefit, she will at least return to us uninjured."

"O, husband, I have many fears for her," was the reply of Mrs. Atkins, "she is so very giddy and thoughtless, and the Slater girls are as hair-brained as herself, and will lead her on in all sorts of folly. I wish you would tell her that she must stay at home."

"I have made a promise," said Mr. Atkins, "and I will keep it; and Abby, I trust, will keep *hers*."

Abby flew round in high spirits to make the necessary preparations for her departure, and her mother assisted her with a heavy heart.

## CHAPTER II.

The evening before she left home her father called her to him, and fixing upon her a calm, earnest, and almost mournful look, he said, "Abby, do you ever think?" Abby was subdued, and almost awed, by her father's look and manner. There was something unusual in it—something in his expression which was unexpected in him, but which reminded her of her teacher's look at the Sabbath school, when he was endeavoring to impress upon her mind some serious truth. "Yes, father," she at length replied, "I have thought a great deal lately about going to Lowell."

"But I do not believe, my child, that you have had one *serious*



reflection upon the subject, and I fear that I have done wrong in consenting to let you go from home. If I was too poor to maintain you here, and had no employment about which you could make yourself useful, I should feel no self-reproach, and would let you go, trusting that all might yet be well; but now I have done what I may at some future time severely repent of; and, Abby, if you do not wish to make me wretched, you will return to us a better, milder, and more thoughtful girl."

That night Abby reflected more seriously than she had ever done in her life before. Her father's words, rendered more impressive by the look and tone with which they were delivered, had sunk into her heart as words of his had never done before. She had been surprised at his ready acquiescence in her wishes, but it had now a new meaning. She felt that she was about to be abandoned to herself, because her parents despaired of being able to do anything for her; they thought her too wild, reckless, and untamable, to be softened by aught but the stern lessons of experience. I will surprise them, said she to herself; I will show them that I have some reflection; and after I come home, my father shall never ask me if I *think*. Yes, I know what their fears are, and I will let them see that I can take care of myself, and as good care as they have ever taken of me. I know that I have not done as well as I might have done; but I will begin *now*, and when I return, they shall see that *I am* a better, milder, and more thoughtful girl. And the money which I intended to spend in fine dress shall be put into the bank; I will save it all, and my father shall see that I can earn money, and take care of it too. O, how different I will be from what they think I am; and how very glad it will make my father and mother to see that I am not so very bad, after all.

New feelings and new ideas had begotten new resolutions, and Abby's dreams that night were of smiles from her mother, and words from her father, such as she had never received nor deserved.

When she bade them farewell the next morning, she said nothing of the change which had taken place in her views and feelings, for she felt a slight degree of self-distrust in her own firmness of purpose.

Abby's self-distrust was commendable and auspicious; but she had a very prominent development in that part of the head where phrenologists locate the organ of firmness; and when she had once determined upon a thing, she usually went through with it. She

had now resolved to pursue a course entirely different from that which was expected of her, and as different from the one she had first marked out for herself. This was more difficult, on account of her strong propensity for dress, a love of which was freely gratified by her companions. But when Judith Slater pressed her to purchase this beautiful piece of silk, or that splendid piece of muslin, her constant reply was, "No, I have determined not to buy any such things, and I will keep my resolution."

Before she came to Lowell, she wondered, in her simplicity, how people could live where there were so many stores, and not spend all their money; and it now required all her firmness to resist being overcome by the tempting display of beauties, which met her eyes whenever she promenaded the illuminated streets. It was hard to walk by the milliners' shops with an unwavering step; and when she came to the confectionaries, she could not help stopping. But she did not yield to the temptation; she did not spend her money in them. When she saw fine strawberries, she said to herself, "I can gather them in our own pasture next year;" when she looked upon the nice peaches, cherries, and plums, which stood in tempting array behind their crystal barriers, she said again, "I will do without them *this* summer;" and when apples, pears, and nuts were offered to her for sale, she thought that she would eat none of them till she went home. But she felt that the only safe place for her earnings was the savings bank, and there they were regularly deposited, that it might be out of her power to indulge in momentary whims. She gratified no feeling but a newly-awakened desire for mental improvement, and spent her leisure hours in reading useful books.

Abby's year was one of perpetual self-contest and self-denial; but it was by no means one of unmitigated misery. The ruling desire of years was not to be conquered by the resolution of a moment; but when the contest was over, there was for her the triumph of victory. If the battle was sometimes desperate, there was so much more merit in being conqueror. One Sabbath was spent in tears, because Judith Slater did not wish her to attend their meeting with such a dowdy bonnet; and another fellow-boarder thought her gown must have been made in "the year one." The color mounted to her cheeks, and the lightning flashed from her eyes, when asked if she had "*just come down*;" and she felt as though she should be glad to be away from them all, when she heard their



sly innuendoes about "bush-whackers." Still she remained unshaken. It is but for a year, said she to herself, and the time and money that my father thought I should spend in folly, shall be devoted to a better purpose.

### CHAPTER III.

At the close of a pleasant April day, Mr. Atkins sat at his kitchen fireside, with Charley upon his knees. "Wife," said he to Mrs. Atkins, who was busily preparing the evening meal, "is it not a year since Abby left home?"

"Why, husband, let me think: I always clean up the house thoroughly just before *fast-day*, and I had not done it when Abby went away. I remember speaking to her about it, and telling her that it was wrong to leave me at such a busy time, and she said, 'Mother, I will be at home to do it all next year.' Yes, it is a year, and I should not be surprised if she should come this week."

"Perhaps she will not come at all," said Mr. Atkins, with a gloomy look; "she has written us but few letters, and they have been very short and unsatisfactory. I suppose she has sense enough to know that no news is better than bad news, and having nothing pleasant to tell about herself, she thinks she will tell us nothing at all. But if I ever get her home again, I will keep her here. I assure you, her first year in Lowell shall also be her last."

"Husband, I told you my fears, and if you had set up your authority, Abby would have been obliged to stay at home; but perhaps she is doing pretty well. You know she is not accustomed to writing, and that may account for the few and short letters we have received; but they have all, even the shortest, contained the assurance that she would be at home at the close of the year."

"Pa, the stage has stopped here," said little Charley, and he bounded from his father's knee. The next moment the room rang with the shout of "Abby has come! Abby has come!" In a few moments more, she was in the midst of the joyful throng. Her father pressed her hand in silence, and tears gushed from her mother's eyes. Her brothers and sisters were clamorous with delight, all but little Charley, to whom Abby was a stranger, and who repelled with terror all her overtures for a better acquaintance. Her parents gazed upon her with speechless pleasure, for they felt that a change for the better had taken place in their once wayward



girl. Yes, there she stood before them, a little taller and a little thinner, and, when the flush of emotion had faded away, perhaps a little paler; but the eyes were bright in their joyous radiance, and the smile of health and innocence was playing around the rosy lips. She carefully laid aside her new straw bonnet, with its plain trimming of light blue ribbon, and her dark merino dress showed to the best advantage her neat, symmetrical form. There was more delicacy of personal appearance than when she left them, and also more softness of manner; for constant collision with so many young females had worn off the little asperities which had marked her conduct while at home.

"Well, Abby, how many silk gowns have you got?" said her father, as she opened a large, new trunk. "*Not one*, father," said she; and she fixed her dark eyes upon him with an expression which told all. "But here are some little books for the children, and a new calico dress for mother; and here is a nice black silk handkerchief for you to wear around your neck on Sundays; accept it, dear father, for it is your daughter's first gift."

"You had better have bought me a pair of spectacles, for I am sure I cannot see anything." There were tears in the rough farmer's eyes, but he tried to laugh and joke, that they might not be perceived. "But what did you do with all your money?"

"I thought I had better leave it there," said Abby, and she placed her bank book in her father's hand. Mr. Atkins looked a moment, and the forced smile faded away. The surprise had been too great, and tears fell thick and fast from the father's eyes.

"It is but a little," said Abby. "But it was all you could save," replied her father, "and I am proud of you, Abby; yes, proud that I am the father of such a girl. It is not this paltry sum which pleases me so much, but the prudence, self-command, and real affection for us, which you have displayed. But was it not sometimes hard to resist temptation?"

"Yes, father, *you* can never know how hard; but it was the thought of *this* night which sustained me through it all. I knew how you would smile, and what my mother would say and feel; and though there have been moments, yes, hours, that have seen me wretched enough, yet this one evening will repay for all. There is but one thing now to mar my happiness, and that is the thought that this little fellow has quite forgotten me;" and she drew Charley to her side. But the new picture-book had already effected won-

ders, and in a few moments he was in her lap, with his arms around her neck, and his mother could not persuade him to retire that night until he had given "sister Abby" a hundred kisses.

"Father," said Abby, as she arose to retire, when the tall clock struck eleven, "may I not sometime go back to Lowell? I should like to add a little to the sum in the bank, and I should be glad of *one* silk gown!"

"Yes, Abby, you may do anything you wish. I shall never again be afraid to let you spend a year in Lowell." LUCINDA.

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### RETURN OF SPRING.

THERE is no change in the whole revolution of nature with which there are associated so many pleasing, sober, and reflecting sensations, as that of spring-time. The change from the rough and discordant notes of winter to the gentle, sighing melodies of spring, is calculated to awaken the deepest and holiest feelings of the soul.

How sweetly refreshing to the mind, and how admirably pleasing to the eye, after having passed through the dreary lapse of winter, to hail the gentle harbingers of spring, the sweet restorer of the glories of earth! It is then, for the time being, we seem to partake of the exhilarating influence of nature, and forget our own frail mutability, amidst the smiling pleasures that surround us.

And again, there are painful emotions linked with humanity, which the return of spring has the magic power to arouse. After the first burst of joy has subsided, we return to ourselves, and find that our internal desolations have not been restored by the power which has recalled inanimate nature to life, and clothed it with freshness and beauty. We find in our own hearts waste places, where once blossomed the first bright flowers of youthful hope, faded forever! A vacuum of joys past, to return no more! There we trace the meanderings of once pure streams, whose waters have become stagnant and impure, or whose fountain the draught of misfortune has exhausted. Such are the lessons of moral desolation which spring-time brings with it; and while we scan the pages of memory with the inward eye, we feel miserable indeed, till we



glance again at nature's kingdom, and behold the renovating influence of spring, in giving life and beauty to all her offspring. Wherever her footsteps have before been marked, there she passes not by, though her predecessors have dealt out mildew and blighting, and robed her children in sackcloth. At the voice of her calling, they spring up from their ruins, with a more enchanting beauty than when they yielded to the unrelenting frost of autumn.

"If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, will He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

DOROTHEA.

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### THE SNOW-STORM.

"THERE is no beauty in winter," said Fanny Clarendon, as she stood looking out of her window upon the drifting snow, one cold stormy day. Fanny possessed many amiable traits of character, but she had not trained her mind to bear disappointment with resignation. With a clouded brow, she seated herself by the fire, indulging in gloomy thoughts and useless repinings. As night came on, and the family gathered around the fire, each in turn relating the incidents of the day, Fanny's cheerfulness returned.

Their conversation was soon interrupted by a stranger, who requested shelter from the storm. His thin white hair and tattered garments, evinced age and poverty. Mr. Clarendon admitted the suppliant, and Fanny quickly prepared him refreshments. "You appear too old and infirm to be travelling at this inclement season," said Mr. Clarendon. "Yes," replied the stranger, "but I hope soon to rest with my relatives." "Where do they reside?" inquired Mr. Clarendon. "Forty years since, I left them in the village of N., whither I am now hastening; but I fear I shall find myself a stranger there, as well as elsewhere," replied the old man, in a tremulous voice. "What is your name?" eagerly demanded Mr. Clarendon. "William Clarendon," was the reply. "My long absent brother!" exclaimed Mr. Clarendon, seizing the hand of his guest; "you have found a relative sooner than you imagined. I am Frederic, your only remaining brother, and henceforth you shall



find a home within my dwelling. To-day is the anniversary of my birth, and I have for many years invited my brother and sisters and their families, to spend this day and the following week with me. The storm has prevented them from coming to-day, but they will doubtless come as soon as the weather will permit. Our brother has departed to that 'better land,' within the past year, and I have felt that our meeting would be sad; but Providence has kindly sent you at this time, that we might feel that, although we have been deprived of one brother, another has been restored to our society."

The elder brother raised his eyes to heaven in thankfulness, and wept from mingled emotions of joy and sadness. After his feelings became composed, he briefly narrated the events of his life during his long absence.

"In every situation in life I might have been happy, had it not been for a restless, dissatisfied spirit, which deprived me of enjoying what I possessed, in the anticipation of a greater degree of happiness in some other situation than that in which I was placed. I left New England, dissatisfied with her variable climate and the toilsome life of her sons, to obtain wealth and happiness beneath the warm skies of India. While there, I was disgusted with the manners of the inhabitants, oppressed with heat and lassitude, and sighed for one breath of the clear, cold air of my native mountains, and the society of friends. In Europe I was still unhappy. Continued change made me poor. Old age came upon me, and I resolved to return to my country, and spend the remainder of my days with those I had loved in my youth. Since I landed upon my native shores, I have subsisted upon charity. An over-ruling Power directed me to your dwelling, and has given you a generous heart to receive your aged and care-worn brother."

The family retired to rest, while Fanny pondered over the events of the day, and she resolved never again to repine and murmur at what for the present seemed evil. The morning came, fair and beautiful; their expected friends arrived, the pleasure of their ride having been greatly enhanced by the new-fallen snow; all were happy in the mansion of Clarendon, and none more so than Fanny. Through life she regarded that snow-storm as a most fortunate event. From the lesson it conveyed to her mind, she was enabled to meet the trials and disappointments of life with resignation and confidence in the superior wisdom of God.

S. W. S.

## APPEARANCES.

"Judge not by the appearance—but judge righteous judgment."

"APPEARANCES are often deceitful." This old saying, in my apprehension, embodies much truth, as most of us can affirm from experience or observation. It is impossible always to judge correctly of those who are entire strangers to us, concerning their character or condition in life, by external appearance. If dressed richly, we are apt to conclude that they are rich in this world's goods, whereas they may be indebted to the merchant and tailor for all their finery. Or if polite and polished in their manners, we are favorably impressed, and take it for granted that they are really as they seem to be, good and pure-hearted. But frequently, on farther acquaintance or inquiry, we find ourselves in an error; they prove to be the very reverse of all that is good and great, and we are left the victims of disappointment and mistaken judgment.

I once knew an instance similar to this in my native place. About ten years ago, a young gentleman made his appearance there, and was soon employed as clerk in one of the stores. He was a very genteel, good-looking person, rather tall and well proportioned, with black eyes and dark hair. He dressed far better than the young men of that town generally did, and being very intelligent, social, and easy in his manners, he became, ere long, a universal favorite, especially with the young ladies. It was not long before it was rumored that he was quite partial to Helen, (as I shall designate her, although not her real name.) She was considered one of the best and prettiest girls in our village. She was above the middle height, of a full and well turned form; her dark hair contrasted well with her high and polished brow; but there was an intellectual beauty in her bright, expressive eye, that far exceeds the charm of the fairest complexion or most regular features. It showed that she was a being of thought and feeling, as well as of superior loveliness. Her parents were wealthy, and of great respectability. As Edward, her reported admirer, appeared every way worthy of her, he in time became an accepted lover, and sleigh-rides, parties and balls were the order of the day.

But alas! for human happiness! in the course of a few months other rumors were afloat, not quite so much to the credit of Edward, nor so gratifying to his friends. The substance of the stories in



circulation was this: that Edward had been seen reeling under the effects of strong drink; nor was this all—it was farther stated that it was a habit of long standing. He was a victim of intemperance, and the knowledge of this fact sent a chill to the hearts of all acquainted with him; for he had been highly esteemed. But to none did it come with so startling a sound, as to her who had become so deeply interested in his welfare. It was a death-blow to her fairest hopes; all her bright expectations were destroyed.

At first Helen could scarcely accredit the report; but when the rumor was verified by her brother, who had himself seen him inebriated, she no longer doubted, nor did she for a moment hesitate in the course she ought to pursue, but at once resolved to part forever with one who had proved himself unworthy her regard.

Edward was soon afterwards dismissed from his business, and having lost the respect and esteem of the good and virtuous, he sought an abiding-place elsewhere. The last time we received any intelligence concerning him, he was in Canada, and had become a worthless, degraded gambler.

Helen is still unmarried, although she has received offers from several of the first young men in that vicinity. She is now on the shady side of thirty, and what may be termed an old maid. It must be allowed, however, that she became one from choice; for, having been so cruelly deceived and disappointed in the character of the early object of her affections, she decided in favor of a life of single blessedness.

ELIZABETH.

#### AN ACROSTIC.

Lo! our offering here we bring—  
On the altar now it lies!  
We have touched the spirit-string—  
Even now its notes arise.  
Lowly is the strain we sing—  
Let none spurn the gift we bring.

Ours is not a costly gem,  
From the mine of Ophir brought;  
Fame's bright jewelled diadem  
Ever here may not be sought.  
Richer far the gift you'll find,  
If you'll scan its pages o'er;  
Nought but fruits of heart and mind,  
Gathered from the spirit's store.

DORA.



## A VISIT FROM HOPE.

"'T was midnight, and the lulling hour  
Threw o'er my heart its drowsy power.  
My fire and lamp in languor vied,—  
In fitful snatches blazed and died.  
At length their gasping life was closed,  
And all my sense in slumber dozed."

"PAST twelve!" said a sweet, musical voice, as I was seated by the expiring embers of a wood fire. I turned hastily to see who had thus intruded on my presence, when, lo! I beheld an old man. His thin white locks were parted on his forehead, his form was bent, and as he extended his thin, bony hand towards me, it shook like an aspen leaf. I stirred the fire, and drawing a chair to it, requested him to be seated; but he declined in the same sweet voice, and said he had come to invite me to take a walk with him. "You are no stranger to me," he continued, "and perhaps I am not unknown to you. My name is HOPE. I have followed you, as a friend, from childhood. I have often heard you lament that you were an orphan, and alone in this cold, heartless world, and had I left you, it would have been a dreary scene indeed. But never before this evening have I heard you express the wish that your friends could live on earth again." He offered his arm to support me, but I shrunk back with terror at the thought. Nevertheless, we went forth together. As we stepped into the open air, it seemed like a calm summer evening; and instead of being in a thickly populated city, I was in my own native village. Everything appeared as I had left it many years before. My guide hurried me on with velocity, though he looked old; but as we passed along, his form became erect, and his step firm and steady. He slackened his pace a little, as we came before the old church. It was a beautiful spot, near which was the grave-yard. We entered. There were trees growing in it, and many kinds of flowers were blooming around the different graves, and the only paths were those which had been worn by the slow feet of sorrow and sympathy, as they followed love and friendship to the grave.

He stopped where there were two or three graves in an enclosure, and directing my attention to one that had a fresh garland of flowers laid on the tomb-stone, he thus addressed me: "Do you not remember that garland? the flowers were gathered and twined by yourself! Yes, you remember well—I can see by the tears that flow so fast; and the rose and honeysuckle that blossom here are

no strangers to your eyes ; they have often been watered with tears that flowed from a full heart. Beneath that sod repose the remains of one who was dearer to you than father or mother. I have often found you here, when your gay companions have been in the ball-room or crowded assembly. I would then reverse the picture, and present to your view a brighter day, and you would go away holier and better for having communed awhile with the dead. I have cheered you in your darkest hours of sorrow. When friends you loved have betrayed the trust you reposed in them, then I would bid you believe that all were not thus fickle. In short, I have never deserted you, though you have sometimes forgotten me, as was the case this evening, when you scarcely remembered my name ; but I think I am recollected now. You must still look forward for happier days ; they are in store for you"—and he sweetly repeated the following lines :

"The spirit long inured to pain,  
May smile at fate in proud disdain,—  
Live through its darkest day, and rise  
To more triumphant energies."

I involuntarily knelt upon the grave. "Sweet spirits," I said, "if departed friends are ever allowed to view this world, with love ineffable, you may now be regarding me." My guide pointed upwards, and as I looked the clouds opened, and I saw my father. My mother was leaning on his arm, adorned with seraphic beauty, smiling benignantly upon me, as if to assure me of her perfect happiness. Though my father died in a foreign land, they were united in death.—Far in the distance I saw *him* of whom Hope had spoken. He was surrounded with a halo of light, and had a harp in his hand ; and I saw many more there, but my guide again addressed me, inquiring if I still wished my departed friends to return to this earth.

I was about to reply in the negative, when I heard the most beautiful music that ever fell on mortal ear. It appeared very near me, and turning my head quickly, such a silvery light fell upon me that I awoke, and found myself not in a grave-yard, but seated by a window, with the moon shining full in my face. Near me were a few musicians, who had probably been serenading the ladies of their love.

I was much obliged to Hope for his timely visit, and will endeavor to profit by the advice he gave me, nor ever indulge a repining spirit. It imparts a gloomy hue to every object. Even Hope, under its influence, looks old and decrepit. H.



# MY COUNTRY'S FLAG.

UNFURLED ON THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG! I love to gaze  
 Upon thee, bathed in freedom's light!  
 I love the very breeze that plays  
 Among thy folds, on yonder height.  
 Thy STARS AND STRIPES! I love them well,  
 For all the high-born truths they tell.  
 They o'er my spirit cast a spell,  
 That seems by angel-impulse given,—  
 It savors less of earth than heaven.

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG! I love to think  
 Of thee, as of a heaven-born thing,  
 And with thy every thought, to link  
 A holier name than prince or king.  
 The Christian's God it was, who gave  
 The hand to rear thee, strength to save—  
 And made thy champions bold and brave,  
 To lift thy STARS AND STRIPES on high,  
 And tell their freedom to the sky!

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG! to-day unfurled,  
 To-day are ten-fold honors thine!  
 Proclaim thy message through the world—  
 To-day thy brightest splendors shine.  
 This day commemorates a name  
 Entwined with liberty and fame;  
 And proud America may claim  
 A tribute from the world, upon  
 The birth-day of her WASHINGTON.

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG! a sight of thee  
 Shall waken livelier gratitude—  
 And many a youthful heart shall see,  
 That to be great is to be good.—  
 That noble being all must love,  
 Who, rising grandeur far above,  
 Meanwhile was gentle as the dove,—  
 And wrapt around his towering mind,  
 The chords that bound him to mankind.

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG! wave on, wave on,  
 Till aristocracy shall cease,  
 And every eye shall greet the dawn  
 Of liberty, the morn of peace!

Till every being on our soil  
 Shall eat the free reward of toil,  
 And every chain, and serpent-coil,  
 Before thy silken folds shall flee,  
 And God's own image stand forth free.

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG! what varied thought  
 Betakes me, while I gaze on THEE!  
 What images are interwrought  
 With thy auspicious motto—FREE!  
 In contrast with myself, 'tis pain,  
 Because I may not break the chain  
 Which holds me back from yonder plain,  
 Where knowledge grows on every tree,  
 For every favored devotee.

ADELAIDE

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### THE FIRST WEDDING IN SALMAGUNDI.

I HAVE often heard this remark: "If their friends can give them nothing else, they will surely give them a wedding." As I have nothing else to present at this time, I hope my friends will not complain if I give them an account of the first wedding in our town. The ceremony of marriage being performed by His Excellency the Governor, it would not be amiss to introduce him first of all.

Let me then introduce John Wentworth, (the last Governor of New Hampshire while the colonies were subject to the crown of Great Britain,) whose country-seat was in Salmagundi. The wedding which I am about to describe was celebrated on a romantic spot, by the side of Lake Winnipiseogee. All the neighbors within ten miles were invited, and it was understood that all who came were expected to bring with them some implements of husbandry, such as ploughs, harrows, yokes, bows, wheelbarrows, hods, scythe-snaths, rakes, goads, hay-hooks, bar-pins, &c. These articles were for a fair, the product of which was to defray the expenses of the wedding, and also to fit out the bride with some household furniture. All these implements, and a thousand and one besides, being wanted on the farm of Wentworth, he was to employ persons to buy them for his own especial use.



Johnny O'Lara, an old man, who used to chop wood at my father's door, related the particulars of the wedding one evening, while I sat on a block in the chimney-corner, (the usual place for the greatest rogue in the family,) plying my knitting needles, and every now and then, when the eyes of my step-mother were turned another way, playing slyly with the cat. And once, when we youngers went upon a whortleberry excursion, with O'Lara for our pilot, he showed us the spot where the wedding took place, and described it as it was at the time. On the right was a grove of birches; on the left a grove of bushy pines, with recesses for the cows and sheep to retire from the noonday sun. The back ground was a forest of tall pines and hemlocks, and in front were the limpid waters of the "Smile of the Great Spirit." These encircled about three acres of level grass-land with here and there a scattering oak. "Under yonder oak," said O'Lara, "the ceremony was performed; and here, on this flat rock, was the rude oven constructed, where the good wives baked the lamb; and there is the place where crotched stakes were driven to support a pole, upon which hung two huge iron kettles, in which they boiled their peas. And on this very ground," said O'Lara, "in days of yore, the elfs and fairies used to meet, and, far from mortal ken, have their midnight gambols."

The wedding was on a fine evening in the latter part of the month of July, at a time when the moon was above the horizon for the whole night. The company were all assembled, with the exception of the Governor and his retinue. To while away the time, just as the sun was sinking behind the opposite mountains, they commenced singing an ode to sunset. They had sung,

"The sunset is calm on the face of the deep,  
And bright is the last look of Sol in the west;  
And broad do the beams of his parting glance sweep,  
Like the path that conducts to the land of the blest"—

when the blowing of a horn announced the approach of the Governor, whose barge was soon seen turning a point of land. The company gave a salute of nineteen guns, which was returned from the barge, gun for gun. The Governor and retinue soon landed, and the fair was quickly over. The company being seated on rude benches prepared for the occasion, the blowing of a horn announced that it was time for the ceremony to commence; and, being answered by a whistle, all eyes were turned towards the

right, and issuing from the birchen grove were seen three musicians, with a bagpipe, fife, and a Scotch fiddle, upon which they were playing with more good nature than skill. They were followed by the bridegroom and grooms-man, and in the rear were a number of young men in their holyday clothes. These having taken their places, soft music was heard from the left; and from a recess in the pines three maidens in white, with baskets of wild flowers on the left arm, came forth, strewing the flowers on the ground, and singing a song, of which I remember only the chorus:

"Lead the bride to Hymen's bowers,  
Strew her path with choicest flowers."

The bride and bridesmaid followed, and after them came several lasses in gala dresses. These having taken their places, the father of the bride arose, and taking his daughter's hand and placing it in that of Clifford, gave them his blessing. The Governor soon united them in the bonds of holy matrimony, and as he ended the ceremony with saying "what God hath joined let no man put asunder," he heartily saluted the bride. Clifford followed his example, and after him she was saluted by every gentleman in the company. As a compensation for this "rifling of sweets," Clifford had the privilege of kissing every lady present, and beginning with Madam Wentworth, he saluted them all, from the gray-headed matron to the infant in its mother's arms.

The cake and wine were then passed round. Being a present from Madam Wentworth, they were no doubt excellent. After this refreshment, and while the good matrons were cooking their peas and making other preparations, the young folks spent the time in playing "blind-man's-buff" and "hide and go seek," and in singing *Jemmy and Nancy*, *Barbara Allen*, *The Friar with orders gray*, *The Lass of Richmond Hill*, *Gilderoy*, and other songs which they thought were appropriate to the occasion.

At length the ringing of a bell announced that dinner was ready. "What, dinner at that time of night?" perhaps some will say. But let me tell you, good friends, (in Johnny O'Lara's words,) that "the best time for a wedding dinner is when it is well cooked, and the guests are ready to eat it." The company were soon arranged around the rude tables, which were rough boards, laid across poles, that were supported by crotched stakes, driven into the ground. But it matters not what the tables were, as they were covered with cloth, white as the driven snow, and well loaded with plum pud-



dings, baked lamb, and green peas, with all necessary accompaniments for a well ordered dinner, which the guests complimented in the best possible manner, that is, by making a hearty meal.

Dinner being ended, while the matrons were putting all things to rights, the young people made preparation for dancing; and a joyous time they had. The music and amusement continued until the "blushing morn" reminded the good people that it was time to separate. The rising sun had gilded the sides of the opposite mountains, which were sending up their exhalations, before the company were all on their way to their respective homes. Long did they remember the first wedding in our town. Even after the frosts of seventy winters had whitened the heads of those who were then boys, they delighted to dwell on the merry scenes of that joyful night; and from that time to the present, weddings have been fashionable in Salmagundi, although they are not always celebrated in quite so romantic a manner.

TABITHA.

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### A CELEBRATION.

Not many years ago, while on a visit to some friends in one of the Northern States, I witnessed a celebration of American Independence that gave me much satisfaction—more especially because of the respect shown to the fathers of '76—a tribute that is ever due to the patriots who fought and bled for our country's freedom. A costly dinner was prepared, by order of the governor of the State, and all the veterans were invited to attend. The day was ushered in by the firing of cannon, our national ensign floating gracefully in the wind. At ten o'clock, a large assembly was collected from different towns to witness the celebration. The heroes of the Revolution being called upon, by order of the committee, to form themselves in procession, commenced a march of about half a mile. They were about thirty-five in number, all dressed in the military uniform of '76. And truly it was an interesting sight! At the sound of the music and beating of the drums, new life and vigor seemed to be imparted to them, and their step was as elastic as that of boys of sixteen.

After their return, we were seated in a grove that had been neatly fitted for the occasion to shelter us from the rays of the sun; after which a very spirited and classical address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. D. At the close, a piece of music, that had been selected for the occasion, was sung. We then repaired to a table, richly spread with the bounties kind Providence had seen fit to bestow. After gratifying Mr. Alimentiveness, several toasts were read,—two of which are recollected by me, because they were the productions of, and delivered by, a lad of my acquaintance. Perhaps they may not prove uninteresting, if inserted here. 1. "Adams and Jefferson: illustrious compatriots of the American Revolution, who fanned the undying flame of civil liberty, and burst the chains of British tyranny! immortal be their memories." 2. "Honor to the brave and gallant Warren, who died nobly defending American liberty! His patriotism gives to the Revolution an immortal bloom, and his memory is honorable to his country."

At the recital of these names, the fire of patriotism seemed to glow in the countenances of the venerable fathers, as they stood leaning on their staves, and I saw tears gather in their eyes, and steal down their care-worn and sunken cheeks. I was carried, in imagination, to the time when these hoary-headed veterans stood on the battle-field, bidding defiance to the roar of the cannon and all the implements of death that were staring them in the face; suffering the privations of hunger and cold; and I thought of the many miles they had traversed through a trackless wilderness, with no covering but the canopy of heaven to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather, and nought, save the low dirge of the night winds, to hush them to repose,—at times aroused from their slumbers by the howl of the wolf, or the yell of some savage foe. These, and the thousand other ills attendant on a life spent in the service of our country, rushed on my mind in a moment, and I could not refrain from shedding tears,—but they were tears of gratitude, offered to that Being who had so kindly watched over and protected them through many dangers, and that they were here standing as the memorials of the past.

After the reading of the several toasts, which were answered by the cannon and shouts of the citizens, we returned to our several places of residence, feeling much gratified with what we had witnessed during the day.

B. M. W.



## "BLESS, AND CURSE NOT."

THE Athenians were proud of their glory. Their boasted city claimed pre-eminence in the arts and sciences; even the savage bowed before the eloquence of their soul-stirring orators; and the bards of every nation sang of the glory of Athens.

But pre-eminent as they were, they had not learned to be merciful. The pure precepts of kindness and love were not taught by their sages; and their noble orators forgot to inculcate the humble precepts of forgiveness, and the "charity which hopeth all things." They told of patriotism, of freedom, and of that courage which chastises wrong or injury with physical suffering; but they told not of that nobler spirit which "renders good for evil," and "blesses, but curses not."

Alcibiades, one of their own countrymen, offended against their laws, and was condemned to expiate the offence with his life. The civil authorities ordered his goods to be confiscated, that their value might swell the riches of the public treasury; and everything that pertained to him, in the way of citizenship, was obliterated from the public records. To render his doom more dreary and miserable,—to add weight to the fearful fulness of his sentence,—the priests and priestesses were commanded to pronounce upon him their curse. One of them, however, a being gentle and good as the principles of mercy which dwelt within her heart—timid as the sweet songsters of her own myrrh and orange groves, and fair as the acacia-blossom of her own bower—rendered courageous by the all-stimulating and powerful influence of kindness, dared alone to assert the divinity of her office, by refusing to curse her unfortunate fellow-being—asserting that she was "PRIESTESS TO BLESS, AND NOT TO CURSE."

LISSETTA.

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## ANCIENT POETRY.

I LOVE old poetry, with its obscure expressions, its obsolete words, its quaint measure, and rough rhyme. I love it with all these, perhaps *for* these. It is because it is different from modern poetry, and not that I think it better, that it at times affords me pleasure. But when one has been indulging in the perusal of the smooth and

elegant productions of later poets, there is at least the charm of variety in turning to those of ancient bards. This is pleasant to those who love to exercise the imagination—for if we would understand our author, we must go back into olden times; we must look upon the countenances and enter into the feelings of a long-buried generation; we must remember that much of what we know was then unknown, and that thoughts and sentiments which may have become common to us, glowed upon these pages in all their primal beauty. Much of which our writer may speak, has now been wholly lost; and difficult, if not impossible to be understood, are many of his expressions and allusions.

But these difficulties present a “delightful task” to those who would rather push on through a tangled labyrinth, than to walk with ease in a smooth-rolled path. Their self-esteem is gratified by being able to discover beauty where other eyes behold but deformity; and a brilliant thought or glowing image is rendered to them still more beautiful, because it shines through a veil impenetrable to other eyes. They are proud of their ability to perceive this beauty, or understand that oddity, and they care not for the mental labor which they have been obliged to perform.

When I turn from modern poetry to that of other days, it is like leaving bright flowery fields to enter a dark tangled forest. The air is cooler, but damp and heavy. A sombre gloom reigns throughout, occasionally broken by flitting sunbeams, which force their way through the thick branches which meet above me, and dance and glitter upon the dark underwood below. They are strongly contrasted with the deep shade around, and my eye rests upon them with more pleasure than it did upon the broad flood of sunshine which bathes the fields without. My searching eye at times discovers some lonely flower, half hidden by decayed leaves and withered moss, yet blooming there in undecaying beauty. There are briars and thistles and creeping vines around, but I heedlessly press on, for I must enjoy the fragrance and examine the structure of these unobtrusive plants. I enjoy all this for a while, but at length I grow chilled and weary, and am glad to leave the forest for a less fatiguing resort.

But there is one kind of old poetry to which these remarks may not apply—I mean the POETRY OF THE BIBLE. And how much is there of this! There are songs of joy and praise, and those of woe and lamentation; there are odes and elegies; there are prophecies



and histories ; there are descriptions of nature and narratives of persons, and all written with a fervency of feeling which embodies itself in lofty and glowing imagery. And what is this but poetry ? yet not that which can be compared to some dark, mazy forest, but rather like a sacred grove, such as "were God's first temples." There is no gloom around, neither is there bright sunshine ; but a calm and holy light pervades the place. The tall trees meet not above me, but through their lofty boughs I can look up and see the blue heavens bending their perfect dome above the hallowed spot, while now and then some fleecy cloud sails slowly on, as though it loved to shadow the still loneliness beneath. There are soft winds murmuring through the high tree-tops, and their gentle sound is like a voice from the spirit-land. There are delicate white flowers waving upon their slight stems, and their sweet fragrance is like the breath of heaven. I feel that I am in God's temple. The Spirit above waits for the sacrifice. I can now erect an altar, and every selfish, worldly thought should be laid thereon, a free-will offering. But when the rite is over, and I leave this consecrated spot for the busy path of life, I should strive to bear into the world a heart baptized in the love of beauty, holiness, and truth.

I have spoken figuratively—perhaps too much so to please the pure and simple tastes of some—but He who made my soul and placed it in the body which it animates, implanted within it a love of the beautiful in literature, and this love was first awakened and then cherished by the words of Holy Writ.

I have, when a child, read my Bible, from its earliest book to its latest. I have gone in imagination to the plains of Uz, and have there beheld the pastoral prince in all his pride and glory. I have marked him, too, when in the depth of his sorrow he sat speechless upon the ground for seven days and seven nights ; but when he opened his mouth and spake, I listened with eagerness to the heart-stirring words and startling imagery which poured forth from his burning lips ! But my heart has thrilled with a delightful awe when "the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind," and I listened to words of more sublimity than uninspired man may ever conceive.

I have gone, too, with the beloved disciple into that lonely isle where he beheld those things of which he was commanded to write. My imagination dared not conceive of the glorious throne, and of Him who sat upon it ; but I have looked with a throbbing delight upon the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven in her clear

crystal light, "as a bride adorned for her husband." I have gazed upon the golden city, flashing like "transparent glass," and have marked its pearly gates and walls of every precious stone. In imagination have I looked upon all this, till my young spirit longed to leave its earthly tenement and soar upward to that brighter world, where there is no need of sun or moon, for "the Lamb is the light thereof."

I have since read my Bible for better purposes than the indulgence of taste. There must I go to learn my duty to God and my neighbor. There should I look for precepts to direct the life that now is, and for the promise of that which is to come; yet seldom do I close that sacred volume without a feeling of thankfulness, that the truths of our holy religion have been so often presented in forms which not only reason and conscience will approve, but also which the fancy can admire and the heart must love.

ELLA.

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### THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

It had always been customary for the family of my uncle and that of my father, to spend the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays together, each with the other alternately. This custom had never been interrupted during the long period of twenty-four years, until the occasion of which I am about to speak. At this time my uncle, who was a mechanic, and a man of great promptness and integrity, having entered into a contract to complete a certain job at a given time, found it impossible to fulfil his engagement without sacrificing his usual Thanksgiving visit. His two sons, Frederic and James, being very sensible young men, not thinking it at all beneath their dignity to follow the same profession and also the industrious example of their father, readily consented to forego their intended visit, and spend the day in assisting him. My aunt, wisely concluding that it would not be right for her husband and sons not only to lose their anticipated visit, but their dinner also, decided, as any good wife and mother should have done, to stay at home and prepare one for them. But all this did not prevent their two daughters, Harriet and Ellen, who were of nearly the same age as my sister Caroline and myself, from spending the day with us.



They came therefore, as usual, two or three days previously ; for notwithstanding we lived at the distance of twelve miles from each other, the most friendly intimacy was ever maintained between all the members of the families. This was more particularly the case between the female members, my cousins often spending a week or fortnight in my father's family, which favor my sister and myself never failed soon to reciprocate.

We had spent the two preceding days very pleasantly in visiting, reading, chatting, &c., when on Thanksgiving morn my cousins received a message from their mother, requesting them to return home that evening, and also for my sister and myself to accompany them, if convenient, without however assigning any reason for such a request. We all at once agreed in pronouncing this "too bad." But having been trained up in the *now vulgar* notion that obedience to parents is one of the first duties of the child, we did not attempt to detain them, but decided to take Jenny and go down and spend the remainder of the week with them, since they could not spend it with us.

Now Jenny was a little dark-gray nag, as round as an acorn, with a finely curved back and neck, giving her a most graceful appearance as she moved swiftly and smoothly along. My uncle and cousins, as I have before stated, were industrious mechanics, and consequently found but little time to spend in riding about, and therefore did not deem it necessary to keep a horse and carriage, merely because it was fashionable and considered genteel. It was for this reason that we always took Jenny with us when we visited at our uncles. My father, having a large farm, usually kept six or eight horses, for no other reason, that I could ever perceive, but that they might eat up his hay and grain. Jenny could therefore be spared as well as not ; indeed she was seldom ever used by my father or brother, but kept exclusively for the female members of the family, insomuch that she acquired the appellation of "Jenny, the ladies' horse."

When our arrangement was made known to my father, he objected to it, on the ground that, as we should not start till evening, he was apprehensive we might meet with some accident. Brother Edward concurred with my father in his opinion, and proposed escorting us down with his fine span of bright bays, which he had just been breaking in. My father thinking this scarcely more safe than the other, proposed accompanying us himself, with his span

of favorite blacks. My mother however settled the question, by saying that, as we wished to spend several days, she thought it best to let us take Jenny and go by ourselves, as we had at first requested. This was quite a disappointment to brother Edward, who had always before had the pleasure of escorting our cousins home.

As soon as this had been decided, my mother, who had always cherished a most sisterly regard for my aunt, began to select certain portions of all the good things prepared for her own table, to send to her. These were deposited in a large chest-like box and placed in the front part of the sleigh. Thus freighted, we set off.

We had proceeded about half the distance, when I began to indulge my ever unfortunate propensity for star-gazing. I was just endeavoring to point out to my cousins the constellation vulgarly called "The Ladle," when Jenny, who was a very neighborly animal, thought it no harm to make a friendly call at a house situated a considerable distance from the road. I did not perceive this till it was too late to regain the right path without incurring the danger of upsetting the sleigh, and seeing another road leading from the house to the main road, I concluded to pass on till we came to it, when, by taking that, we could easily and safely regain the one we had left. Cousin Harriet, not knowing my intention, and being perhaps somewhat frightened withal, seized the reins, causing Jenny to turn so suddenly as to upset the sleigh, throwing us out, and nearly burying us in an enormous snow-drift.

"Whoa!" screamed sister Caroline; "whoa!" responded cousin Ellen, seeing Jenny disposed to proceed on her journey. But Jenny was a great lover of good order, and had no idea of stopping amid such a scene of confusion, and so trotted away as gaily as if nothing had happened and we were all quietly seated in the sleigh. They all soon regained their feet excepting myself, who still lay floundering in the snow. At length, by cousin Ellen's assistance, I was enabled to rise; but finding myself too much injured to walk, advised them to go to the house and request some one to go in pursuit of Jenny.

Off started Harriet and Caroline, but not stopping to get into the right path, they found themselves several times nearly buried in a snow-bank, through which they attempted to break their way. At length they arrived at the house. Their knock was immediately answered by a gentleman, when Harriet, breathless from her late exertion and affright, stammered out, "Oh! oh dear! oh dear!



we have all tipped over!" "Who? what?" exclaimed the gentleman in surprise. "Oh! we have all tipped over; one girl is hurt badly, and the horse has run away!" "Where?" exclaimed the gentleman. "Oh! do come out here, for we have all tipped over!"

He had by this time come to the conclusion that his assistance was required, but wisely concluding that it would not be prudent to go out in his slippers, calmly inquired for his boots, and began very deliberately to put them on, at the same time requesting them to walk in and be seated. But they declined his invitation, being too much frightened to think that they were keeping the door open, much to the annoyance of those within.

During this time we had been far from being idle. After leaning for a few minutes upon cousin Ellen, I found myself enabled to walk. Upon looking around, I found that my mother's box of provisions had been upset, and the contents either scattered or strangely mixed together. Here a chicken was perched upon a mince pie, a roasted goose was lying in a custard pudding, and a duck was swimming in a bowl of preserves, (which, strange to relate, was standing upright, having lost none of its contents, though it had gained a considerable addition thereto,) while pies, cakes, turkeys, tarts, &c., were profusely scattered around. Not caring to expose all the articles of our freight, we hastily gathered up what we could, and had deposited them in the box before Harriet and Caroline, accompanied by the gentleman, returned.

The gentleman, after looking round for a time, set off in pursuit of the horse, while we all made the best of our way to the house, to await his return. The family kindly welcomed us, and endeavored to make us as comfortable as possible. No sooner were we seated than Caroline began to weep most violently, and Ellen to express many regrets that we had not taken up with my father's advice. Harriet said nothing, but sat with folded arms, looking the very image of despair; while I, whose misfortune it is to see many things, that to others appear of the most serious importance, in a very ludicrous light, could not forbear laughing most heartily.

Soon, however, the jingling of bells announced the arrival of the fugitive Jenny, her neighborly disposition having led her to stop at the next house. We all rushed to the door, and there she stood, looking as demure and innocent as if she had in no wise been the cause of our misfortune.

Soon as we were all seated in the sleigh again, we began to

devise means for keeping the whole affair secret, but how to manage it we knew not. Fortunately, when we arrived at my uncle's, Frederic and James were absent. We immediately communicated the whole to uncle and aunt, who agreed with us that it ought to be kept secret from my mother, for being naturally very timid, a knowledge of it would subject her to much subsequent anxiety; and as we did not care to be laughed at either, it was agreed that it should be kept secret from all.

My aunt then informed us that one of our friends had given a party that evening, which was the reason of our having been sent for, and that Frederic and James had waited till it was thought we should not come. We all, for reasons that may easily be guessed, found it inconvenient to attend the party, though my uncle kindly offered to escort us thither.

My aunt, who would not for the world have told a falsehood, thought it *very likely* that my lameness was caused by an attack of rheumatism, to which I was often subject, and so the affair passed off. No one ever suspected the truth, though my aunt often admonished me against star-gazing.

CONSTANCE.

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### THE DYING PARENT.

THE low voice of sorrow was heard in the chamber of the dying man. Around him circled his wife and children. Suddenly had he sunk beneath the storm of a violent disease; and now that its rage was expended, he sank quietly, like one reposing, to rest. In earthly scenes he took no delight: even with the church militant he was nearly done, for he was about to be united to the church triumphant. Nothing earthly engaged his affection, save the wife and children about to be deprived of their guardian and father. With them he sympathized; and to their grief he responded more eloquently than language can express, as he looked first on the wife, then on the children, about to be left widowed and fatherless. "I have done all for my family I can ever do," said the dying man, "excepting to commend them to Him who is the Fountain of mercy, a very present help in the time of trouble." And fervently went forth the prayer, that Jehovah would be the God and guide of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless children; and with



the closing of that petition, ascended the spirit of the father, to stand in the presence of Him who is the Source of all holiness.

New duties now devolved on the widowed mother; new trials awaited her; but of Him who giveth liberally she sought wisdom, and liberally it was given unto her. \* \* \* \*

Time passes. Her son blossoms into youth. For him temptation spreads a thousand snares; enchantment lures him to the precipice of destruction. Alike, he spurns the admonition of friends, and the contempt of those who love him not; recklessly he stands on the brink of ruin. But ONE monitor he cannot disregard. Memory points to the scenes of childhood and innocence; to the dying chamber; to the last prayer of a beloved father. Almost he hears it repeated—"Save Thou him in the hour of temptation!"—The spell is broken. He sees the ruin that was about to engulf him. He turns away from the now dreaded scene. He returns to the paths of rectitude, and ultimately proves a blessing to society, and is blest by those around him.

Years glide on. Around the dying mother is circled manhood's strength. Her form is bent with age. Her locks are silvered over by time. Yet the soul is happy in contemplating that mercy which has attended her through every period of her life; and she gratefully exclaims, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me! Blessed be His holy name forever!"

MARY S.

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### FORGIVENESS.

'FORGIVE one another.' How frequently do these words suggest themselves to my mind, when I look around, and behold the strife, contention, and spirit of revenge which pervade all ranks of society! From the crowned head to the lowest mendicant, this spirit is visible in very many, and they seem to regard it as something that is noble and elevating in their character, to resent an injury and to return evil for evil. How frequently do we see the peace of neighborhoods impaired, and sometimes wholly destroyed, by this evil spirit—and union and friendship transformed into coldness and indifference, and perhaps hatred and disgust! Would to heaven that the evil could stop here. But no; serpent-like, it creeps into the family circle, where nought but love and harmony should prevail, severing the most sacred ties.

Whilst writing, my mind recurs to an instance that occurred in a country town, and was related to me while on a recent visit to

that place. Two brothers, residing in the same vicinity, had been at variance, and for some trifling cause had not exchanged words for several years. The eldest being one day engaged in assisting to raise the frame of a building, stepped on a stick of timber, which instantly gave way, precipitating him fifteen or twenty feet, upon a ledge of rock. He was taken up senseless, and conveyed to his afflicted family. Reason had fled from her throne to return no more, and after lingering about three days in the most excruciating agony, exhausted nature yielded, and his immortal spirit took its flight to the unknown world. But ere the Angel of Death had completed his mission, the offended man was informed of the circumstance, and was requested to hasten to the bedside of his brother, who was suffering all the agonies of a painful death. But what think you was his answer? With a savage look, and in a tone of defiance, he answered, "No, I will not!"

O, how different was this man's spirit from the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus, who spent his life in going about doing good, in diffusing blessing upon the right hand and the left—who hushed the helpless orphan's wail and dried the widow's tear—who poured the light of day on the sightless eyeballs of the blind—who unstopped the deaf ear, and caused the dumb to sing aloud, and the lame to leap for joy—who was reviled and persecuted wherever he went, and who gave nought but blessings in return!

Let us, in the swift car of imagination, go back to the time of our Saviour's pilgrimage, and contemplate the manifold beauties of his character while on earth. Behold him as he stands on the Mount of Olives, and mourns in anticipation of the coming woes of his bitterest enemies, and the tears that course down his cheek as he looks upon the devoted city, and in the anguish of his soul exclaims, "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee—how oft would I have gathered you together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings—and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." Follow him thence to the last agonizing scene on the cross—witness the persecutions by which he is assailed on every side, and the mild and forgiving spirit he manifests through every trying scene; and, last of all, behold him, with a crown of thorns upon his head, nailed to the shameful cross, in agony so intense that the blood gushes from every pore! Yet there are those standing by who can dip the sponge in vinegar and gall, and raise it to his parched lips!



Amid all these sufferings, not one murmuring sigh escapes his lips, but he continues to bless and pray for those savage enemies, who are thus putting him to a shameful and ignominious death; and with his last expiring breath he exclaims, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" O, what a sublime lesson for every son and daughter of Adam.

May we all strive to cultivate the mild and gentle spirit of forgiveness which characterized our Saviour while on earth, and thereby gain the approving smiles of conscience, and the approbation of our God. And may we not only forget and forgive every harsh and unkind expression,—but should the bitter enemy select us for the victims of foul-mouthed slander, and seek to blast the fair reputation, and mark with the shadow of guilt the unsullied character, even then may we be enabled to say with the lips, and with the heart also, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

EVELEEN.

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#### THE RIVULET.

O WOULD you learn my favorite theme,  
 In nature's wide and varied store?  
 It is the gently murmuring stream,  
 Which flows before my father's door.

Whene'er I trace its winding way,  
 Thro' forest shade or landscape bright,  
 And see its whirling eddies play,  
 My soul is filled with pure delight.

Where calm the stream—as in a glass,  
 Reflected are the shrubs and flowers;  
 Where dancing ripples onward pass,  
 They speak to me of fleeting hours.

In all I trace my Maker's hand—  
 And in the waters' ceaseless flow,  
 I hear the voice of His command,  
 That onward in our path we go.

For ever since that glorious morn,  
 Which brought from chaos nature's laws,  
 The gentle stream, as when new-born,  
 Has ever flowed, and known no pause.

Its course is onward, onward still,  
 Still seeking its appointed end—  
 Perchance some little lake to fill,  
 Or with a sister streamlet blend.

Thus learn I lessons from the rill,  
 While with delight its flow I view—  
 That I should work my Maker's will,  
 With faithfulness, and pleasure too.

CYNTHIA.

# SONG OF THE SPINNERS.



1. The day is o'er, nor longer we toil and spin; For ev'ning's hush withdraws from the dai-ly din. And



2. We spin all day, and then, in the time for rest, Sweet peace is found, A joyous and welcome guest. Des -



now we sing, with gladsome hearts, The theme of the spinner's song, That la-bor to lei-sure a zest imparts, Unknown to the i - dle throng.



- pite of toil we all agree, or out of the Mills, or in, De-pen-dent on others we ne'er will be, So long as we're a-ble to spin.





## THE WEDDING DRESS.

### CHAPTER I.

It was a pleasant summer afternoon, and the streets of Lowell exhibited, as usual, a goodly number of pedestrians hurrying to and fro; for this is by no means a city of saunterers. Idlers may occasionally be seen, but they are "few, and far between;" and after seven o'clock, they usually find their vocation a disagreeable one, unless they can exercise it from some snug recess, or the piazza of a hotel.

The shop-keepers were lounging over their counters, as shop-keepers are often wont to do in the day-time, and probably thinking of the brisk labor which hands, eyes and feet would be called upon to perform, when the daily task of thousands of females had been accomplished. Some were conversing upon those never-failing themes, the weather, the news, and the next election; and others were engaged with a book or newspaper, from which they gleaned intellectual wealth, during those intervals in which the acquisition of any other was denied them. That time hung listlessly upon the hands of others, was by no means the fault of two smiling girls, who had started from a corporation which shall here be nameless, upon what is, to almost all young females, an excursion of pleasure, namely, a shopping expedition.

The taller of the two had the brightest eyes, and the reddest cheeks, and a profusion of long ringlets, mingling with the laces and roses which adorned the interior of her pink silk bonnet; yet, though possessed of far more outward beauty than her companion, she is not the heroine of my tale, and will be dismissed without even the mention of her name,—which will probably never appear in print, until it finds its way into the hymeneal corner of a newspaper.

For the milder and less brilliant of the two, we are ourselves under the necessity of selecting a cognomen, "divers good and substantial reasons" binding us to suppress the real one, which has been not only duly registered by the town-clerk of her native place, but is also upon several books belonging to the Company for which she had labored for several years; for we are about to relate an occurrence which actually took place among a

far more substantial set of beings, than the airy phantoms of imagination.

"I have never in my life owned a silk gown," said the shorter girl to the one who sported the curls, roses, and a dress of royal-purple gros de Naples; "and I intend to purchase one this afternoon. I have worked long enough, and saved money enough, and I intend to have one handsome enough to be the wedding dress of the Governor's daughter, if he has a daughter, (for I do not know much about the family concerns of that class of people;) and I will keep it to be married in myself."

There was something almost scornful in the smile which beamed forth from amidst the curls, laces and roses, as the tall girl replied, "You had better leave it at home then, when you go, for I really fear its beauty and gloss will be totally destroyed in a factory boarding-house, ere that time will come to you; and it would perhaps be as well to defer the purchase of it until you are engaged, or have at least seen the happy man for whose especial benefit it is to be selected."

"No," replied Laura, (for upon that pretty name we have decided, albeit our hero is no Petrarch,) and added with a laugh, "I really cannot think of waiting. I will purchase the dress, and perhaps kind fortune will send the man; but if no one else comes in my way, I think I shall try to cut you out, and then there will be a new story for the girls, instead of that old tale, that the second overseer is paying his addresses to the handsomest girl in the room."

The tall girl laughed also, and very good naturedly, for she felt secure in that superiority of which all beauties are so conscious, and proud of that distinction which "being engaged" so often confers upon a girl in Lowell. In places where there is less disproportion between the number of the young of the two sexes, such an occurrence has not the importance which has been conferred upon it

"In this wonderful city of spindles and looms,  
And thousands of factory folks;"

so she kindly offered to assist Laura in her selection; and they had visited nearly every store in Merrimack and Central streets, before the final choice was made.

They uniformly found the shop-keepers as smiling as themselves, and incapable of being put to any trouble; and each positively



assured them, that he had the cheapest silks, and the best assortment, that could be found in the city; and that if they went farther, it could not be to do better. But the girls invariably insisted that it would be better to *look* a little longer; and many a "salesman" was left to re-fold and replace the bright silks which he had spread upon the counter, in such a manner as to reflect the light most advantageously; and to mutter to himself about girls not caring how much trouble they made; and declaring his belief, that they inquired for articles which they never intended to purchase, and shrewdly suspecting that they had not a cent with them when they came in.

But Laura, who had felt herself engaged in an affair which required a vast deal of patience, circumspection, and the untiring exercise of her perceptive faculties, and who had invariably informed her companion, as she hurried away from each importunate shop-keeper, that she had never had a silk dress before, and might never have one again—and that she was determined to be suited now—Laura at length felt herself abundantly rewarded for all her time, trouble and firmness, by the discovery of an unobjectionable piece of dove-colored silk, which was in price and quality all that she could wish. It was measured off, folded up, and paid for; and for once leaving a shop-keeper as pleasant as they had found him, they departed in quest of a milliner whose fashionable patterns, pleasant manners, and low prices, should entitle her to their patronage.

They at length found one who united, in a very satisfactory degree, the two former requisites, and who in the latter was perhaps as reasonable as could be expected; and to her was entrusted the important commission of cutting and fitting the article which had caused so much solicitude: but Laura declared that as she was about to visit her parents, she should make it herself during her stay. In their walk back to their boarding-house, the two girls indulged in pleasant reminiscences of the past, for they had both been born and bred in the same little dell, of the same little town; and they looked forward with delightful anticipations to the joys which awaited them, in a short relaxation from toil, and a meeting with their relatives and the friends of their childhood.

O, toil may in itself be bitter, but it is the source of many pleasures; for sweet and sound is the sleep which follows it, and welcome the rest which the operative has earned by months of unremitting labor.

## CHAPTER II.

"Pray, who was that pretty girl in the corner pew?" said Mr. Smith, an old bachelor, to a married lady whom he was escorting from meeting; for the discreet man always confined the few attentions which he deigned to bestow upon the fairer sex, to that portion who had a right to claim them from another quarter.

"What! the one with the curls?" asked the lady in reply. "No," replied the old bachelor; "not *her*—the one with the plain bonnet, and her hair combed smoothly back." "O," said the lady, who had been almost astounded at an expression of so much interest in the girl-hating Mr. Smith, and who expected to allay his curiosity by one slight piece of information, "that was Laura G., a *factory girl*."

The lady shut her lips very close when she had given utterance to the last three formidable words, as though she knew they would prove an effectual quietus to the gentleman's excited feelings; but she was mistaken—for question followed question, until she had exhausted her whole stock of information upon the subject—the substance of which was this, that Laura was the daughter of a poor farmer; that she had worked in Lowell for several years, and never enjoyed many advantages for mental improvement before she went there; and that her only recommendations were youth, health, innocence, good sense, and a pleasant disposition.

The gentleman looked very well satisfied, and the lady very much dissatisfied; for she feared that all this questioning portended a sad disaster to some of Mr. Smith's relatives, who had calculated upon his passing his life in a state of single blessedness. And they had heretofore had good reasons for making such calculations; for Mr. Smith was now, not only an old bachelor, but an *old* old bachelor; and as he was one of the most eccentric of that singular class of beings, and had never been prevented by pecuniary circumstances from worshipping at the hymeneal altar, and had never expressed an opinion upon this important subject, it was natural for them to suppose that he had not formed one.

But Laura had kindled a flame in a heart hitherto cold and passionless, or it might be that he had been recently aroused to the propriety of securing a faithful attendant in his approaching



old age, by the admonitory suggestions of a few grey hairs, or an occasional touch of the rheumatism. But in spite of the interest he evidently felt in Laura, the lady could not think he would seriously harbor a thought of making a proposal to a factory girl, though she had probably heard of those who go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last. That Mr. Smith dreamed of Laura that night, and thought of her the next day, I cannot positively assert, but think it highly probable, from the fact, that he went to visit her the next evening, but found that she had already returned to Lowell.

Her parents sincerely regretted this, for, as people are very apt to do, they attached an unusual degree of importance to the old bachelor's visit, and felt confident that it meant *something*. Mr. Smith they knew to be very wealthy, by the fine estate which he had purchased in their neighborhood; and in spite of the many sermons they had heard to the contrary, they thought, as poor people are very apt to think, that wealth is a very enviable thing. They knew also, that he was Laura's senior by many years, and had heard of his eccentricities; but these considerations by no means outweighed in their minds the manifold advantages which would accrue to their daughter, from the possession of such a husband.

But Laura had gone; and totally unconscious of the impression she had made on the hitherto obdurate heart of Mr. Smith, was thinking more of the very little fortune which might in the course of time be gained by assiduous labor, than of the great one which might have been so much more easily obtained by remaining at home. Judge, then, of her astonishment, when, in less than a week after her arrival, she received a letter from Mr. Smith, in which he advised her, as a friend, to return home.

Short and vague as the epistle was in itself, yet the enclosure of a ten dollar bill gave to its contents a definite character, and an importance which would not otherwise have attached to them, and gained for them an attention which they would not otherwise have received. Laura pondered and dreamed, and debated upon the subject, until she was absolutely bewildered—for even the purchase of the silk dress had been an affair which dwindled into utter insignificance, when compared with the one which now occupied her thoughts.

At length, gaining boldness by the very depth of the quandary

into which she had been plunged, she resolved to lay the whole affair before her Superintendent. Now the Superintendent was a plain, matter-of-fact, common sense sort of a man, and instead of talking to Laura about the necessity of congenial hearts, and kindred spirits, and all that sort of thing, he requested permission to examine the bill, in order to ascertain whether or not it was counterfeit. Finding it was not, and thinking, as Laura had thought before, that no old bachelor would throw away ten dollars for the sake of playing a joke upon a poor factory girl, he advised her to return immediately home.

The advice was taken, and Laura returned with a heart which fluttered, if not with love, at least with anxiety and expectation; and the very evening after her return, Mr. Smith made his appearance. He scarcely noticed her with a look, until he arose to take leave, when he quietly informed her that they would take a ride the next morning.

There was probably something painful to Laura in this positive assertion, that *they would*, but she assented, wondering at his assurance,—conscious, however, that her prompt compliance with his written request had given him some reason to think that her society was entirely at his disposal.

The next morning, Mr. Smith appeared at the humble home of Laura, with a splendid horse and chaise, and into the latter he handed the complaisant girl, with a more lover-like air than he had ever before deemed it worth while to assume. During their long ride, they talked but little, though they probably thought a great deal; and when they did converse, it was upon almost every subject but the one upon which their minds were most intently occupied. They passed the beautiful residence of Mr. Smith, (and it was excellent policy in the old bachelor to extend his excursion in that direction, for the sight of the spacious mansion would naturally awaken the desire to become the mistress of it.) The cage was ready, and it was in truth a splendid one; and the gentle bird was to be taken from her woodland haunt, that her sweet songs might cheer and bless the owner. Laura had felt confident that *the* question was to be asked, but still she was surprised at the abrupt manner in which it was at length propounded.

"I am a very singular man," said Mr. Smith, when they had almost completed their excursion; and Laura did not feel dispos-



ed to contradict him. "I have for a long time," he added, "wished to marry, but never until I saw you, have I met with the woman whom I was willing to make my wife. I do not wish to go through the process of a formal courtship, and do not feel sure that I could, if I should attempt it; yet I believe that I might make a kind, attentive husband. At all events I should try to be one; and for the good things of this world my wife should never be in want. And now, I wish to know if you will marry me—for I must be answered immediately, with a Yes, or No."

Laura felt that the querist was not to be trifled with, and that her answer must be brief and candid. He was rich, and she was poor; she was dependent, and he could make her independent. Shall we blame her because she said *Yes*? Mr. Smith, at least, was pleased with the reply; and when he left her at her father's door, it was with the assurance that every preparation should be immediately made for the approaching ceremony, which was to take place at his house.

In less than three weeks from that day, there was a magnificent wedding at the residence of the *ci-devant* old bachelor, and Laura was attired in the very dove-colored silk gown which she had declared should be her bridal dress. The girl with ringlets was bridesmaid; and a piece of wedding cake was sent to each of Laura's old friends in Lowell, who put it under their pillows, and dreamed of rich old bachelors, and love at first sight, and all such agreeable novelties.

It may be objected to this tale, that we have not depicted a heroine, influenced by those noble and disinterested motives, which should sway the heart of woman in her choice of a partner for life. If so, the fault is not ours; and according to the latest accounts, Laura does not regret the decision she so hastily made. They are both living very happily, and do not think that instead of entering the bower of Hymen in that straight-forward, expeditious manner, they had better have gone over all the cataracts, and struck against all the snags, sawyers, rocks and sand-banks, which are reported by the accredited authorities in these matters, to abound so plentifully in "the course of true love," that "it never did run smooth."

HANNAH,

"THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD."

The statements in the following lines are facts; but they were suggested by that beautiful little poem of Mrs. Hemans, from which the first verse and the last two verses are extracted.

"They grew in beauty side by side,—  
They filled one home with glee,—  
Their graves are severed far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea."

The eldest lies where the tossing sea  
Rolls over his lowly bed,—  
And a coral rock his tomb may be,  
Where the sea-nymphs watch the dead.

The second rests in a lovely isle,  
Far in the Atlantic wave;—  
Where the orange blossoms, and bright suns smile,  
They made a stranger's grave.

And one—a being of life and light—  
She went where an arctic sky  
Too soon, alas! brings wasting and blight,  
In her loveliness there to die.

Another went forth on the deep blue sea,  
The treacherous wave to dare;—  
He never returned;—O where is *he*?  
There's none who may tell us where.

And one, the least and "the loved of all,"  
To warfare a victim fell:  
His sufferings in the prison thrall,  
No mortal may ever tell.

One lies alone in her native land,—  
It ne'er was her lot to roam,—  
She, only she, of that fated band,  
Sleeps her last sleep at home.

"And parted thus they rest, who played  
Beneath the same green tree;  
Whose voices mingled, as they prayed  
Around one parent knee.

"They who with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheered with song the hearth,—  
Alas for love! if thou wert all,  
And nought beyond, O Earth!"

ADELIA.



## HAPPINESS.

Is it a phantom, an illusion, after which the world are so eagerly pressing? Nay, tell me not so; it is "our being's end and aim"—the goal of our every heart. All our faculties are exerted to obtain the prize. But where is it? It was but a moment since, we fancied it within our reach—but now it is vanished! Like a vision of the night, it eludes our grasp! "Happiness, pure and undefiled, is not a genial plant of earth; it is an exotic from a purer clime." Transplanted to earth, it flourishes not in all its pristine beauty; yet it is here. Why, then, do so many seek in vain to obtain it?

With thoughts like these, I retired to rest—but imagination was still busy; and long after I had sunk to repose, did she continue her wanderings. Transported by that power which ever waits upon our sleeping visions, I traversed the world, and beheld its wonders and magnificence. But amidst them all, what most attracted my attention was, the innumerable multitude of human beings, all eagerly in pursuit of some object, I knew not what. Unable to decide from observation, I resolved to inquire. Directing my attention to a group, somewhat apart from the multitude, I besought of them the object of their search. As with one voice, they answered, Happiness. Inspired by the thought of soon obtaining the prize, I immediately joined them. Belonging to this group, were some whose brows were encircled by the wreath of fame. Others were toiling to obtain the same distinction. Is this happiness? said I. Is it the dream of an hour? Does it consist in the already fading wreaths which encircle your brows? They answered, No.

Instantly I turned and joined another group, differing in appearance from the first, but in pursuit of the same object. Instead of the wreath of fame, a coronet of gold encircled the brows of many; and they were arrayed in all the magnificence of an eastern fairy-tale. But, alas! very soon I learned that happiness was not there. Still eager in my pursuit, I pressed onward to the shrine of beauty, around which monarchs bow, and wise men pay the tribute of their heart's affections. But instead of happiness, I there beheld nought but its shadow; and that was a transitory thing—gone, ere I could trace its outlines.

Quick as thought, the scene was changed.

I gazed around with wild delight. The broad blue heavens above—the green earth beneath—the heaving ocean, and the murmuring rivulet—were alike objects of admiration. Never before did I behold so much beauty and harmony! Every thing I saw, awakened feelings of pleasure. At a short distance, I beheld a small neat cottage, nearly surrounded by trees and shrubbery. As I advanced nearer to it, the fragrance of flowers, the sweet music of birds, and the lowing of cattle upon the distant hills, all spoke of life and happiness. The ever faithful mastiff met me with a welcome, and even the little birds fled not at my approach, but continued to warble their sweetest lays, until I was ready to exclaim, with the poet,

“No flocks that range the valley free,  
To slaughter I condemn;  
Taught by the power which pities me,  
I learn to pity them.”

Eager to learn something of the inhabitants of this enchanting spot, I entered the cottage, and was greeted with a smile by the venerable man who inhabited it. His thin white locks told of advanced age; but his high open brow, upon which benevolence sat enthroned, assured me that his heart was still warmly alive to the feelings of kindness. Happiness, too, was legibly written on his every feature. Encouraged by the appearance of so much goodness, I addressed him: “Kind sir, may I, without intrusion, solicit from you the grand secret of happiness, which you appear to possess? I have sought it in the paths of wealth, fame and beauty—but found it not.” “And for the very good reason, that IT IS NOT THERE,” was the response of my venerable friend.—“But,” continued he, “would you possess this plant of heavenly growth, you must cultivate a soil for its nourishment. The seeds of discontent, pride, envy, and many more I might name, must first be rooted out, and the seeds of humility, patience, benevolence, watered by the tears of sympathy, be deposited in their places, and soon will they spring up, bud and blossom into happiness.”

I thanked my kind mentor for the instruction he had given me, and turned to depart. The exertion awoke me; and, behold! it was a dream!

CAROLINE.



## LOVE OF NATURE.

The object of our Creator and Benefactor, in adorning and beautifying the earth with all its variety of foliage, grandeur and odours, cannot be mistaken by one of nature's pupils. Had it not been the grand design of the Creator, that these manifest tokens of His love should be studied and analyzed by his children, why are they thus strown so lavishly along our pathway, as if to challenge our admiration?

It is not only our duty to heed these emblems of His paternal regard for the pleasure they impart, but also for the sublime and ennobling lessons they teach the heart. They not only show forth the praise of Him at whose bidding they sprang up around us, and by whose care they are perpetuated through the changing vicissitudes of seasons—but they harmonize and tranquilize all the turbulent and discordant feelings incident to erring humanity.—Who that has ever resorted to the teachings of nature, in the hour of mental despondency or disappointed expectation, has not been more than compensated? While reading in this unbounded volume, the cup of thought has been made to overflow with the unfading joys of Paradise, of which the beauties of nature are such admirable representatives. If sad and dejected, this stimulates and vivifies the mind;—for “who can forbear to smile with nature?” If anger or remorse rankle in the bosom, this will antidote the sting.

Here, too, is a solace for the mourner, and a balm for the wounded. Here is food for the hungry, and light for the blind—a staff for the aged, and a way-mark for the youth. From this full flowing spring, Poets, Artists, and Philosophers have drank with unsatiated thirst, to drink yet deeper still. It is this that has opened the avenues to the most sensitive fibres of human sympathy, and laid the broad basis of Christian philanthropy.—Here dwells no discordant passion, nor lurks no beguiling foe. Here tumult and war have laid down their weapons, and inhaled the sweet odours of peace from nature's tranquil breathings.

Surely, then, it becomes us to study this open volume, whose instruction yields us a present delight, and opens to our vision the vista to more enduring joys, when these shall have faded away.

ALICE.

## A VISION OF TRUTH.

Yesterday, I was visited by a very dear friend, of whose society I had been deprived for nearly three years. So happy a day I had not enjoyed during his absence. Many were the topics of conversation; and among others, we noticed the various improvements, which, during our separation, had been made in the industrious city of Lowell. This naturally introduced the Improvement Circle; and I proposed that we should spend the evening by attending a meeting thereof—to which he joyfully agreed. We went, and were truly delighted with the entertainment. After retiring to rest, the day spent so pleasantly was lived over in imagination, and the train of thought which accompanied it, kept me awake a long time; and when I slept, it was only to dream.

I fancied that I was travelling in a strange country, attended by a guide; and presently we entered a beautiful grove, cultivated by the hand of man. The trees were covered with beautiful foliage, and blooming flowers shed their fragrance all around. The birds were tuning their throats to melody. All nature was decked in smiles. “How enchanting the scene here presented! What a feast for those who delight to see nature in all her loveliness!” said I to my guide.—“It is truly delightful,” said he. “But come with me to yonder hill, and I will show you what has been a matter of astonishment to many.”

I assented, and he led me to a green eminence, on which grew a tree, different from any thing of which I had ever formed a conception. Its trunk was unlike other trees; for it appeared to be composed of small tendrils, interwoven with each other; and yet the tall straight trunk, at a slight glance, appeared to be much like the trunk of an oak. It had numberless branches, some straight, others waving; but all combined, formed a most beautiful tree—a tree which I can better imagine than describe.

“Of what clime is this tree a native,” said I to my guide.—“Of our own America,” he replied; “but the seeds grew in different sections of the country. These seeds were germinated in flower-pots, in the cotton mills, and by a botanist transplanted to this spot. You perceive that the trunk is composed of different plants, and yet entwined so as to appear like one tree. The branches, you also perceive, bear different kinds of fruit; and



yet all are nutritious. This tree is somewhat similar to one of which we read in the Apocalypse—for it yields its fruit every month, and its leaves are for the healing of the nations.”

While he yet spake, people were coming in all directions, to gather the leaves, which were hung together in clusters, and so much alike, that it would be difficult to distinguish one from another. As the clusters were broken off, new ones were budding for the next harvest. I asked my guide what maladies they would heal. “Oh,” said he, “maladies of the mind.” “And what,” I enquired, “is the name of this wonderful tree?” He led me to the other side of it, and showed me the words, *Mental Knowledge*, carved on the trunk; and plucking several clusters of leaves, he showed me, *LOWELL OFFERING*, on the outside of each. I was about to make some remarks, when the first morning bell awoke me.

TABITHA.

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### THE WESTERN ANTIQUITIES.

In the valley of the Mississippi, and the more southern parts of North America, are found antique curiosities and works of art, bearing the impress of cultivated intelligence. But of the race, or people, who executed them, time has left no vestige of their existence, save these monuments of their skill and knowledge. Not even a tradition whispers its *guess-work*, who they might be. We only know *they were*.

What proof and evidence do we gather from their remains, which have withstood the test of time, of their origin and probable era of their existence? That they existed centuries ago, is evident from the size which forest trees have attained, which grow upon the mounds and fortifications discovered. That they were civilized, and understood the arts, is apparent from the manner of laying out and erecting their fortifications, and from various utensils of gold, copper, and iron, which have occasionally been found in digging below the earth's surface. If I mistake not, I believe even glass has been found, which if so, shows them acquainted with chemical discoveries, which are supposed to have been unknown, until a period much later than the probable time of their existence. That they were not the ancestors of the race

which inhabited this country at the time of its discovery by Columbus, appears conclusive from the total ignorance of the Indian tribes of all knowledge of arts and civilization, and the non-existence of any tradition of their once proud sway. That they were a mighty people, is evident from the extent of territory where these antiquities are scattered. The banks of the Ohio and Mississippi tell they once lived—and even to the shore where the vast Pacific heaves its waves, there are traces of their existence. Who were they? In what period of time did they exist?

In a cave in one of the Western States, there is carved upon the walls a group of people, apparently in the act of devotion; and a rising sun is sculptured above them. From this we should infer, that they were Pagans, worshipping the sun, and the fabulous gods. But what most strikingly arrests the antiquarian's observation, and causes him to repeat the inquiry, "who were they?" is the habiliments of the group. One part of their habit is of the Grecian costume, and the remainder is of the Phœnicians. Were they a colony from Greece? Did they come from that land in the days of its proud glory, bringing with them a knowledge of arts, science, and philosophy? Did they, too, seek a home across the western waters, because they loved liberty in a strange land better than they loved slavery at home? Or what may be as probable, were they the descendants of some band who managed to escape the destruction of ill-fated Troy? the descendants of a people who had called Greece a mother country, but were sacrificed to her vindictive ire, because they were prouder to be Trojans, than the descendants of Grecians? Ay, who were they? Might not America have had its Hector, its Paris, and Helen? its maidens who prayed, and its sons who fought? All this might have been. But their historians and their poets alike have perished. They *have been*; but the history of their existence, their origin, and their destruction, all, all are hidden by the dark chaos of oblivion. Imagination alone, from inanimate landmarks, voiceless walls, and soulless bodies, must weave the record which shall tell of their lives, their aims, origin, and final extinction.

Recently, report says, in Mexico there have been discovered several mummies, embalmed after the manner of the ancient Egyptians. If true, it carries the origin of this fated people still



farther back; and we might claim them to be cotemporaries with Moses and Joshua. Still, if I form my conclusions correctly from what descriptions I have perused of these Western relics of the past, I should decide that they corresponded better with the ancient Grecians, Phœnicians, or Trojans, than with the Egyptians. I repeat, I may be incorrect in my premises and deductions, but as imagination is their historian, it pleases me better to fill a world with heroes and beauties of Homer's delineations, than with those of "Pharaoh and his host."

LISETTE.

### RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

Various are the scenes presented in the world of nature; and who can contemplate the beauty and harmony of them all, and not admire and venerate the wonderful display of power and wisdom exhibited in their creation!

Far from this earth, that glorious orb which gives light and heat to the universe, rolls resplendent, spreading far and wide his life-giving influence. Morning is ushered in by his effulgence, and evening comes with softer smiles, as he recedes from view to gladden other climes.

How beautiful are the heavens, when the moon, with mild and reflected beams, makes glad the hearts of mortals! Attended by myriads of stars, she rides forth in beauty, adorning the all-extended and illimitable space with untold magnificence. Well might the Psalmist exclaim, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work."

"What are ye, bright celestial choir,  
Enthroned in heaven's empyrean dome?  
Are ye pure lamps of sacred fire,  
Or ye the weary wanderer's home?  
If ye are worlds whereon to dwell,  
When time shall end his journey here,  
Who would not bid this world farewell,  
And claim a happier holier sphere!"—

a sphere, where no sorrow dims the eye, and no fierce passions war in the heart, as when the whirlwind and tempest sweep over the fair face of beauty!

The tempest walks forth in grandeur; the deep reverberating thunder, peal answering peal, and the vivid lightning's incessant flashing, present a spectacle sublime beyond description.

But is there aught of beauty in the thundering tempest? No, beauty descends in the gentle shower, whose drops distil like the early dew. Yet far more beautiful is yon ethereal bow, which spans the Heavens in mildest radiance, and chains the soul in rapture. Blest token of mercy and truth! thou art the bow of promise to the way-worn of earth!

Turning our eye from the celestial world, let us range the land of broad plains, adorned with the choicest productions. Meandering streams glide softly and silently along their pebbly course, unruffled, save that the gentle zephyrs sport with their mirrored surface. Here and there, hill succeeds hill—rock piled on rock, and crag surmounting crag, rise in awful grandeur! The mountain-stream tumbles fearlessly over the ragged steep, and the foaming cataract dashes its untamed waters far down the immeasurable abyss.

Above, below, around, all nature is clothed in beauty and sublimity. All bespeak the wisdom and power of the Supreme Being. The heavens above, and the earth beneath, bear the impress of Deity. Nature is the pathway to nature's God. He is seen alike in the sunshine, and in the shower; is heard alike in the gentle breeze, and the howling of the fearful blast.

ORPHAN.

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### EARLY MORNING.

It is truly pleasant, on a mild, spring-like morning, to go forth and breathe the clear fresh air, ere the sparkling stars have veiled their gentle beauty, and while the scene is yet illumined by the silver rays of the waning moon, as she rides high, in the blue, cloudless vault of heaven! The silence of night is as yet unbroken; the earth seems wrapped in enchantment, at the lengthened stay of the fair empress of night, who certainly appears in her most lovely and bewitching attire—while the spell-bound world, is unconscious of the near approach of “the eye of day.”

But while we gaze, the stars are fading. Fainter, and still



fainter, is their pale glimmering light, till at last they are scarcely distinguishable from the blue ether by which they are surrounded. Still the moon is there—and still she is beautiful; but her beams are less silvery bright. The dark shadows are growing dim and indistinct,—even now, their outlines have vanished, and cannot be traced.—Those departing stars, and these fading moon-beams, tell us that another and a brighter light is soon to appear, even day's glorious luminary.

In the evening, the scene is reversed. When the refulgent sun has well-nigh finished his course, and descends behind the western hills, then the beautiful and varied scenes of earth, as darkness approaches, gradually lose their vivid distinctness, and become merged in one undistinguishable mass—while the glittering jewels that gem the wide o'erarching firmament, are silently and almost imperceptibly making their appearance, one by one, receiving additional lustre as twilight deepens into night. They can only be obscured by being swallowed up in clouds of light.

And is it not a thought worthy of expression, that when this world seems shrouded in darkness and gloom, and our hearts are made sad and desolate by the last farewell parting with a loved and cherished one, who has just departed from this vale of tears; that like those bright planets which receive all their loveliness and beauty from the great orb of day, this loved one, for whom we mourn, is being made more glorious by the radiating beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and will ever continue to increase in spiritual brightness!

While these thoughts have been passing through my mind, the widening streaks of light in the east have deepened to a rosy hue, and those light, fleecy clouds, seem like ministering spirits of night, ready to wing their flight to their own pure home, and are but waiting to welcome and usher in the morning's early sovereign.—Nor need they tarry long, for already the smiling sunbeams are glancing on the summit of yonder wood-crowned hill; and is it not a glorious sight, as he slowly and majestically rises above the horizon, and his gladdening rays are shedding far and wide their wonted brilliancy, dispensing genial light and heat to all! I shall not attempt to describe it farther, for any language at my command would be totally inadequate.

And Winter has but just departed, and the vestiges of his annual visit are still around us. We can yet see the marks of his

foot-steps, in the small patches of snow, scattered here and there; we can also read the effects of his touch in the leafless trees, and faded hue of earth's green carpet. But Spring, with her warm, sunny glance, has appeared, and her transforming power has in some measure been felt and seen. The trees will soon be clothed with renewed beauty; buds have already peeped out on many a bush, and the earth will again be carpeted with living green. The balmy air will ere long be fragrant with the incense of nature's most lovely offering—the ever welcome flowers; music, too, will float in rich melody from the grove; the glad voices of happy children will ring out in joyful tones, as they rejoice in the innocent sports of returning spring.

But this is all in anticipation; and although the air is far more mild and soft, than it has been, it is still chilly enough to remind me of my protracted meditation; yet I could not but muse awhile on the pleasure of early rising, and wonder that so many are averse or indifferent to its various attractions. Our purest and best feelings are aroused at such times; we rise from earth and walk, as it were, amid the stars, and hold communion with their spiritual inhabitants; and then we feel more forcibly our connection with beings of a higher sphere.

Many there are who seldom witness the glory of the rising sun, or feel the pure refreshing breeze of a morn like this.—Placed by affluence in situations where they are not required to labor from morning till night, to earn their daily food by constant industry—and yielding to the sluggish feelings of our nature, they devote the earliest and most beautiful hours of day to unconscious sleep. In this respect, the industrious, working classes, possess an advantage over them. They rise with the lark, and with hearts rightly attuned to enjoy the beauties of nature, they acquire energy of character to prosecute and persevere, in all their undertakings; and they feel a spirit of honest independence, as they look abroad on the beautiful earth, and realize that they can support themselves by their own efforts.

And many a factory girl, besides knowing this, has the sweet consciousness of having assisted others, and added to their happiness. And are they not rewarded? Yes—the smiles of an approving conscience are theirs; and they retire to their couch of rest with as contented a spirit—their dreams are as pleasant—their slumbers are as refreshing—and they rise at the early dawn,



to attend to their daily avocation, with as light and buoyant hearts, and as pleasing expectations of the future—as those who do nothing but spend money, and misspend time. Nor would I exchange the blithe spirits of an early riser, although a factory girl, for the pleasures of a fashionable devotee of late hours at night, and still later hours in the morning.

E. E. T.

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## FAMILIAR SKETCHES, No. 1.

### THE SISTERS.

It was a beautiful afternoon, in that most delightful of all seasons, the “Indian Summer.” The atmosphere was of a sweet, mellow temperature, equally free from summer’s heat and winter’s cold. A soft misty veil encircled the brows of the hills and the tops of the trees, but in such a manner as rather to display than conceal them, and to throw over them an air of romantic loveliness. The trees were in the “sere and yellow leaf,” shedding their decaying beauty profusely around them, allowing it to be scattered abroad, and to cover every path with a variegated bed of red, brown, and yellow leaves, which moved to and fro, and sparkled to the view, with every impulse of the passing wind.

It was on such an afternoon, that three ladies were seated in a cottage at Woodland Hill, in the vicinity of Boston. Two of them were daughters of a retired merchant of Philadelphia, who had accompanied them to “Yankee land,” as he called it, to spend a few months; and so pleased were they with New England and its hospitable inhabitants, that they had prevailed on him to return without them, leaving them with a widowed sister of his, whom we shall call Aunt Catherine.

Martha and Lucy Williams were fondly attached to their aunt. They loved her for her kindness of disposition and gentleness of character. They loved her for the good advice she gave them, well knowing that it was dictated by the warmest interest in their welfare; and they were sensible that she had already eradicated many of their prejudices and fashionable follies—for they had been educated in the fashionable world.

The ladies were seated around a marble table, in the centre of

the room ; and the sisters were much interested in looking through a small round glass, at some pictures. They had gazed long upon Athens, Rome, Venice, and most of the famed cities of the olden world, and had commenced looking at those of their own native land. These were successively laid aside, until one was presented which they viewed with peculiar pleasure. "Oh, aunt Catherine," said Lucy, the younger of the sisters, "this is the city of Lowell, of which I have heard so much—of its factories and factory girls, in particular ; and its—but no matter what else I have heard. Father has often told us that they are as good perhaps as those who censure and ridicule them." "Oh do tell us something about them," said Martha.

"I am very happy," the aunt replied, "that you wish to know something concerning that proverbial class of females ; and I think you will be not a little surprised when I tell you, that Miss Dunallen, who spent the day at Woodland Hill a short time since, is a factory girl."

"What, the one who wrote that beautiful poem in my Album ? Do tell me where you became acquainted with her, and give us a short sketch of her life, if it will not exhaust your patience," said Lucy.

"I will do so with pleasure," replied aunt Catherine, "for I love to speak of her. She is a mild, affectionate girl, and every way worthy of your acquaintance. I will first inform you, that I have spent three years in Lowell, and am willing to own, that my opinion of the laboring class there, was not very flattering when I entered the city ; but I do assure you, that I imbibed very different views before leaving it.

"Soon after my arrival in Lowell, I took a class of young ladies to instruct in drawing, painting, and other ornamental branches ; and as it was not my business to enquire where they derived their pecuniary resources to compensate me for their instruction, a long time passed without my knowing they were employed in the Mills.

"Maria Dunallen was one of my pupils. Being rather reserved, I did not become acquainted with her, as soon as with some of the others ; but I noticed they were all very much attached to her. Her dress was always neat, but of the cheapest materials. I soon learned the reason—not from *her*, however ; for she seldom spoke of herself. Maria was the only daughter of respecta-



ble and wealthy parents. A failure in the bank where most of Mr. Dunallen's property was invested, reduced them from affluence to poverty. At the death of her father soon afterwards, the support of her mother devolved upon her. She procured two rooms in one of the boarding houses, that she might have her mother with her, and obtained employment in the Factory. She was quite young, not numbering more than fifteen summers ; yet there was much to be admired in her character, even at that early age.—As she grew older, she evinced a desire to renew the studies she had commenced in her earlier days ; and all she could spare from defraying her necessary expenses, and reserving a little for an emergency, was spent, not in fine clothes, but in paying for evening tuition, and in the purchase of books. She thus acquired a good education, both useful and ornamental.

“ I presume you will think her past life not very romantic, because all the old bachelors, and young ones, too, have not offered themselves for her acceptance. But I think a sufficient reason can be assigned for this : you know she is not a beauty ; and the gentlemen are such admirers of beauty, that it is very difficult for them to discover real talent, unless accompanied by the charm of personal attraction. Nevertheless, she has had *one* offer, and that is better than if she had broken twenty hearts. She has accepted. He is a very worthy young man from your native city. They are to be married in a few weeks ; and as they will settle in Boston, you may have an opportunity to obtain a farther acquaintance. You will find that all her good qualities cannot be discovered in a day. But I fear I shall weary your patience with so many particulars.”

“ No, no,” replied the sisters : “ you have not wearied us. We have been much interested ; and if it would not be asking too much, we should like to have you tell us something every day about the factory girls—or at least as far as *your* observation extended while you were in Lowell—that we may tell our friends when we return home, that they are like other people.”

Aunt Catherine replied, that she would make no promises, but if they remained with her long, she would take them to Lowell, that they might observe for themselves. That night, for the first time, the dreams of Lucy and Martha were of Lowell and its inhabitants.

## DAVID AND THE BEAR.

On a beautiful evening in the month of September, sometime in the year 17—, a considerable excitement was created among the inhabitants of Quietville, by the appearance of Mr. David Dowlin, the hero of my story, dressed in his Sunday suit. Said suit consisted of the following:—A pair of clean tow and linen trowsers; a frock of the same material, though bleached to the whiteness of snow, (for you will understand, that in those days of republican simplicity, people studied comfort and convenience much more than ornament and fashion;) a pair of calf-skin shoes, and a new broad-brimmed straw hat, after the fashion of those times. Considerable excitement was created, I say, by the appearance of David, thus attired, wending his way directly to the dwelling of farmer Dimon. The reason of this excitement will be readily understood, when I inform you that David was a bachelor, and that farmer D. had a fine, stout, healthy daughter, named Dolly.

Now Dolly was about twenty-two years of age; could spin more tow, or wool, or weave more cloth in a day, than any other girl in the neighborhood. She was also very expert in making butter, cheese, brown bread, beer, apple-dumplings, pumpkin-pies, &c. She could, moreover, milk the cows, feed the pigs, dig potatoes, or rake hay, as occasion might require; and was withal, a little the handsomest girl in the whole town, and what is far better than all the rest, was possessed of a very mild and amiable disposition. No wonder then that David's determination to remain a bachelor, should be somewhat shaken, when he found such a rare combination of good qualities—no wonder that he should finally renounce his former faith in the blessedness of celibacy, and endeavor to secure to himself so valuable a prize. Of his success, however, we will speak hereafter. At present we will turn our attention more particularly to other matters.

David, as I before intimated, was a bachelor; tall, well proportioned, and very comely looking, considering that he was already on the shady side of thirty-five. At the time of his first appearance among the people of Quietville, in the capacity of a school-master, at the age of twenty-one, he was considered remarkably handsome, particularly by the *young* ladies, with whom he was an especial favorite. And as he, at the expiration of his



school, had become so much attached to the place and its inhabitants, as to resolve to take up his permanent abode with them, each one of his fair neighbors, whether married or unmarried, seemed desirous of excelling all the rest in her offices of kindness to him.

This arose in part from the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. Having, as I before stated, resolved to take up his residence in Q., he had purchased a farm, and as a house seemed a very necessary appendage to a farm, he immediately began to build one after the most approved fashion of those times ; namely, by placing one log upon another, crossing them at right angles at the four corners. When he had thus completed the building, he took possession. And having neither wife, sister, nor mother to render his home comfortable and agreeable, the ladies of the neighborhood *very benevolently* endeavored to atone for the absence of those important personages, and hence in part, arose those kind attentions to which I have before alluded. I have said that he was an especial favorite among the *young ladies*. He was so indeed. And many were the arrows tipped with gold that were winged from the bow of Cupid, and aimed at the heart of poor David. But none of them taking effect, they began to grow indignant, and at a formal meeting of all the unmarried ladies in the town, called for the purpose of deliberating upon his case, it was decided, unanimously, that he was a stoic, unsusceptible of the tender passion, and consequently not worth "fishing for."

But David knew what he was about, and still continued to cultivate his farm in summer, and to "teach the young idea" in winter, not in the least disturbed by the change that had thus taken place in the opinions of his fair neighbors.

But with all his good qualities, there was one weak point in the character of my hero, which sometimes placed him in a most ludicrous predicament. He was mortally afraid of bears ; not that he really lacked courage, for he could firmly face danger in any other form, save that of a bear. This was the result of the injudicious management of his aunt, to whose care he had been consigned at the early age of two years. Like too many then, and at the present time, she appealed only to the principle of fear in governing her child. When he did any thing wrong, he was immediately told that the bears would catch him ; when he refused to do any thing that he was desired to do, why the bears would

catch him ; when he cried, or made any more noise than was agreeable to the ear of his aunt, then again the bears would catch him. Thus were unfavorable impressions made in childhood, which all the reason and judgment of mature years could never enable him entirely to overcome. I say *entirely* to overcome ; for he had overcome them in a measure ; so much so that at the time my story commences, he had determined to fell and clear the timber from a portion of his farm, lying upon what was commonly known as Bear's hill, so called from the great number of those animals that inhabited that place at the time when the town was first settled. And for the sake of convenience, he had taken up his abode, during this labor, with his friend Timothy Timeworth, whose family was the only one then residing in that section of the town.

Whether the domestic felicity of his friend Timothy contrasted so strongly with his own lonely situation, as to make him tired of longer "keeping bachelor's hall ;" or whether the fair Dolly had really made an impression on his stubborn heart, I know not ; but it was during his sojourn there that he paid the visit, of which mention was made at the commencement of my story.

Now with all his other good qualities, David was a great economist ; and believing with Dr. Franklin, that "time is money," and seeing no reason why there should be any waste of that valuable article on the present occasion, any more than when making any other bargain, he very soon "came to the point," by requesting the fair Dolly to unite her destiny with his, "for better or for worse."

He was entirely successful in his negotiations. After having spent some little time in discussing their future plans and prospects, he set out on his return home. As he was walking leisurely along, congratulating himself upon the success of his visit, and perhaps casting an occasional glance into the future, to his utter surprise and consternation, just before reaching the house of his friend, he saw an enormous bear standing erect, with his fore paws extended, just ready to grasp him in his grisly embrace. David was not prepared for such a cordial reception from friend Bruin ; so without waiting for the least ceremony, he began to make a very hasty retreat. He had proceeded but a short distance, when he heard the bear following close behind him. This made him redouble his exertions, but the faster he ran, the faster



the bear pursued, until he came in sight of the dwelling of Capt. Solomon Simpson, when with all his remaining strength, he began to halloo, "a bear! a bear!" This aroused the captain, who seeing David running in such haste, and mistaking the cry of "a bear! a bear!" for that of "fire! fire!" immediately rushed out after him, repeating the cry of fire! fire! which being such an uncommon sound in that place, in a very few minutes the whole neighborhood was in a complete uproar.

The question of, "where? where?" was eagerly asked on all sides, but as no one could give the desired information, they all, as with one consent, continued to follow after David and the Captain, they having been the first to give the alarm. David hearing such an uproar and confusion, and supposing the bear still in pursuit, did not stop to look behind, till he found himself again in farmer Dimon's kitchen, where, once more in the presence of Dolly, he felt himself secure from all danger.

He had scarcely arrived, when the neighbors, headed by Capt. Simpson, came rushing in after him, eagerly inquiring where it could be. "Oh, did you not see it?" replied David.—"No. Where is it?" was the reply. "Why it followed me clear to the door," said David. "What! did the fire follow you?" said the captain, who had almost begun to doubt the sanity of poor David. "The fire! I guess you would have thought it worse than fire, if he had chased *you* so," replied he. "Who chased you?" said the captain, now quite confirmed in the belief that poor David had lost his reason. "Why, the bear! the bear!" The secret was now out, and almost deafening were their shouts of laughter, when they ascertained the true cause of the alarm.

After listening to David's narration of the affair, it was unanimously decided that they should set off immediately in pursuit. All necessary preparations were soon made, and they took up their line of march for Bear's hill. They discovered no signs of a bear, till they came to the place where he had first been seen, as before related, when David suddenly exclaimed, "There! there he is, just as he was before! Shoot quick, quick!" All eyes were immediately directed to the spot, when, lo! and behold! the enormous bear that had caused so much terror and alarm, was nothing more nor less than the stump of a tree, that had been blown down by the wind many years before, and which our hero had passed and repassed times without number! The step of the bear,

which he heard behind him, proved to be nothing but the flapping of his broad brimmed hat. The woods now rang with the shouts of those who had come out upon what they termed "a fool's errand." Poor David was much chagrined by the issue of the affair; and fearing that an unfavorable impression might be made on the mind of Dolly in consequence thereof, he immediately returned to the house of farmer D. to conciliate, as best he might, the favor of its inmates. This he found no very difficult matter, and so the wedding took place at the time before appointed.

This affair was for a long time the jest of the village; yet it did not in the least remove David's fear of bears; for it is confidently affirmed, that he was never known to travel that road again in the evening.

CONSTANCE.

### THE HEROINE OF COLUMBIA.

"After the standard of liberty had been raised in all the provinces, and the people had struck a successful blow for freedom, Morillo, with an overwhelming force, re-conquered the country for Spain. During six months, this fiendish savage held indisputable sway over Columbia.—The best men of the province were by him seized and shot, and each of his officers had the power of death over the inhabitants of the district in which they were stationed. It was during this period that the execution of Polycarpe La Salvaretta, a heroic girl of New Grenada, roused the patriots once more to arms, and produced in them a determination to expel their oppressors, or die.

The young lady was enthusiastically attached to the cause of liberty, and had, by her influence, rendered essential aid to the patriots. The wealth of her father, and her own superior talents and education, early excited the hostility of the Spanish commander, against her and her family. She had promised her hand in marriage to a young officer in the Patriot service, who had been compelled by Morillo to join the Spanish army as a private soldier. La Salvaretta, by means that were never disclosed, obtained through him an exact account of the Spanish force, and a plan of their fortifications. The Patriots were preparing to strike a decisive blow, and this intelligence was important to their success. She had induced Sabarain, her lover, and eight others, to desert. They were discovered and apprehended.

The letters of La Salvaretta, found on the person of her lover, betrayed her to the vengeance of the tyrant of her country. She was seized, brought to the camp, and tried by a court martial. The highest rewards were promised her, if she would disclose the names and plans of her associates. The inducements proving of no avail, torture was employed to wring from her the secret in which many of the best families of Columbia were interested, but even on the rack she persisted in making no disclosure. The accomplished young lady, hardly eighteen years



of age, was condemned to be shot. She calmly and serenely heard her sentence, and prepared to meet her fate. With a firm step she walked to the open square, where a file of soldiers, in presence of Morillo and his officers, were drawn up, with loaded muskets. Turning to Morillo, she said, "I shall not die in vain, for my blood will raise up heroes from every hill and valley of my country." She had scarcely uttered these words, when Morillo himself gave the signal to the soldiers to fire, and the next moment La Salvaretta was a mangled corpse. The Spanish officers and soldiers were overwhelmed with astonishment at the firmness and patriotism of this lovely girl, but the effect upon her countrymen was electrical. The patriots lost no time in flying to arms, and their war-cry, "La Salvaretta!" made every heart burn to inflict vengeance upon her murderers. In a very short time the army of Morillo was nearly cut to pieces, and the commander himself escaped death by flight, and in disguise."

CONDEMNED to die, before that host she stood,  
And eyed Morillo, thirsting for her blood;  
And kindled now, with almost prophet-fire,  
Her spirit quailed not 'neath his frowning ire—  
For pledged was she, in all her beauteous youth,  
To live or die for freedom and for truth—  
And, nobly nerved, she shrunk not from the fate  
Prepared by foemen, in their savage hate.

Undaunted by her own death-scene,  
She cast a look (O, how serene!)  
Upon that dark, that fierce dark eye,  
Whose cruel might she dared defy.  
That long array, that battle-host,  
That vengeance-spirit, all were lost!  
Alike she scorned her life to buy,  
And traitor-like from death to fly.  
With firm and fearless step she came,  
To perish there—to leave her name  
The thrilling war-cry of her kin to be—  
The "long-remembered" of Columbia free!

None but self-torture is severe—  
And why should that pure maiden fear?  
Morillo! was that being born  
To be the theme of threat and scorn?  
To beg thy smile, to wait thy nod,  
Or bow beneath thy angry rod?  
Nay, bloody tyrant! thou shalt see  
Salvaretta fears not thee.  
Thou canst not buy, with sums untold,  
A secret better than thy gold.  
Wouldst for *one word* her fate repeal?  
That word she never will reveal.  
Too young to die, though she may be,  
Life were *not* life, if she must see  
Her country writhing in thy hand,  
Thy blighting curse upon her land!  
She fears not death—she fears not thee,  
And this her prophecy shall be:—

"By the oppressor slain,  
 "I shall not die in vain!  
 "The winds shall tell the tale  
 "To every hill and dale;  
 "And the valiant and strong  
 "Shall burst each fetter-band;  
 "And Liberty shall be the song,  
 "Throughout the land."

The reckless chieftain of that ruthless clan,  
 A fiendish monster in the form of man,  
 Delayed a moment only—truth withstood,  
 And, wildly thirsting for the maiden's blood,  
 Indignant frowned—the signal fiercely gave,  
 And youth and beauty filled a martyr's grave!

From Columbia's hoary woods,  
 Echoed from her foaming floods,  
 Lifted to the burning sky,  
 Came the fearful battle cry—  
 "Vengeance for the maiden's blood!"  
 Rallied at the sound the host—  
 Every warrior at his post—  
 Every pulse in martial mood—  
 Every nerve with strength imbued—  
 Desperation in each eye—  
 "LA SALVARIETTA!" is the cry—  
 We'll avenge her death, or die!

Rings the cry from hill and dale—  
 Shall not foe and tyrant quail?  
 Brighter burns the rising flame,  
 Louder still resounds that name!  
 Thoughts of her each bosom fire—  
 Roused is patriot son and sire—  
 Nerved is every heart and hand—  
 Strong is that unyielding band—  
 None betray in freedom's hour—  
 None in freedom's army cower,—  
 They *will* break despotic power!

See! when few for freedom fight,  
 Many foes are put to flight.  
 One shall then a thousand chase—  
 Two shall take ten thousand's place!  
 Routed is the alien foe—  
 Freemen strike the vengeful blow.  
 Routed is their host, and fled,  
 All save wounded, dying, dead;  
 And when pœan riseth high,  
 Telling triumph to the sky,  
 "LA SALVARIETTA!" is the cry.

Vile Morillo—where is *he*?—  
 Haste thee from the land to flee,  
 For COLUMBIA IS FREE!

ADELAIDE.



## TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH.

VIRTUE THE TRUE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.—Health, Virtue, Pleasure and Riches, the four great authors of the happiness of mankind, made their appearance one day at the beautiful games of Greece. Each of these competitors asserted boldly, that it was to *him*, man was indebted for the sovereign good, and concluded by demanding the prize. Riches, with great show and splendor, said, “It is *I* who am the mother of all good, since it is with me that one is able to procure every thing.” “You are deceived,” replied Pleasure, without anger; “for in fine, my dear, one wishes to have *you*, only that he may be able to possess me.” Health said, “I am thinking your debate is useless: you are disputing a premium which belongs to me. Without me, you reflect, pleasure is barren; without me, wealth is nothing.” Already the tribunal chancelled in his favor, when Virtue presented herself in her turn. “What prize shall *I* obtain?” said she, with a modest air, and pure as a beautiful day. “Are you ignorant, O venerable judges! that with health, gold and pleasure, men often find themselves miserable, and feel in their hearts the bitterness of repentance? It is *I alone* who possess the supreme advantage of procuring true happiness.” These words, accompanied with an enchanting smile, decided the Areopagus, and Virtue received the palm of the conqueror. L.

THE ARTIFICIAL FLOWER LACKS PERFUME.—A beautiful rose, fresh from the garden, had been placed within a vase, which was filled with water, displaying its beautiful color and filling the air with its delightful fragrance. By the side of this, was an artificial flower, richly enamelled with the liveliest colors; and so well had art succeeded in imitating the form and freshness of the natural flower, that they appeared to have grown upon the same stem—so strong a resemblance did they bear to each other. Attracted by the similarity of color, the fickle butterfly, in his rapid course, flew near these two flowers, and alighted upon the rose of the field. The industrious bee, buzzing her salutation, immersed her sting in the rose of silk; but scarcely had she scented the fastidious odour of the deceitful flower, than she expressed her surprise and disappointment, by immediately leaving it, and flying towards the other.

A young lass, nearly ten years of age, who had been silently observing these movements, called upon her mother to explain by what enchantment, the butterfly remained and refreshed himself upon one rose only ; for, says she, "they are both of the same color, and to me seem perfectly alike."

"If the evidence of our eyes, was to be relied on," replied her mother, "the similarity between them, would lead us to decide that both possessed the same properties ; but examine them more closely, and you will judge better. Respire the perfume which arises from this rose, and examine the other carefully ; and you will perceive that one is the gift of Heaven, the other is the product of art. From this example," continued she, "you may receive wise and profitable instruction. It shows how apt we are to be deceived by trusting too much to outward appearances ; and warns us to beware of bestowing our affections upon beauty alone, and against judging of its deceitful charms as a butterfly appreciates the rose without odour."

M.

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### EVENING MEDITATION.

If there be a time better suited than all others for meditation, it is evening. When the sun withdraws its light, and darkness is as a curtain around our dwelling, the mind, freed from care, and business, is led to contemplate that Being who sustains the universe, with whom the darkness and the light are alike.

It is a summer's evening. The sun is gradually sinking behind the hills, throwing back increasing beauty and splendor with each expiring beam. No sound is heard save the cricket's chirp, and the sweet music of the murmuring rivulet. How refreshing to leave the gay throng, with whom we have been associated through the day, and retire to some secluded spot, and there sit in the temple of nature, and watch the little stars, as they appear one after another in the firmament ! How holy the sentiments that warm even the coldest bosom ! Each rustling leaf seems to whisper, "God is good."

The meek moon looks mildly down on the bosom of yonder placid lake. No wave ruffles its clear surface. The air is per-



fumed with choicest fragrance, and the purest and holiest feelings of our nature are called into exercise ; and on the swift wings of imagination, we go back to that period when this beautiful world arose out of chaos, and the “ morning stars sang together.” And when we reflect, that those same orbs have shone through all ages—that Socrates, Plato, and Demosthenes, have gazed on them—that they shine as benignly on the humble cabin, as on the splendid palace—we feel that while all the works of nature obey the mandates of the great Author, we who are made in his own image have alone wandered from His sacred precepts ; and, lost in wonder, we exclaim, “ When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him ! ”

Every object on which we turn our eyes, owns His constant care ; on each seems inscribed, in golden characters, “ How wondrous are thy works, parent of good ! ” We kneel on the rich carpet which He has spread for us, with fixed resolutions that in the time to come we will live more worthy of such a parent.

As we retire for the night, and take a last look at the canopy which covers us, we are reminded of that hour when we shall bid a farewell to all below the sun, and lie down with those who have gone before us, in the valley of peace.

When the earth is wrapped in its winding sheet, and the north wind sighs a requiem over the lifeless shrubs and flowers, is it not pleasant, as well as profitable, to assemble around the blazing fireside, and talk of “ the unsearchable riches of Christ ”—to kneel with kindred spirits around the family altar, and offer up the incense of gratitude and praise ! Hallowed are the emotions that take possession of the pious bosom, as the reverend sire, whose white and scattered locks,

“ Like snows upon the Alpine summit,  
Only reveal how near it is to heaven ”—

takes the Bible from the shelf, and with his withered hands, turns over its time-worn leaves. He reads each promise o’er and o’er, and his dim eye kindles with celestial fire. And he thanks our Father in heaven, that this world is not our home ; that we are destined to an inheritance undefiled and that fadeth not away ; and with holy trust he exclaims, “ I will lay me down in peace, and sleep in safety ; for the Lord sustaineth me.” NANCY W.

# SONG OF THE WEAVERS.

1. To cheer-ful-ness in - clining, Our thoughts a blessing bring; We yield not to re - pin - ing, When cheer - i - ly mer - ri - ly

2. All day have we been weaving, And soon the bells will ring; But why should we be griev - ing, When cheer - i - ly mer - ri - ly

we can sing? O why should melancholy O'er us its shadows fling? To sigh is surely folly, When cheer - i - ly mer - ri - ly we can sing.

we can sing? Tho' few our leisure hours, And time is on the wing, Hope strews our path with flowers, And cheer-i-ly mer-ri - ly we will sing.



## TALES OF FACTORY LIFE, No. 1.

Sarah T. was scarcely twelve years old, when her parents removed to New England. Her education had been neglected, not on account of her inability to learn, but because her parents had been unfortunate, and had not means to educate their large family. Her mother had given her the first rudiments of learning, and many valuable lessons of domestic economy. Her father's health had far declined, and his days were soon numbered, leaving a widow and seven orphan children. Mrs. T.'s grief was nearly overwhelming. The reflection that she was left among strangers, without the means of returning to her friends, to her was truly gloomy. After a short period, she found it was necessary to adopt some plan for the support of her children. She solicited advice from some of the few who had interested themselves in her behalf, and it was soon decided that Sarah and a brother still younger should "live out:" Accordingly, a place was provided for Sarah with a Mrs. J., who kept what is termed a genteel boarding house in the city, about five miles distant.

Mrs. J. was much pleased with Sarah's activity and readiness to obey, and used every means (except the right ones) to retain her services. She was often treated with much severity, and sometimes cruelty. She had a proud spirit, and could not well endure the mortification of hearing the daughter of Mrs. J. inquire why she was so meanly clad, and did not attend school to study French and Music. She determined to leave the service of Mrs. J., and find employment where she could procure the means of educating and clothing herself.

She had been in the service of Mrs. J. about two years, when the daughter of Mrs. J. commenced an attack upon Sarah about her being so ignorant; and Sarah very frankly told her, that she possessed the means of educating herself, and would employ them very soon to that end. Mrs. J. overheard the conversation, and was highly displeased with the resolution Sarah had formed, and gave her many harsh words, calling her a poor little beggar, &c. The proud spirit of Sarah could endure such treatment no longer. She determined to leave, and that night made preparation to depart.

Early next morning, Sarah took leave, without stopping to bid the family "good bye." When the sun arose, she was about three miles from the affectionate Mrs. J. She arrived at home in season to breakfast with her mother and other friends. After breakfast, her mother made inquiries, about her unexpected appearance. She very frankly replied, "I have run away from Mrs. J., and I will tell you all"—which she did. Mrs. J. soon made her appearance, and wished Sarah to return with her. Sarah wept bitterly, and told her mother she would not stay with her, she was so unkind, and made her work so hard, and would not send her to school, nor give her clothes suitable for attending church.

As they were returning, Mrs. J. inquired, "What would have become of you, if I had not had the kindness to take you home with me?" Sarah replied, with great simplicity, "I had determined to go to Lowell, and work in the factory." "Well, if you are mean enough in your own opinion, to be a factory girl, I may as well despair of thinking to make any thing of you, first as last—for it will be of no use to try." "But, said Sarah, "I know of more than one girl who has worked in the factory, who is much better than I ever expect to be, if I stay with you as long as I live—if I should judge by the past."

The first business of Mrs. J. after their return, was to employ the usual remedies for the removal of the "Lowell fever," as she termed it, with which Sarah had been attacked. The preventives were cheap, and at hand; for every one possessed them who had read the news of the day. She did not tire in the application, and often gave them effect by a box on the ear. Notwithstanding all her caution, the fever raged within, and fears were entertained that it would *take her off*; and their fears were not groundless.

One morning, Mrs. J. arose at her usual time, thinking all was well; and the fire was not kindled, nor any one to be seen about the kitchen. She was in a great rage, and opened the the door at the back stairs, and, with her usual emphasis on such occasions, exclaimed, "Sarah, come down here this minute. I thought the coffee was boiling before this time; but instead of this, not even a fire is kindled. I would not give a fig for such help; it is just no help at all"—(closing the door with a vengeance, and talking to herself). "There is no dependence to be put in any one. I



thought if I took her when she was so young, I could prevent her being crazy to get into the factory; but there is no such thing now-a-days. I wish from my heart there was not a factory this side of France. I'll see if you won't come down." She entered the chamber at full speed, and behold! Sarah was among the missing. We will leave the old lady to make her own coffee, and enquire after Sarah's sudden disappearance.

She prepared her bundle the night previously, and at dawn of day commenced a journey of thirty miles, on foot, without a cent in her purse. She walked with rapid haste the first three miles, and began to feel somewhat weary. As she was ascending a hill, she discovered a stage-coach behind her, and wept that she had not money to procure her passage. Well, she knew that she could not walk so great a distance in one day; and she could not imagine where she might be obliged to stay through the night—for, thought she, "no one would keep such a looking child as I am."

The stage-man, with a kindness peculiar to those of like calling, interrogated Sarah, with "Good morning, my little friend: how far are you walking?" She looked up with the big tears fast falling, and replied, "As far as Lowell, sir." "To Lowell! walk to Lowell! it is near thirty miles. It will take you a week. You may ride with me if you will." "But I have no money," said Sarah. "I want none," replied her kind friend; "I will carry you without pay; for I contend, with the old maxim, that 'we should not kill those that try to live,' and surely you are making a strong effort."

He stepped down to open the stage door, and Sarah told him she was afraid the passengers would object to riding with her, on account of her singular appearance. She was not a lady, with the usual paraphrenalia of travelling; but only a bare-footed girl, with a small bundle.

The passengers were interested in her behalf, and took the trouble to enquire the cause of her unusual appearance. She gave them a full and satisfactory history of herself and family, and the woman whose service she had left. They made a collection for her benefit, and one of the passengers, a factory girl, took the trouble to purchase a pair of shoes, hose and other necessary articles, at their first stopping-place. When she arrived at Lowell, they enquired where she would stop. She told them,

at any good boarding-house—as she had no acquaintance. Her friend, the factory girl, invited her to stay with her; which invitation she unhesitatingly accepted.

The next day, she went into the mill with her friend, who procured a place for her, much to her satisfaction. She commenced work the day following, and felt a new motive to action; for, thought she, “I shall be paid for what I do now.”

Nothing worthy of notice occurred during the first six months. She worked every day, and spent her evenings in reading and writing. She wrote to her mother to send her younger sister; and they are still seen going to and from work together.

Sarah has studied and faithfully learned the lessons of usefulness and practical benevolence. In my last interview with her, she expressed a sort of pride in saying, that although she had been a runaway beggar, she had been more fortunate than many within the circle of her acquaintance; and though there may be difficulties, yet a little perseverance will overcome them. I went, by her invitation, to the Savings Bank, and learned that she had deposited four hundred dollars, since the commencement of 1838.

S. G. B.

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### CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

“How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood.”

There is a charm in the name, “childhood's home.” It awakens a thousand pleasant recollections of happy hours, in all their freshness and beauty, on which the mind ever delights to dwell. Many years may have passed away, since we visited the place so dear to memory; and while the retrospections of intervening years are dim and shadowy, those of the early part of life are clear and distinct. They are peculiarly so to me, perhaps for the reason that, at the age of eleven years, my parents removed to Lowell, and I have not since revisited the place of my nativity. Although seven years have elapsed, bringing many a change along with them, the vision of that home is the same, still bright and unchanged.

The home of my childhood is situated in one of the pleasant towns on the banks of the Connecticut, in what is called the



“granite state.” It is not celebrated as the birth-place of any of the brilliant stars that have illumined the present age, nor is it much distinguished for its elegant buildings. The Meeting House, as in most country villages, is conspicuous, as the greatest ornament. For morality and intelligence, it probably is not surpassed by any place of equal population.

I do not know that a passing stranger would discover anything very striking in the beauty of L., its diversified scenery of field and forest, hill and plain. Still, it is imprinted on my mind as the pleasantest place on earth—one spot especially—my native home—or, as it is more familiarly designated by the members of our family, “the old farm.” It had been in the possession of the family over sixty years, my grandfather having raised a log cabin upon it, while that country was a wilderness. Every thing about it is vividly pictured to my mind’s eye, as though it were before me in all its bright reality. The sunny hill side, with its beautiful grove of tall maple trees, bringing the merry times of sugar-making to remembrance: the orchard, with its excellent fruit—and many a happy hour have I there spent, in rambling from tree to tree, and selecting the choicest and most beautiful apples for my young friends: the old cottage farm-house, with the two majestic elms that overshadowed it, waving and sighing in the summer breeze, or sturdily braving the rude autumnal blast: the garden, its green alleys bordered with flowers of every hue; its cherry trees and currant bushes. Well do I remember the accustomed place of each plant and flower—the lilac and rose-bush, the peony strawberry plat—and in particular a large asparagus bed, which I used to admire in spring for its delicate, pale green leaves and branches, and in autumn for its bright crimson berries, with which I decorated the mantel and fire-places.

The cottage was rather old fashioned: the fire-places, for instance, being nearly three times the size of more modern ones; and oh! how pleasant, in the long, cold winter evenings, to see the blazing hearth surrounded by a cheerful group of merry play-mates! I can almost fancy myself in the old kitchen, eagerly joining in the lively plays of blind-man’s-buff, hunt-the-slipper, and other pleasing amusements. I can hear the ringing laugh, and the loud shouts of merriment and happiness unfeigned!

These are some of the sweet dreams of memory, that often steal upon us unawares, taking us back to the haunts of childhood, and

we are again, in imagination, mingling with our former companions and friends. But

“The world hath changed, and sadly, too,  
Since childhood threw its charm  
Upon the pleasant path I trod,  
When life was young and warm.

The fragrance of the flowers is gone,  
The air is not so mild,  
Nor have the birds so sweet a song,  
As when I was a child.

The skies are not so blue as then,  
The earth is not so green;  
The brilliant colors of young life,  
Have faded from the scene.

The friends of youth—and where are they,  
The loved and chosen band?  
The grave can answer, and the sea,  
And a far distant land.

And some have yielded up to sin  
The innocence of youth;  
And some have changed—and O, how changed!  
The heart hath lost its truth.”—

It is a universal truth, that our childhood recollections, almost without exception, are pleasant and gratifying. Why is it so? Unquestionably, because that part of life is emphatically a season of innocence and truth. And this should teach us, that our happiness through life is dependant materially on our living in accordance with the golden rule. Were such the case, we should review the entire past with the same satisfaction as we remember our infantile years.

E. E. T.

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### OUR PHYSICIAN.

Our physician was an old man, when I was quite a child,—old and garrulous was he; and I often thought that his humorous stories were of more efficacy in restoring health, than even his medicines. I was quite a favorite with him—for what reason I cannot tell, unless it was because I listened with so much pleasure to all the stories which, from time to time, he used to tell me—for I swallowed his words with a better grace than I did his nostrums—though, to do him justice, I must confess he never prescribed



any thing which was very disagreeable. He was more for stilling the nerves, and quieting the mind, than for giving his patients the many "disagreeables," which are often administered by the faculty.

The anecdotes, which he used to relate, were mostly those of his own observation and experience; and they were told in such a plain, common sense-manner, that his auditors could not fail of being highly gratified. Anecdotes of his early life were quite amusing, one of which I shall proceed to relate.

"I was quite young," said our physician, "when I began to practice; and being the only doctor within many miles, I had a good run of custom; and consequently it was generally thought that I was fast accumulating property. And being unmarried, many an ambitious parent had marked me for a future son-in-law. This caused me some trifling uneasiness, but no great trouble, until Mrs. T. pitched upon me as the very person who *must* marry her daughter Polly. Now Polly was tall and brawny, with feet and hands suitable for a back woods-man, and a countenance the most disagreeable that I ever beheld. Her complexion was very dark—her eyes were a coal black, and very large, with an uncommon bold expression—and a set of teeth, like a stump fence, protruded from between a pair of thick lips.

"I could bear any thing better than to be told that Mrs. T. was courting me, for her daughter Polly. But I was often compelled to hear this unpleasant truth—for truth it was, and every body knew it. I was sent for, and sent for—and there was no end to my being sent for, to visit the family. If any of the children stubbed their toes, or cut their fingers, or ate too many green apples, the doctor *must* be sent for. In all of my visits to Mrs. T., I was consulted respecting Polly's health. And although it was evident that she possessed rude health, she ever complained of some languishing disorder. At length, in a fit of vexation, I refused to give Polly any more medical advice. This step procured me but a little respite; for Polly was shortly after very badly afflicted with the tooth-ache. When these fits of the tooth-ache came on, Mr. T. would mount his brown pacer, and Polly, in her Sunday fix, with her face muffled to the eyes, would jump up behind him on the pillion, and visit me, for the purpose of having a tooth extracted. I do not remember how many of Polly's teeth I pulled, (my books can tell,) but I became wearied

of the play, and actually refused to extract another, although she complained of the most excruciating pain.

“After this, I heard nothing from Polly for nearly three quarters of a year. It was sometime in January, (it was leap-year)—and a cold, blustering day it was. The snow flew in every direction,—oh, it was a *bitter* cold day. I was seated by a great hard-wood fire, busily engaged in posting my books, when a loud and vehement rapping called me to the door. I hastened to open it, and there was Mr. T., seated on his brown pacer. ‘For heaven’s sake, doctor,’ said he, ‘come to my house immediately!’—and turning his horse’s head, was out of sight, almost instantly.

“My nag was in the stable, ready saddled; and thinking the case a very pressing one, I was in a few minutes on the road leading to Mr. T.’s. Mrs. T. met me at the door, and gave the boys a charge to put my horse in the barn, and to give him some good hay. She then ushered me into the west room. This room was neat as a pin; the floor was nicely sanded, a good fire blazed on the hearth, and Polly, in her Sunday dress, sat in the corner, knitting. I began to feel fidgety. Mrs. T. made some commonplace remarks, and then commenced her attack. ‘Doctor,’ said she, ‘what is the reason you do not get married?’ I made answer, that I had no time to spare to attend to matrimonial affairs. ‘La! doctor,’ said she, ‘it would take but little time.’ She then went on to describe the loneliness of a bachelor’s life, and to delineate the many comforts and pleasures derived from matrimony; and finally concluded, by saying, ‘Well, doctor, our Polly will make you a good, notable wife.’ I sprang to my feet, stamped upon the floor, and exclaimed, *That* she never will! for I never will have her! I rushed out of the house, took my horse from the barn, and mounting him, made the best of my way home, not daring to look behind me.”

Our physician would conclude the relation of this courtship with a hearty laugh; and he often said, it might have been better for his family, if he had accepted Mrs. T.’s overtures in behalf of her daughter; for it was possible, nay probable, that his three sons (who were old bachelors) might themselves have been married, if Polly T. had been their mother.

JEMIMA.

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## PAST HOURS.

I have known gay hours—when life would seem  
 Like a bright, untroubled, and joyous dream,—  
 When care, with its burden of sorrow was not,  
 And the perils of earth-scenes were wholly forgot.  
 I have known sad hours—which were wont to pass  
 As slowly as sands in the measuring glass;  
 Departed are they, but they have left on the heart  
 A deep and dark trace, which may never depart.

I have known gay hours—when life was but joy,  
 A bliss-gushing fountain, with no taint of alloy,—  
 When it seemed the best boon that my Maker could give,  
 In this world of brightness, that I might but live.  
 I have known sad hours—when life was but woe,  
 When cheerless and dreary seemed all here below,—  
 And prayer went up to our Father on high,  
 To grant me the boon of permission to die!

I have known gay hours—and shall know them again,—  
 This world's not a scene of but sadness and pain;  
 No, many a cup of delight is here given,  
 From the full fount of glory and blessing in heaven.  
 I have known sad hours—and those which have passed,  
 So gloomy and fearful, may not be the last;  
 For earth is a mixture of peace and of strife,  
 And darkness and sun-light are mingled in life.

ADELIA.

## NIGHT.

“O, Night! how beautiful thy golden dress,  
 On which so many stars, like gems, are strewed!”

The dazzling glory of Day has been often and justly admired; and when Night approaches with her sombre shades, and spreads her dark mantle over the fair face of nature, we too often forget that, though mild, she is serenely beautiful; and though she hides in obscurity the bright hues discovered to us by the golden beams of day, she presents us with scenes if possible more sublime. What is more delightful, than to walk out on a summer's eve, when the hum of the city has ceased, when the voices of children at play are hushed; and nought is heard save Nature's own voice, as with melodious sounds it charms the listening wanderer! As we behold the queen of night rising in splendor above the horizon—the mountain-top faintly gilded by her pale

beams ; the stars scattered like gems of purest lustre over the blue expanse of heaven, and reflected from the sparkling waters of the silent lake beneath—a “ secret rapture fills the breast,” and we feel that we could gaze upon the scenes before us for ever with delight.

“ When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O’ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumbered dies,—  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.”

CLEMENTINE.

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## ANN AND MYSELF.

NO FICTION.

Ann W. and myself were friends from childhood, nor did our friendship decline in maturer years ; it grew with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. We were partakers of each other’s joys and sorrows. We were nearly of the same age, though of quite different temperaments. I will not say that I was of a more amiable disposition than was Ann. Suffice it to say, there was a marked contrast. We attended school together, and were always in the same class ; and though our advantages for an education were very limited—having only six months schooling in a year—at the age of fifteen, we were qualified for the responsible station of “ country school ma’ams.”

We were shortly employed as such: Our avocation served to increase our own importance, especially in our own estimation; for a “ school ma’am ” in a country village, is of no little consequence, I can assure you. She is generally the “ beau ideal ; ”—and the favored one who succeeds, by his proffered acts of gallantry, in winning her favor, applauds himself as having achieved some mighty conquest.

Before I proceed farther with my story, I will furnish my readers with a little history of my situation, when I began “ to teach the young idea how to shoot.” My place of destination was about fifteen miles from my native village, in the north-western part of New Hampshire. The day previously to the one that was to raise



me to such an eminence, my employer might have been seen riding up to the door, leading another steed by his side—for the road was so rough and unfrequented, that “horse-back” was the only safe mode of travelling.

I had selected such articles of apparel as were indispensable for my convenience,—and tying them in a kerchief, they were suspended from the horn of the saddle on which I rode. My heart sickened at first at the idea of going among strangers; but being of quite a romantic turn, and desirous of rendering myself more conspicuous in the world’s estimation, the honors that awaited me in my new station quelled all my forebodings. I arrived at Mr. H.’s about six o’clock, P. M., and was received very kindly by Mrs. H. and her daughter. In a few moments, I was summoned to tea; and the neatly-spread table bespoke the hospitalities of the inmates of the house.

The following morning, I was escorted by Mr. H.’s daughter (who, by the way, was to be one of my pupils,) to the school-house, about three quarters of a mile from the house where I was to board. I summoned all my dignity, and with an air of self-importance hastened towards my task, with a palpitating heart. But with all my feigned seriousness, I could hardly suppress a smile as I overtook many of my pupils, one after another, each accosting me with “Good morning, school ma’am.”

When I arrived in sight of the school-house, I saw a large group of children assembled around the door, anxiously looking for my approach. As soon as I drew near, they all modestly courtesied, and following me immediately into the house, seated themselves, and gazed intently at me. I felt somewhat embarrassed at first, for many of my scholars were my seniors. However, I mustered fortitude sufficient to make a few remarks, and proceeded to the best of my ability.

My school consisted of about forty scholars—most of whom were peaceable and docile. I was employed for three months, at the rate of one dollar per week, and succeeded in gaining the good will of my scholars, and the approbation of my employer.

In the mean time, my friend Ann was employed in the same task, though much nearer home—which separated us for a season, though we often sympathized together by writing.

After having completed my task and returned home, I received a letter from some friends then living in a manufacturing village

in New Hampshire, with an invitation to spend a few weeks in visiting them. The proposal was gladly accepted, although I had no favorable opinion of factory places, and more especially of factory girls. Notwithstanding my fastidious notions and educational prejudices, I ventured to accept, remembering that I was a "school ma'am." But what was my surprise, when I arrived at my uncle's, to find that one of my cousins was employed in the factory! I had not seen cousin C. for three years, during which time she had become much altered. From the giddy flirt of thirteen, she seemed to have sprung into years of mature judgment, and was intelligent and agreeable. She left her employment the day after my arrival, and accompanied me about the village; and at length, invited me to visit the factory. My pride revolted at the thought of going to a place I had held in such contempt. However, I consented, because I fancied they would know I was a "school-ma'am."

My cousin took me through several rooms, and introduced me to many neat and beautiful-looking young ladies, with whom I was highly pleased, though not a little chagrined to find they so much surpassed their visiter. Notwithstanding all my self-esteem, my views of factory girls were vastly different when I returned home from what they were when I went out.

Sabbath day I attended meeting, and to my surprise saw many young ladies there whom I recognized as factory girls! for, to tell the truth, I hardly expected to find them civilized. In fact, I became so much changed in opinion, that I concluded to adopt the appalling name of factory girl myself, with all its consequences. My cousin generously offered to procure me a place in the same room in which she was employed; and one week from the time I left home, in all the pomp of a "school-ma'am," I was known as a "factory girl!"

I found my task much less perplexing as a factory girl than as a school teacher, and my pay was much more satisfactory. My only trouble now was, how I should contrive to get my friend Ann with me—for she had been educated with the same prejudices against factories as myself. But I resolved to make an effort. I accordingly wrote, informing her of my adventure in the factory, and earnestly desiring her to come and do likewise; and in one week after the reception of my letter, Ann was with me.



She was immediately employed in the same room, and we were once more happy in each other's companionship.

One year elapsed before we visited our homes. During that time, our friends had become more reconciled to our employment—for instead of three months in a year, as teachers, we then had constant employment, which furnished us the means of advancing our education, which we otherwise could not have done. Besides, we had acquired much information from observation, extensive reading, Lyceums, and other means of increasing our little fund of knowledge.

I shall never forget our first visit to our own village—for we were the first who had ever adopted the avocation of factory girl. We were prepared for a cool reception from our former associates—nor were we in the least disappointed. They at first stood aloof from us with a look of mingled envy and contempt. We submitted to this with as good a grace as possible, well remembering that we had once entertained the same uncharitable opinions. But this by degrees wore away, for they found we had not become uncivilized, as they expected; and ere the time arrived for our return, many who had looked upon us with scornful eyes, solicited us to aid them in obtaining situations in the factory.

Ann and I remained three years in the same manufacturing village, in uninterrupted friendship. But as the journey of human life is not all sun-shine, our felicity was soon destined to be eclipsed. Ann received a letter from a sister, informing her of ill-health, and requesting her to come immediately to the family residence in Maine. The intelligence was painful to Ann, but doubly so to me—for while I sympathized sincerely with her in affliction, my heart could not bear the thought of an uncertain separation. But I nerved myself sufficiently to assist her in making necessary arrangements for her journey; and in tears we parted, mutually agreeing to maintain a punctual correspondence.

Six long months glided by, and Ann returned not, though her sister had been completely restored to health. I began to suspect there was some attractive planet in Maine, which kept Ann away from me so long; nor was I in error, for my next letter brought an invitation to attend her wedding. This was really more painful than the separation. The idea of a rival was more than I could endure; yet I could not reproach her for I had reason to believe her affianced husband was worthy her choice

But I was not willing to have her affections bestowed upon another. I resolved therefore to give her up for lost.

After many solicitations from Ann and her husband, I was prevailed on to visit them, though much against my inclination. She had then been married two years, and was blessed with a kind husband and a competency of this world's goods. She received me with all her former affection, and I anticipated much pleasure from my visit; but it vanished, when she whispered to me, "You must be 'school-ma'am' while you are here, for factory girls are nothing thought of in this place." By this title, I passed off pretty well among the aristocrats of the place, and was often compelled to hear my avocation slandered and my associates misrepresented, without the privilege of saying one word in their vindication. I could not long endure such bondage, and resolved to return where I could enjoy a dearly-loved freedom. I have never visited Ann since, though I have been often entreated so to do; and I am confident when I visit her again, I shall not be the dupe of false opinions.

MATILDA.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

### CHAPTER I.

I was very happy when a child; and I love now to do all in my power to promote the happiness of childhood. Yet my pleasures were all of my own creation; and I believe those children are generally the happiest, who are left to seek their own amusements. When the little grand-child of the Empress Josephine, had received from his royal relatives many rich birth-day gifts, and was still observed to look dissatisfied and unhappy, he replied, in answer to their questions, "I wish you would let me go out and play in that beautiful little puddle." When I was a child, I was allowed to play in all the puddles, beautiful and not beautiful. I waded the pond for lilies, and the brooks for minnows; I roamed the fields for berries, and the meadows for flowers; I wandered in the woods for ivy-plums, and picked ising-glass from the rocks; I watched the robins that built for many years their nest in the chestnut tree; and nursed, with truly motherly care, the early lambs and chickens.



I had also my dairy, where the fruit of the mallows was my make-believe cheese ; and my mimic store, where the shelves for china were filled with broken bits of glass and crockery-ware, and those for English goods were filled with the skins of variegated beans, in imitation of calicoes, while those of white beans were my cotton cloth. Then there was my baby-house, the tenants of which never numbered less than a dozen, made of rags, and all of the feminine gender.

These were my summer pleasures. In the winter, we had no time for amusement but in the evening, and then we got together and enjoyed ourselves finely. Our kitchen was a long, low one, with a great beam in the middle of the ceiling, from which depended festoons of dried apples, and bundles of herbs. In the window-corners hung strings of red peppers, and over the fire-place were our crook-necked squashes. The fire-place itself was a very wide one ; and in one corner was stationed our blue-pot ; and in the other, the kettle in which we boiled potatoes for the cattle, and which was as big as a witch's caldron.

When there were enough of us, we played whirl-the-plate, blind-man's-buff, and hurly-burly—together with many other good old-fashioned games ; and our refreshments were nuts and apples, the seeds of which we exerted our skill in snapping at each other. If our number was smaller, we parched corn in the ashes ; and it was fine sport to see the white kernels pop out of their warm place ; or we played checkers, on a board crossed off with a coal, and with red and yellow kernels of corn for our *men*. Sometimes we repeated the old stories of Blue-beard, Cinderella, Catskin, King Lab, and Jack and his bean-stalk, of which we had among us about a dozen different versions.

But it was a great treat to me to listen to the queer stories of Old Bill, who had once been a sailor, and seen many different countries. The boys called him “ the wandering Jew,” and “ my man Friday,” because he had no home, but stayed with any one who would give him board and lodging for his labor. If he had been as fond of working as of talking, he would have been a very profitable hand upon a farm ; still he was willing to cut wood, shell corn, fodder the cattle, and do many other chores—and he was excellent company.

I was always willing to go and draw cider, as an inducement for him to stay and talk with us ; and I listened with gaping

mouth and eyes to his marvellous tales of Spaniards, Frenchmen, Indians, and Negroes; and though I presume they were mostly true, they appeared as wonderful to me as so many fairy tales.

But the scene of many of my youthful pleasures, was the district school-house. And now while I think of her, I must tell you about our school-ma'am, who was a spinster. She professed to hate the whole race of *man-kind*, and averred that she was an old maid from choice, and not from necessity; but I am sure if she had wished to marry, no one would have had her. She was so long, and sharp, and skinny, and cross, that the old folks disliked her almost as much as the young people did. She was always grumbling and growling about something or other, and was in fact one of those who take a great deal of comfort in being miserable—and in making other people so too. She was said to be the cause of many of the family quarrels in the neighborhood; had broken off a number of matches; and had been several times brought before the church for falsehood, though she was one of the most active members of all the female societies. Nevertheless, she was thought a most admirable school-mistress, because she was so *strict*. In those days, teachers were valued according to their skill in using the rod and ferula; and according to this standard of excellence, Miss Prudence K. was all perfection.

I remember how she whipped me one Monday morning, because I did not courtesy to her when she passed me on her way to meeting; and one day, when she saw me looking over on the boys' side at my two cousins, she said that I must go and sit between the two boys. I had observed that she saw me, and was expecting as a punishment to have to stand an hour on a crack in the floor, or stoop down and hold my finger on a nail, until it seemed as though my blood had settled in my brain, or sit on the peaked rack till the girls went out, or be soundly whipped with the long birch stick—so when I heard my sentence, I thought it by no means a severe one; but I looked as miserable as possible, for fear she would find out my real feelings; and the fear that the long face would slip off, was the only thing which kept it on.

I often hear teachers lament that *they* cannot *educate* the children placed under their care. Their instructions are neutralized by the influences of home and companions; and if all teachers were what they should be, this would indeed be cause for deep



regret. But I should have been a stiff, formal, selfish, unhappy being, if Miss Prudence could have changed me to what she wished me to become. If I was subdued while under her eye, when I was released there was for me a regenerating influence in the voices of my brothers, sisters and school-mates ; in the songs of the birds and the hum of the bees ; in the bleating of the lambs, and the cooing of the doves ; and the bright sun-shine alone could make my young heart leap for joy.

## CHAPTER II.

My school enjoyments did not consist in spelling long words, and doing hard sums, but in getting through with these tasks as speedily as possible ; and then it was a pleasure merely to be with my little friends. I used also to amuse myself with drawing on my slate,—though my pictures were like those of very ancient times, totally destitute of back-ground and perspective. My houses were always in ruins, for they never stood upright ; and if I made a tower, it was sure to be in imitation of the leaning one. My cows always had crooked horns, and my horses looked like mules ; my carriages appeared as if the inmates would tumble out ; and my men and women had longer noses, larger eyes, wider mouths, and sharper chins, than ever belonged to the heads of human beings.

But when I first mentioned our school-house, my recollections were of the happy evenings I had passed in it. It was there that we had our spelling-schools, and there the singing-schools always met. I generally attended the latter, though I was not a singer. I went as *spectator*—for my eyes were full as active as my ears.

It was not from want of inclination, that I did not use my voice. I had a pretty good ear, but there was some deficiency in my lungs, or throat, or something else. I once made a most heroic resolution to overcome the difficulty, if possible. So I took the singing book, and went out into the hay-loft, where no one could hear me. I began, *fa, sol, la, fa*, (that was before the discovery of *do, ra*)—and there I stopped. However, I began again ; *fa, sol, la, fa, sol*—but the *sol* was a dreadful squeak. I tried the third time ; for I thought if I could only get over the top of the gamut, I could come down very respectably on the other side—but it was all in vain ; and after that attempt, I gave up all hopes

of ever sitting in the singing seats. But I continued to attend the school, for we had few amusements, and the girls never had to pay any thing. If they found candles, they were welcome to their instruction—and for candle-sticks, we had little square blocks of wood, with holes bored in them.

Besides the evening schools, the boys sometimes had exhibitions, as they called them—that is, they met to speak dialogues, such as Damon and Pythias, and Money makes the mare go, &c. Occasionally, an overgrown lad, who looked old enough to attend town meeting, would get up and shout forth,

“You’d scarce expect one of my age,  
To speak in public on the stage,”—

and then some little six-year-old would faintly drawl out,

“I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.”

And then some bashful, white-headed fellow would get up, and, with a hysterical smile, giggle out,

“Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,” &c.

Our fathers usually attended these *exhibitions*, and enjoyed them as much as a city beau does the theatre; but our mothers always stayed at home. Country women almost invariably confine their pleasures to their own hearths. Their hearts are in their homes, and New-England women are generally patterns of domestic excellence.

But I must not omit to notice our debating societies; for our young men used to meet at the school-house, and discuss the questions, Is deception justifiable in any case whatever? Are all mankind descended from one common parent? Is party spirit justifiable? Would a dissolution of the Union be beneficial? Ought females to be allowed the right of suffrage? I have no doubt, that if these learned worthies had submitted their decisions and the chains of reasoning which led to them, to the public, these knotty questions would have been forever set at rest.

That old school-house, the scene of so many of my youthful recollections, has been taken down, and the new one does not stand in the same place. This was done several years ago; and as I was then at home, I will tell you about it. When the dis-



district was first measured to find the central point for the school-house, it was found to be exactly at the top of a hill. So the building was erected there, and stood for many years, to exercise the climbing faculties of all the children in the district. But when it was found necessary to rebuild it, the wish prevailed that it should be placed either upon the north or south side of the hill, and not upon the top of it. The reasons were, that it was a very bleak site for a house, and wood had become more scarce and valuable.

So it was unanimously agreed that the new school-house should be under the hill ; and then the question was warmly discussed, Upon which side ? The people on the north side, said it should be there ; and those upon the south side that it should not ; and the whole district was for a time in violent commotion about it. Never did Tariff, Veto, Nullification, or Sub-treasury, produce more of a sensation in the great world beyond us, than did this important question in the little world around us. The people on the north side justly thought, that as there were more children *there*, the school-house should be built to accommodate them ; but those on the south side argued, that as there were more young families there, the proportion of the school-going population would soon be in their favor.

At last it was decided to leave it to the Doctor, who was the richest man in the district, and who, on account of his great learning and active benevolence, was possessed of much influence. He had no family of his own ; so it was thought he would be an impartial umpire—and as he lived on the south side, the people there thought he would decide in their favor. But the Doctor, like a kind-hearted man as he was, decided in favor of the youngsters on the north side ; and the old maids, who had not before given him up as irreclaimable, now looked very blue ; for they saw plainly that it was not the Doctor's intention that any little feet should ever start from *his* house, to climb over the bleak hill.

These recollections may have been tedious, but those of you who have never lived in the country, will observe, that simple incidents can draw forth the good and evil passions of the heart, and that country villages may be the scenes of much real happiness or misery. Yet I think that, in general, a rural life is most

favorable to morals, and of course to happiness ; and when I hear of the vice and corruption of some of our larger cities, and tremble for a moment for our liberties and institutions, I fix my thoughts on the many country homes, which are still the abodes of sterling worth and principle ; and I feel that from *them* are to come the regenerating influences which are still to bless and sustain us.

BETSEY.

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THE FUNERAL OF HARRISON.

In silent grief, in solemn awe,  
They gathered round the confined dead,  
And mutely gazed on what they saw ;  
For in that winding-sheet, they read  
Their hope of yesterday had fled.

The wreath that lay about him, now—  
Affection's tribute, fondest, last—  
How strangely it adorned that brow  
O'er which the spell of death was cast !  
Oh, how unlike the brilliant past !

How wide the contrast, and how sad !  
Who dreamed in grief like this to share,  
When heart and lip in smiles were clad ?  
When that large boon, a nation's care,  
Was trusted to that sleeper there ?

A few short weeks ! what have they done ?  
*Then*, he all strength and manliness,  
His people's highest, chosen one,  
Exalted in such power to bless !  
*Now* he is dust and helplessness !

Gaze on your Ruler—well ye may,  
And, statue-like, refuse to weep ;—  
There is about that shrouded clay  
That bids refreshing tear-drops sleep.  
There is, that lies for grief too deep.

Gaze on him ! for he is the first  
Death-offering by your country given !  
His body, yielded back to dust—  
His spirit, pure as breath of even,  
Like incense to the court of heaven.



Gaze on ! it is your last, last look,  
Your long adieu to him who was.  
Gaze on ! and be your hearts the book  
That links his name and country's laws,  
And both enshrine with freedom's cause.

Now shut the lid, adjust the pall,—  
With gentle hand unwreath his head ;  
Remove the late Inaugural,  
And holy Book he daily read :—  
Go forth with your illustrious dead.

The prayer hath sounded through these halls ;  
Awhile they shall be desolate :  
Companion for the crape-hung walls,  
Bring out the vacant chair of state ;  
Then go, and follow home the great.

The tolling bells pour out their grief—  
The dirge is sounding far and sad ;  
And see, upraised in bold relief,  
Yon flag, that erst waved free and glad,  
Now furled, and in deep mourning clad.

With " martial tramp and muffled drum,"  
And death-march solemn, heavy, slow,  
They bear him to his narrow home,  
A victim to the last great foe,  
'Mid emblems of the deepest woe.

Walk slowly, ye of ebon brow,  
And mourning badge, and sash of snow ;  
For precious is your treasure now ;  
And eyes that deep affliction know,  
Are fixed upon you in their woe.

'Tis done—the last sad deed is done !  
The people's father lies at rest ;—  
Sleep on, lamented Harrison !  
They weep above thy cherished dust,  
Who yet shall bear thy holy trust.

Sleep sweetly on ! transferred thy care,  
Thy country and her interests,  
The burden of thy latest prayer,—  
Sleep where no load of care molests ;  
On *these* thy nation's burden rests.

Sleep sweetly, peacefully, our sire ;  
Thy children loved thee, Oh, full well !  
And when they saw their hope expire,  
Air, earth, and ocean, heard them tell,  
In dirge-like tones, their loud farewell !

ADELAIDE.

## THE OLD FASHIONED COAT.

The time was, when moral worth and talent were considered the true criterions of excellence in our republican America. But customs have changed, and change is not always improvement. Wealth has been raised as the standard by which merit is estimated. And he who would be courted and applauded, must show by his equipage and bearing, that he is above the vulgar drudgery of *labor*.

There is still another class, who endeavor to show that they are as good as the very best, by wearing the best of cloth, cut in the latest fashion ; and he who has the audacity to appear in their company with his hat a little too high, or his collar a little too square, or his coat a little too short, is sure to subject himself to ridicule ; while one with a head as empty as a pumpkin shell, if *dressed* in the most approved style, may receive a very gracious and flattering reception.

These reflections have been drawn forth by a circumstance which occurred in real life, which I shall relate—regretting, however, that I am not better able to do justice to the subject.

In a small though fashionable village in New-England, a New-Year's ball was appointed. As the time approached, all the skill of the dress-maker was required to array Eliza Percy for the occasion. The long-wished-for evening at length arrived, and Eliza, accompanied by her brother, entered the already crowded hall. Many eyes were attracted by the magnificence of her attire, which nearly obscured the natural loveliness of her person. The evening passed merrily away ; yet, ere it was spent, two gentlemen had been introduced to Miss Percy, whose characters were as opposite as could be imagined in respectable society. The one who most easily ingratiated himself with Eliza, I shall call Lewis Philton. His attractions consisted in a handsome person, dressed in the most approved fashion,—with pleasing and affable manners.

Henry Watkins, unfortunately, wore an old-fashioned coat, and one of his boots had a brief patch upon one side. His demeanor was respectful and polite. He had acquired an excellent education, and in point of general intelligence he stood unequalled amidst his fellows. But the old-fashioned coat so ob-



scured his noble mind and really fine talents, that Miss Percy saw nothing to be admired in the young law-student. And when he offered to accompany her home, she rejected his courtesy with such cruel disdain, that he quickly saw "she was not the girl for him." I shall leave Henry for an interval of some ten years, and briefly sketch the fortunes of Eliza.

She became the wife of Lewis Philton, and indulged her passion for dress, until she discovered that her husband was bankrupt. And then, with intense suffering, she saw him slowly, but surely, forsaking her and his two babes, for company which he found at gambling-houses. And finally, with grief indescribable, she followed him to a drunkard's grave.

Having learned a sad but valuable lesson from her misfortunes, she resolved to lead a different life in future, and removed to a neighboring city, where she might obtain plain needle-work, to support herself and children.

Now, gentle reader, I wish you to go with me in imagination to the flourishing city of A., and by the eye of fancy view the most lovely habitation in the place. Do not mistake—That elegant stone house, with a beautiful flower-garden in front of it, and a luxuriant grape-vine encircling the whole edifice in its kindly embrace ; and a tastefully arranged grove of locust trees,—that mansion belongs to Esquire Watkins. When he was admitted to the bar, his whole possession consisted of the clothes he wore, his education, a few books, a good character, and fine talents. He soon married the amiable Miss C., with whom he spends his leisure in social and intellectual happiness. He has become eminent in his profession, and affluent in his circumstances. His family now give Mrs. Philton sufficient employment to support herself and children.

Would you know the grand secret of his prosperity ? It is this : He was not too proud to wear an old-fashioned coat, nor to saw his own wood.

JENNET.

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## WELCOME MAY.

MAY has come, in beauty clad !  
Smiling faces, greet her glad ;  
Streamlets gently murmuring, say,  
Welcome, welcome, fairy May !

Warbling birds protract the strain—  
Zephyrs breathe it o'er the plain—  
Peeping frogs lisp out the song,  
While the flocks the hymn prolong.

Earth arrays herself in green,  
To escort the merry Queen ;  
Flora, bringing offerings sweet,  
Meekly strews them round her feet.

Nature wears a gladsome smile,  
Chasing sadness off awhile ;  
Fills the soul with joy and love,  
Hopes of brighter scenes above.

While our eyes such beauties scan,  
Beauties that seem made for man,  
May our hearts through nature raise  
Nature's God a hymn of praise.

If He bids such glories bloom,  
On our path-way to the tomb,  
Will He not his image save,  
Bid it live beyond the grave ?

ALICE.

## CLARA STANLY.

## CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas eve. A brilliant party were congregating in the mansion of the fashionable Mrs. Moore, uniting much of the wealth and beauty of the city of B. I was busily engaged in conversation with a young lady at my side, when she suddenly exclaimed, "How beautiful !" I looked up, and saw my young friend, Emma Gray, entering the room, leaning on the arm of her father. "Beautiful, indeed," I replied, "and as good as she is beautiful. God grant that her loveliness may not subject



her to the same evils, which caused her mother so much unhappiness." "You are acquainted with her," said my companion; "may I ask what those evils were?" "THE EFFECTS OF ENVY," I answered,—“envy, which occasions much of the discontent we see around us, and which is, even now, destroying the peace of many of the fair ones mingling in this scene of gaiety. Not that the baleful passion ever entered her own heart. No! Clara Stanly was a Christian, both in principle and practice. Pure in spirit, and lovely in person, none but the weak and envious could look upon without loving her.

“But this is no time to give you her history, and I see Emma approaching to greet me. Come to my home when you have leisure, and I will show you how wicked and depraved the hearts of the young and fair may become, under the influence of this malicious principle.” She promised me she would come on the morrow, and Emma then joining us, I introduced the two young ladies, and soon after took my departure; for the matron of forty takes little pleasure in these scenes of gay and thoughtless mirth.

The morrow came, and with it my young friend, according to promise. We soon made ourselves comfortable in my little sitting room, and I commenced my story.

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Clara was my dearest friend. Our intimacy commenced in earliest childhood. Our fathers were farmers, not rich, but in comfortable circumstances, and resided in S., a pleasant little village in New Hampshire. Mr. Stanly was our nearest neighbor, and as Clara and I were only daughters, (she, however, was the only child of her parent) we were ever together, and loved each other as sisters. Clara, as I told you before, was very beautiful. I never looked upon a more lovely face. It was the purity of the spirit within, joined with the outward beauty of feature, which rendered it so peculiarly lovely. And her manner—I cannot describe it. You were fascinated as your eye followed her movements, and yet there was nothing which you could point out, nor one movement in which you could detect the grace that charmed you. It was the whole,—the perfect embodiment of elegance, and it was always irresistible. She had many lovers, and was sadly troubled with matrimonial offers,—troubled, I say, for she took no pleasure in making conquests; and the manner

of the rejection, was always sure to increase the esteem of the rejected.

There was but one young lady in the village who did not love Clara ; or if there were others who did not love her, they manifested no tokens of dislike. But the Squire's daughter was the wealthiest of any of us, and was also very handsome. She was a spoiled child, of a proud and imperious disposition ; and that she should be eclipsed by the farmer's daughter, was more than her haughty spirit could brook. It was a source of continual mortification to her, and she was ever seeking opportunities to revenge herself.

Clara was not ignorant of Maria Burton's bitter feeling toward her—for Maria took every occasion to show her contempt and disdain, for what she termed her insolent pretensions. And often has my cheek burned with indignation, that Clara should so meekly bear her unkind and haughty treatment. But pity was the only emotion which she manifested toward Maria, and this only increased the rage it was intended to subdue ; and at length the opportunity arrived, which the proud girl had long sought—the opportunity of wounding the pure-hearted being whom she so thoroughly hated. The arrow sped from her hand, winged with sorrow ; but it returned to rankle more deeply in her own heart, and to prove to her, that the paths of guilt are not the paths of pleasantness and peace.

The summer that saw Clara's eighteenth birthday, brought to our village a young lawyer, whose sign over his office door soon told us that his name was Henry Grant. He boarded at the Squire's, and of course was frequently the gallant of the Squire's daughter. He was talented and handsome, generous and open, but hasty and impetuous in disposition. Proud he was, also, and independent ; and although poor, brooked neither contempt nor insult on that account.

When he first came among us, his attentions were devoted chiefly to Maria, because she was the daughter of his host ; but as he extended his acquaintance, they became more general—the homeliest and least agreeable among us, experiencing his gentlemanly and delicate kindness.

It was not long, however, before I discovered that Clara engrossed more of his attention than was consistent with the character he had at first assumed, namely,—beau-general to all the



young ladies in the village. When I made the discovery, I watched Maria closely, to see the effect it would produce on her feelings. That it would rouse anew the enmity, which had, from some cause, apparently slumbered for a time, I did not doubt. Indeed, I was more than half suspicious, that she herself loved the handsome lawyer. She was ever the kind and amiable Maria Burton in his presence ; and I knew that she had succeeded in gaining his respect and esteem. That love must have something to do with this wonderful transformation, I was almost sure. Some of the young ladies remarked, that they thought Maria would fancy Henry Grant, if he was not poor, but she was too proud ever to marry a poor man. But I knew that love had often conquered pride ; and when it became evident from the increased attention of Henry towards Clara, that he really loved her, I looked for some further developement of that evil passion, which had rendered Miss Burton so unlovely. But no ; whatever were her feelings, she exhibited none of its effects. Her manner was ever kind to Clara,—kinder than it had been, since we were children ; and as for myself, I was completely deceived, and really began to believe that Maria had reformed. Ah ! we little dreamed of the wicked determination which was cherished beneath that calm brow and smiling lip.

The summer had passed away, and autumn was bringing its rich gifts to the husbandman ; and although Henry's devotion to Clara had increased, he had not declared himself. I knew that she loved him ; and I knew also that he had received from her no look, or word, which could make him doubtful on this point. Was he only flirting with her, to gratify his vanity ? I thought to myself. No, Henry was too honorable, to be guilty of such heartless trifling.

One pleasant afternoon in the latter part of September, a carriage stopped at Mr. Stanly's door, and a gentleman and lady stepped out, whom I soon recognized to be cousins of Clara's, from the city. In a few moments, Clara came running in to tell me that they had come with the intention of conveying us back with them, to be present at the wedding of their brother, which was to take place on Wednesday evening, (it was then Monday.) If we concluded to go, we must start early next the morning. It was useless to make any excuses ; go we *must* and go we *should*, said her cousin Fred. I immediately put on my bonnet, and went

down to the village store, to make some purchases ; and as I passed Henry's office, I thought I would step in, and bid him good-bye.

"Now," thought I, as I opened the door, "I will make him jealous, if I can." So I asked him, if he knew we were going to lose Clara. He surely did not : how ? "O, a gentleman,—an old acquaintance of hers, has come to take her away with him." He colored slightly, and asked when she would go. I told him, in the morning. "So soon ?" said he, and there was silence for a few moments, during which he was very industriously pulling to pieces a beautiful monthly rose, which was blooming in a pot on the window sill. He at last asked, in a tone which he intended should be very careless, "An old acquaintance of Clara's, you said ?" Why, yes—somewhat old, I replied. He took two or three turns across the room, and then asked in the same tone, "Will she stay long ?" I should not be surprised, if she should stay *very* long, was my answer. "But really, Mr. Grant, do not quite spoil that beautiful rosebush." He looked up, and blushed a deep crimson, as he met my roguish glance. I changed the conversation, but he was abstracted, and so inattentive to my remarks, that after thanking him for the agreeable manner in which he had entertained me, I arose to take my leave. Before going however, I asked him to come and sing "Auld Lang Syne" with us, in the evening, and I presumed Clara would be very happy to introduce him to her cousin and his sister. "Her cousins?" said he. "Only a cousin," I answered ; "what a pity you have spoiled your rosebush !" He laughed, and said, 'twas surely, and I hastened home.

As I passed the Squire's, I saw Maria in the garden, and stopped a moment to speak to her. I told her we were going away. She expressed regret, and gave me some flowers, with her love for Clara. I am glad Maria has overcome her dislike of Clara ; she is really kind now,—I thought as I proceeded on my way.

In an hour or two, Clara received a short and hurried note from Henry, containing an avowal of his attachment, and soliciting a return. He had written, fearing he might not have an opportunity of seeing her alone, previous to her departure. If she accepted, he should, however, see her in the evening. She did accept ; but the evening passed, and no Henry came.

Clara passed a restless night, and started on her journey the



next morning, with a heavy heart. Our ride was a dull one. Fred exerted himself to render it agreeable, but he could not dispel the dejection which hung over Clara's spirits ; and as I shared her uneasiness, and his sister was naturally a quiet little body, he was unaided in his efforts, and after awhile ceased to make them, and we pursued our way in silence.

## CHAPTER II.

We arrived safely at our destination, and as soon as I could speak to Clara alone, I endeavored to cheer her with a thousand suggestions, as to the cause of Henry's absence,—she would undoubtedly hear from him in a day or two ;—and finally succeeded in restoring, in some measure, her former cheerfulness.

But weeks passed, and no word from Henry Grant. A friend of mine intimated, in a letter to me, that he was paying very marked attention to Maria Burton. Was he, then, the villain, which I had once half suspected he might be ? How else could we account for his conduct ? Clara uttered no complaint, though I could see the color was fading from her cheek. She wished to be at home, though she shrunk from betraying to the base and hypocritical lawyer, the sorrow which his perfidy had caused her. Her friends also were urgent that she should stay with them ; and I was unwilling she should return to S., as I wished he should think she scorned him, and could cast from her all memory of the past, as easily, and with far less trouble, than he had proved he could be a villain. For this purpose, I stated in a letter to S., that a gentleman of the city was very attentive to Clara ; which was really true, although she gave him no encouragement. How bitterly did I afterwards regret this deviation from truth ! for although the words were true, yet they were intended to deceive, and they accomplished their object.

The next news we heard, Henry Grant was married to Maria Burton ; and the same mail which brought this intelligence, brought us a line from Mrs. Stanly, imploring Clara to hasten home, as her father was dangerously ill. Clara's strength revived with the necessity for exertion, and we arrived in S., on the evening of the same day we received the information.

Mr. Stanly lived but a few days after our return, and when his affairs were settled, they were found so much involved, that

after paying off all debts, Mrs. Stanly and her daughter were left utterly destitute. As soon as this was discovered, Clara wrote to her cousin in the city, informing him of their condition, and desiring him, if he could, to obtain her a situation, in which she could support herself and mother. He immediately wrote back, for them to come to B., desiring them to make his house their home, until she could obtain the situation she desired. She was solicited to remain in S. She was promised a school,—but she could not be persuaded. There were too many bitter recollections clinging around her native village ; and although dear to her as the home of her childhood, yet one was there whom it was only pain to meet,—one who had blighted her dearest hopes, and cast dark shadows over her future pathway ; and the remembrance of whose treachery rendered the scenes which once were full of beauty, but painful mementos of the happiness which had passed from her forever.

We met Henry but seldom, after our return ; and although Clara had none of the pride and haughtiness, which characterized my disposition, the delicacy which forbids woman to bestow her heart unasked, or to manifest a preference which is not solicited, joined to a deep sense of injury, gave to her manner a dignity, which plainly told Henry Grant, that the distance between them was not to be lessened. And the scornful glance, and haughty bow, with which I returned his smile of recognition, as I met him in the village church the Sabbath after our return, convinced him of the same fact in regard to myself, but with far less of civility. He seemed astonished at my manner, and a crimson glow mounted to his high brow ; but he instantly recovered himself, and turned away, with a manner as proud as my own. The intercourse between us was therefore slight.

Maria had been officiously kind to Clara during the illness of her father, and afterward, also ; but I thought I could detect a glance of malicious triumph gleaming in her dark eyes. Although I never suspected her of other wrong toward Clara, than the indulgence of evil feelings, yet now that I discovered indications of these feelings having been not destroyed, but concealed only, I liked her less than formerly. I loved Clara the better for the kindness with which she ever regarded Maria ; while it rendered me more indignant toward its unworthy object.

The constant exertion which Clara was obliged to make after



her return home, prevented her from surrendering herself to the grief which was weighing so heavily on her heart ; and the afflicting circumstances under which Mrs. Stanly met her daughter, led her to impute the paleness of her cheek to the same cause from which flowed her own sorrow. But after the necessity for this exertion had passed away, the struggle to maintain her usual cheerfulness was difficult. The effort was made, that she might not add to her mother's grief, by a knowledge of her own disappointment and sorrow ; and for awhile she was successful. Mrs. Stanly was not ignorant of the circumstances which I have related ; but so much was she deceived by her daughter's appearance, that she remarked to me, "she was glad Clara's affections were not more deeply interested ; she had feared that Henry's desertion would cause her much unhappiness."

She, however, soon discovered that the arrow had entered more deeply than she at first imagined ; and as she became convinced of this, she hastened her preparations for their departure, rightly judging that their continuance in S. would be productive of no good to Clara. I was also aware of this, and therefore parted from her less reluctantly than I otherwise should have done.

After her arrival in the city, she obtained a situation in a school, but still remained in her cousin's family, as a boarder. The duties attending this situation were numerous, and commanded so much of her attention, that she had little time for indulging in regrets for the past ; and was, consequently, much happier than she would have been, had she been released from the care necessarily attending a life of unremitting industry.

I have often had occasion to observe the truth of that remark of Dr. Johnson, that "many a poor woman, through the exertion she is obliged to make, in consequence of her poverty, conquers and overcomes the grief which, were she rich, would carry her broken-hearted to the grave." This was true of Clara ; and I thought I could trace the workings of Divine Love in the event which deprived her of her father, but which then seemed to my short-sighted wisdom, but as the sundering of another tie, which bowed her already stricken heart to earth. The thought of her mother's grief, and her lonely and destitute situation, were she also gone, gave her a degree of energy, and a strength to endure, which, under what would have seemed to us, favorable cir-

cumstances, she could not have obtained. Her employment, she wrote me, was laborious, but in the performance of its duties, she found peace and rest. In this manner, she passed nearly a year, when the gentleman I have before alluded to, renewed his solicitations for her hand. Clara had no wish to marry, and he was again rejected. Mr. Gray was some years her senior, and in every way worthy of respect and confidence. He loved Clara fervently, and by every act of kindness it was proper for him to bestow, sought to win the love he was ignorant had been so lavishly thrown away. And gladly would Clara herself have gathered the scattered wealth of her affections, that she might have returned his deep devotion. She knew his worth, and esteemed him highly ; so much so, that she would not impose upon his noble nature the fragments of a heart, which ere the blight had fallen upon it, would have been given willingly. But Mr. Gray was not discouraged by this repeated rejection. Clara's friends, not knowing the motives that influenced her decision, were very urgent she should accept him ; and although her mother did not advise her on the subject, she knew her wishes were with theirs.

These reasons, and her mother's delicate health, and her own limited means for administering to her comfort, induced her to waver in the determination which she had formed, never to marry. When, therefore, Mr. Gray, for the third time, sued for her favor, she frankly told him the reasons of her previous rejection, concealing however, the name of Henry. She assured him of the deepest regard she was capable of bestowing. "And now," said she in conclusion, "if the hand which you have so often sought, is still worthy your acceptance, it is yours. If not, I shall trust without fear in your honor, that the confidence I have reposed in you will not be betrayed."

"Give me but a right to administer to your comfort and happiness, and I ask no more ; though my selfish regrets for the past, are mingled with the pleasure with which I receive this token of your confidence," said he, in reply, as he took her hand. —They were married ; and the duties of a wife were performed by Clara with a cheerfulness, and a regard to her husband's happiness, which left him no room for regrets or complaints.



## CHAPTER III.

Six months had passed since their marriage, when Henry Grant called at our house one morning, to see my brother on business. I answered his knock at the door, and as my brother was out, but was coming in directly, I asked him into the sitting-room. I received him with my usual coldness, and resumed my work, as he seated himself.

The conversation which ensued, was constrained. After an awkward silence, he remarked, with a slight degree of embarrassment, "One would hardly suppose, Miss Warren, that we were old acquaintances." "True," was my brief reply. He continued, "Why we have grown strangers, I have often and vainly asked myself." A smile of scorn passed over my features; but he went on, without observing it. "It is sad to cast our eyes over the past—to look upon the destruction of our fondest hopes—to witness the change in those we have loved—and to feel, perhaps, the chill of indifference passing over our own hearts."

"And the retrospection can be none the less unpleasant, from feeling that our own follies, not to use a severer term, have occasioned the estrangement of our friends," I added, in a tone and manner he could not misunderstand.

"That is a truth which will apply generally," he replied; "but it seems to have been spoken at this time for my individual benefit. Will Miss Warren deign to explain what has occasioned this, and similar remarks?"

"Your glance over the past has been but a hasty one, if that inquiry is necessary. Look again more attentively, and any explanation of mine must be superfluous."

"You are unjust," he returned. "Of the reasons which have dictated your conduct towards me, I am wholly ignorant. As you seem disposed to prolong this ignorance, and therefore give me no opportunity to defend myself, it is useless to continue this conversation. Good morning."

He spoke proudly, but with the air of one who felt deeply injured. I could not confound his manner with guilt. I was perplexed, and hardly knowing what I said, requested him to stop. He reseated himself, and awaited what I had to say.

"You shall have no cause to complain of injustice," said I, after a moment's hesitation; "and if there has been no deception, you have experienced none. You have not forgotten Clara Stanly."

"You say truly," he replied; "my memory must be very treacherous, to forget one who gave me so good cause of remembrance."

The tone and manner in which this was spoken, was to me unaccountable. One would have supposed that *he* was the party wronged. I was determined to come to some explanation, and said, "Do not deem me impertinent, if I ask if you was the author of a note which contained your signature, and which Clara received the evening previously to our departure for the city?" "I was." "And you, I presume, received her answer?" "I did." "Then your subsequent conduct," I added haughtily, "must furnish you with the reasons you have desired to know."

"I am more than ever perplexed," said he, "and am still ignorant, how I have incurred your censure. I acted, as from the tenor of Miss Stanly's note, I judged would be most agreeable to her. Indeed, it was the only course left me."

"Clara did not reject your suit," I asked inquiringly—for from his reply it was evident he wished me to think so.

"She did," he answered.

I could have spurned the pitiful villain, for attempting to screen his guilt by a base and cowardly falsehood. "'Tis false," I replied hastily: "'Tis false, and do not render yourself contemptible by adding meanness to villainy."

He arose from his seat, while an angry flush spread over his countenance. Whatever were the words which rose to his lips, they were not uttered. He remained silent a moment, during which he seemed struggling to subdue his anger, and at last said, in a calm tone, "I forgive you Miss Warren, for the wrong you do me. As I have hope in heaven, I have spoken truly."

In an instant, I felt that I *had* wronged him. The look of proud resentment with which he repelled the imputation of falsehood, and the earnest manner which accompanied his words, could not be assumed. I frankly extended my hand, and asking his pardon for my hasty words, told him he had been deceived; that Clara had answered his note favorably, and therefore he could not have received it. We, never suspecting there was any de-



ception in the case, had treated him as his subsequent conduct seemed to merit.

On learning the truth, he was overwhelmed with grief and astonishment, but could form no conjecture as to who was the author of the deception. I instantly suspected Maria—but she was his wife ; and although there were rumors that they lived far from happily, I was unwilling to mention my suspicions to him. I recollected that George Williams, one of our village boys, carried the note, and suggested to Henry the possibility of obtaining some information from *him*, which might lead to a discovery.

He determined to go to him, although it was quite probable he had forgotten the circumstance. But when he was asked, if he recollected carrying a note for Henry Grant, he said, “Yes, I remember it, because of the present I received.” “A present,” said Henry ; “what was it ? and who gave it to you ?” “It was the History of Robinson Crusoe, and Miss Burton gave it to me.” “For what ?” quickly demanded Henry. “For plucking her an apple from a tree in the garden. The bough was high, and could not be reached without climbing upon the wall.”—“Was this when you carried the note ?” “Yes.” “Did Miss Burton see it ?” “I don’t know,—I believe so,—Yes, I know now ; she said she would hold it for me, while I got the apple ; and while I was getting it, she went into the house for the book.” “Did you see her when you came back ?” “Yes, for she looked at the one which I brought back, and said something about my being penny-post. I didn’t know what she meant then, so I asked my father.” “Did you see no one else ?” “No. I don’t remember that I did.”

Henry asked no more questions, but requesting the boy to be silent concerning what had been said, and giving him a piece of silver to insure his silence, he departed.

He was exceedingly disturbed. It was misery to know that he had been so wretchedly deceived ; but to think that his wife was the author of the deception, added not a little to his deep distress. But he was determined to know the truth ; and for this purpose, he went immediately to Maria, and after some careless remarks, asked her suddenly, if she remembered giving George Williams a book, and for what purpose she gave it to him. She was taken by surprise ; a deep and burning blush overspread her face and neck, as she stammered out a denial of the circumstance.

But her husband was a lawyer, and painful and humiliating as the confession of her guilt must have been to her proud and haughty spirit, it was nevertheless made.

She informed him of the hatred she had suffered herself to indulge towards Clara, for her superior loveliness, and the universal kindness which was manifested towards her. She spoke of the indulgence of her parents ; she being the youngest of two daughters, and the eldest marrying when quite young, and removing to a distant part of the state, leaving her the pet and darling, on whom centered the affections which were previously lavished on both. To this early indulgence, she attributed the strength of those evil passions, which had led her to the commission of a crime that was now overwhelming her with misery and disgrace.

She also informed him, that as soon as she discovered his preference for Clara, she determined that *she* never should be his wife. She formed no plans for the accomplishment of her object, but waited impatiently for an opportunity, when she could effect her purpose, without fear of detection. She did not, then, think of marrying him herself. True, she loved him, as much as one so selfish *could* love ; but this principle alone was not sufficiently powerful to have prompted her to such wickedness, had she not been influenced by her hatred of Clara.

On the afternoon before our departure for the city, she was sitting in the parlor, which was exactly opposite Henry's office. The blinds were closed, but the windows were open. She saw the boy as he departed on his errand, and thought she heard him say, in answer to some remark of Henry's, which she could not distinguish, "Miss Clara." She instantly concluded that the note which she saw in his hand, was directed to her. She resolved to obtain possession of it, if possible, and ascertain the nature of the connection, if any there was, existing between them. For this purpose she hastened into the garden, the situation of which rendered observation from Henry's office impossible.

We lived nearly half a mile from Squire Burton's, on a cross-street, which intersected the main road, forming an angle in which stood the Squire's house. Henry's office was opposite the front, while the garden, being in the rear, was hidden from his view by the house. She had, therefore, no fear of being observed by him ; and, accosting the boy as he passed, she asked him,



as he related, to pluck her an apple from the tree. Offering to hold the letter for him, while thus employed, she made an errand into the house for the book, and while there, opened it, and discovered that matters had not progressed so far as she had supposed.

She had no doubt of Clara's acceptance, and she resolved to answer the note herself, couching it in such terms as would be likely to prevent the proud spirit of Henry from suing for any explanation. Every thing seemed to favor this design ; she knew all were to be absent from the village some weeks, and there would, she thought, be less chance of discovery. She knew, also, how his consequent conduct must seem to us, and the light in which Clara must appear to him, drawing his conclusions from the answer she should send him.

These thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, as she hastily closed the note, and again entering the garden, returned it to the boy. She then hastened to prepare an answer, which having done, she seated herself at the sitting-room window, from which she had a view of the street he had gone ; and, as soon as she saw him returning, threw on her bonnet and shawl, as if meditating a walk, and went out for the purpose of meeting him. What she said, when she did meet him, she had forgotten ; but believed it was some careless remark ; and, taking the note from the boy's hand, as if to look at the direction, she returned the one which she had written. In this manner she accomplished her object. On perusing Clara's note, she found that she had answered as she had anticipated. If it had been a rejection, the one which she had substituted, would, she knew, be equally effectual.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Such was Maria's own history of her guilt, and she was not wrong in her calculations respecting the results. Henry was at first confounded, at the answer he received ; but his grief and disappointment soon gave place to resentment towards Clara, for her heartless trifling, and to mortification, that he had been the dupe of one he could not but look upon as an accomplished coquette. Pride bade him conceal his disappointment under an appearance of indifference, and dictated those attentions to Maria Burton which resulted in their marriage. He sincerely esteem-

ed and respected, but never loved her, and did not at first think of marrying her. But hearing, as my misdirected pride had designed he should, that Clara was engaged, and receiving, as he thought, in this circumstance, additional proof of her intended coquetry towards himself, he determined to deprive her of the triumph which he thought would be so gratifying to her feelings, by convincing her, that if he had been her dupe, he had not also become her victim.

Was I not punished for my deception, by feeling that I had aided, though unintentionally, in consummating an event which had forever separated two hearts that were bound together by the strongest ties of affection? Oh! pride, of how much evil art thou the author!

With tears of bitter self-reproach, I informed Henry of the origin of that report. He forgave me, but added, "Had it not been for that circumstance, I might not now be obliged to blush for one who stands towards me in the sacred relation of wife, but on whom henceforth I must cease to look with respect."

It was under the influence of bitter and disappointed feelings, that he had offered himself to Maria. Love with *her* conquered pride; and, haughty as she was, she married a poor man—poor in temporal wealth, but rich in intellectual and moral worth. Henry was always a favorite of her father, and had he liked him less, he might have made no objection to an union, which would retain his only remaining child so near him.

These particulars I gathered from Henry himself. With the delicacy of a gentleman, he said nothing of the discord which had subsisted between them since their marriage, but expressed his inability to remain longer in the village, and in the society of one who had rendered it to him a place of so much misery. It were better also, he thought, that they should be separated. His presence could only be painful to her, and the result to himself would be unmitigated wretchedness. He should seek afar, in the bustle of active life, not for the happiness which he had vainly sought in the domestic circle, but merely a release from the constant and heavy gloom to which a continuance among scenes associated with the past, would subject him.

He lamented deeply his rashness and precipitancy, and perceived in its results the folly of surrendering ourselves to the influence of pride, and the spirit of revenge. He requested me to



write to Clara, informing her of these circumstances, as he dared not trust himself to see her. I approved of his decision in this respect, as I feared an interview could only be productive of pain to both.

He asked of me also, to be silent as to the cause of his departure, as, for Maria's sake, and also to save her parents from pain, he should not disclose her deceit and treachery. I admired his noble generosity, as I knew that, if he departed without assigning a sufficient reason, it would cause remarks which would be extremely mortifying, to say the least, to his high-souled and honorable nature.

But, altho' selfishness had hitherto been the ruling principle with Maria, the pain and mortification which she experienced from feeling that she had lost her husband's respect, and the loss of which only convinced her how necessary it was to her happiness, made her unwilling to degrade herself still lower in his estimation, by suffering others, or even herself, to do him wrong in this respect.

When, therefore, Henry informed Squire Burton of his intended departure, forever, from S., and declined giving any reason for such an extraordinary proceeding, she, by an effort of self-denial which she probably never before had made, frankly confessed to her father her folly and wickedness, and convinced him of the injustice of the suspicions which Henry's refusal to account for his conduct had created, and which, in his anger, he had expressed.

Maria's parents were overcome with grief and shame, on learning their daughter's guilty duplicity; but the forbearance of Henry, choosing rather to incur their censure than expose her, excited their warmest and most fervent gratitude. But vainly did Squire Burton urge upon his acceptance that which would place him above the necessity of constant toil in his profession. His refusal was respectful, but firm. "I need it not," was his reply; "God has given me the ability and inclination to labor; and it is only in active employment, that I expect to cast off the remembrances which are so painful to me. But the memory of your kindness will steal like a ray of sun-shine over the dark passages of my life, illumining one spot, on which my eyes may rest with calm and quiet pleasure." "May God bless you," was the only response of Squire Burton, as hurriedly shaking hands, they parted,—Henry to commence a painful and melancholy journey

from S., which but two years before he had entered with bright and glowing hopes of happiness, but only to see them wantonly and cruelly blighted.

He had parted from Maria kindly,—as from one whom he pitied, but neither loved nor respected. She felt this, and it added a keener pang to her sufferings, than any she had before experienced. Her parents found her, after leaving Henry, in an agony of grief, which their kindest efforts for a time could neither soothe nor alleviate.

As Henry requested, I wrote Clara an account of these unpleasant events ; and soon after by my marriage became a resident of the same city with herself. As I then saw her frequently, I soon discovered that this knowledge had not contributed to her peace or happiness. While she rejoiced to know that he had not been the deceiver he had seemed, she wept that he, like herself, had been the victim of wrong that now admitted of no reparation.

These reflections revived the love which a conviction of his unworthiness had, in some measure, subdued. The wrong which she felt she was doing her husband, by the indulgence of these feelings, added not a little to the wretchedness which they caused her ; while her sincere but ineffectual efforts to subdue and conceal this ill-fated attachment, were evidently destroying her health. She faded almost imperceptibly away from earth, and ere she had been two years a wedded wife, the spring-flowers were blooming over her grave, and her weary spirit had found rest.

Her husband mourned her with deep and sincere feeling, and cherished the little Emma with all a father's tenderness and love. To her mother's care Clara committed her child ; but heart-broken by the loss of her only and cherished one, she followed her ere long to the "Valley of Peace." After her death, a sister of Mr. Gray's entered his family, and under her wise and judicious counsels, Emma has formed a character not unlike her mother's, and commands the love and admiration of all who know her.

Henry has become eminent in his profession, and ranks high as a man of integrity and worth ; but the remembrances of the past are still lingering around him, darkening with their shadows the pathway which, to the crowd, seems strewed with flowers. Maria still lives, penitent, but reaping in her remorse and consequent wretchedness, the fruits of her wickedness and guilt.

After Henry's departure, many were the conjectures formed



by the inhabitants of S., as to the cause of it ; but every imputation on his honor was met by every member of Squire Burton's family, with such decided expressions of resentment, that they were at once silenced ; and as the true reason was not given, the gossips of the village had sufficient material for the exercise of their ingenuity ; and they are still ignorant that the consequences which they beheld were the EFFECTS OF ENVY. ENILED A.

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### OLD IRONSIDES.

"On hearing that it was in contemplation by the Navy Department to break up the old frigate Constitution, and sell her timbers," Dr. O. W. Holmes indited a short, but soul-stirring lyric. I quote the closing verse thereof, and append a few stanzas.

"Oh ! better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave !  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave.  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,—  
Set every thread-bare sail,—  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale !"

Ay, give her to the ocean's care,  
For she is ocean's child !  
"Old Ironsides " is wont to dare  
The tempest rough and wild.  
Yes, give her to decay and death,  
Upon the boundless deep ;  
The children of that lordly dame,  
Should in her bosom sleep.

But tear not from her aged form  
The glory of her youth ;  
That flag survived the battle-storm,  
The pledge of hope and truth.  
How dare ye lift a free-man's hand  
Upon the honored one ?  
'Twere reckless sacrilege, to take  
Her war-worn banner down.

Destroy her not ! Your country's name—  
She bore it o'er the wave—  
A pillar in your deathless fame  
Asks no untimely grave.  
She braved the terrors of the gale,  
And shrunk not from the foe ;  
What has the Constitution done,  
That ye should lay her low ?

Shall this memorial of the dead,  
 Be torn in pieces now,  
 Because their former strength hath fled  
 From rudder, keel and prow?  
 What saith the voice from every grave,  
 Whose tenant once she bore?  
 And what will say each patriot's heart,  
 When she shall be no more?

Perish the heartless, dark design,  
 Which may not be forgiven!  
 How can ye plunder Freedom's shrine,  
 And wear the smile of Heaven?  
 How can ye sever pennon, sail,  
 And timber, mast and deck?  
 Do ye not know how much ye owe  
 That venerable wreck?

Oh, give her to her element,  
 Her wide and watery home;  
 And where she on your errands went,  
 Unshackled let her roam.  
 Bend all her canvass to the breeze,  
 And onward let her go,—  
 The glory of the olden time,  
 The dread of every foe!

Let no half-frozen soul come near,  
 To mock at valor gone;  
 Forever be the memory dear,  
 Of the decaying one.  
 And when her high, majestic sail,  
 The sea no more shall sweep,  
 Shall ship and flag together rest,  
 Down were the mighty sleep!

ADELAIDE.

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### A SPRING PHANTASY.

To-morrow morning, said I, I will arise betimes, and go forth  
 to welcome the springing grass and the opening flowers. \* \* \*

It was a lovely morn. The sun had not arisen, and the stars  
 were still twinkling in the blue heaven. It was (if the expres-  
 sion be allowable) the twilight of morning. I wandered along,  
 not knowing and hardly caring whither, until I came in sight of  
 a beautiful grove, situated on a hill-side, sloping gradually down  
 to the margin of a river, which was flowing on its ceaseless course  
 in silent beauty.



On entering the grove, and while noticing the varied beauty and elegance of the several species of trees, my attention was arrested by an unusual sound, as of many silvery voices. Surprised, I looked to learn the cause—and lo ! a multitude of flowers had sprung up around me, as if by enchantment ! I listened to their glad tones, and discovered it to be a general meeting of the flowers, to welcome the return of gentle Spring, and to congratulate each other on the departure of unrelenting Winter, who had breathed upon them with such severity as to strip them of all beauty and fragrance, and cause their heads to be bowed with grief and mortification.

But now all was life and joy, as they came with light and dancing foot-steps, seeming at the very height of happiness. It would be in vain for me to attempt giving the names or number of this collection of earth's beauties ; but among them I recognized the Dandelion, the Buttercup, the Crocus, and the elegant Dahlia—the latter reminding me of a young female who has wealth, beauty and ornamental accomplishments, but who has not that sweetness of disposition nor cultivation of mind, which would be a never-failing source of pleasure to herself and those around her.

Time passed rapidly, while listening to their sweet songs, and their voices seemed but *one* voice, as they ascended in one grand chorus. Presently the birds, awakened by the music, came and settled on the trees above my head ; then uniting their voices in one harmonious strain, they flew up to meet the sun, which was just peeping from behind the eastern horizon, and communicated the tidings of this joyous meeting. The king of day received with a warm smile the intelligence from the little warblers, who, having executed their mission, descended, and again joined the concert, where all was perfect harmony—not one discordant note was heard.

Thus far I had been, as it were, all eyes and ears, and so charmed with the novelty and beauty of the scene, that I had not opened my lips, nor uttered a sound. But soon I heard a small, sweet voice address me, in these words—"O thou child of mortality ! thou art the only one in all this vast assembly endowed with reason, and the only silent one ! Why is not thy voice raised in tones of gratitude to the Author of all this happiness ?" I stood reproved—and in a moment I involuntarily joined the grand concert. The sound of my own voice awoke me ; and, behold ! it was a dream.

A. D. T.

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

Another week has passed away, with all its cares and pleasures, its joys and sorrows. It has joined the dim shades of past ages, never more to return, and we are still looking forward to many more weeks, hoping and trusting for happiness in them all.

Saturday night is generally either a time of pleasure or of regret—these different results arising from the manner in which the week has been spent. If in industry, and such acts as conscience approves, it is a time of deep gratification ; but if in idleness, and such practices as, on reflection, conscience condemns, the mind is ill at ease, and we suffer in proportion to the grade of our folly and wickedness.

The bustle of business, amusements, and all that naturally distracts the mind during the week, have been suspended, and the body and mind, harassed by the events of the past week, have time to recover, in a great measure, their natural tone. The anticipation of the calm and holy Sabbath, is a cordial to the heart, after the trials and perplexities with which we have been surrounded ; we can then receive spiritual guidance and counsel from the lips of the heralds of the cross, who speak to us of our Father in heaven. \* \* \* \*

What various changes often take place in the course of one short week ! Those who were high in affluence and prosperity, have been hurled from the lofty eminence which they had occupied, to the depths of extreme poverty and wretchedness. Many who, at the commencement of the week, were in the full possession of health, and vigorous in intellect, have been suddenly thrown on the bed of sickness and languishing,—their reason, the noblest faculty of man, entirely destroyed,—thus doomed to linger on a mere cipher in existence, until by convalescence sense is restored, or death closes the scene. Others have been consigned to the tomb, leaving their heart-stricken friends to lament their untimely departure.

Those who were in the enjoyment of confidence in each other's truth and sincerity, united in the delightful bonds of friendship and love, find that confidence destroyed, that bond, as it were in a moment, broken ; and alas ! they are friends no longer. An idle word, or perhaps a look, has been, through misapprehension, the means of separating, at least for a time, the best of friends.



Such is human nature : we take fire at trifles, and wrapping ourselves in dignity, neither ask nor give explanations—whereas, if we would be open and frank with those who have offended, we should find that, although circumstances are against them, yet in fact nothing wrong was intended, and thus harmony might be restored, with an additional zest for the pleasures of friendly intercourse.

Happy are they who can glance over the past, and not recall one wayward act, imprudent word, or anything they may remember with regret. How careful, then, ought we to be, in our everyday transactions with those around us ! Every word, and act, should be according to the golden rule, to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us.

Let us endeavor, therefore, so to conduct ourselves, that at the close of each succeeding week, we can look back with feelings of unmingled pleasure and satisfaction.

E. E. T.

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### PLAYTHINGS.

“ Behold the child, by nature’s kindly law,  
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw :  
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,  
A little louder, but as empty quite :  
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,  
And beads and prayer-books, are the toys of age :  
Pleas’d with this bauble still as that before,  
’Till tired he sleeps, and life’s poor play is o’er.”

I do not pretend to know what thoughts were in the mind of Alexander Pope, when he wrote the above ; but I suppose that he had been viewing the world as it was, and thinking of the folly of mankind, in pursuing objects which were of no more real value than the baubles with which the nursery is stored.

This fondness for playthings is not confined to age, sex, or any condition in life. It seems to be a folly which every where abounds. And, notwithstanding it is allowed by philosophers that every generation is wiser than the preceding one, I believe that were we to look around, and examine all the various pursuits which engross the attention of mankind at the present day, we should conclude that they are as fond of playthings now, and as

prone to idle away their time, as they were in the days of Alexander Pope. It is true, there are those who are seeking for wisdom, and whose treasures are "where moth and rust cannot corrupt;" but by far the greater part of mankind are pursuing after vanity.

Among those who have this mania for playthings, I shall first notice the noisy politician, or office-seeker, who cares not a whit for his country's weal, provided he can but acquire for himself a high-sounding title, and fill his purse from the public coffers. The titles and money which a public office confers, will satisfy none but imaginary wants; so in all his spoutings and political manœuvres, he is but playing with his rattle.

Next in order is the hypocrite, who, as Pollock has it, "stole the livery of the Court of Heaven, to serve the devil in,"—and who says to suffering humanity, "Oh, I pity you! may you be clothed and fed;" and yet never lifts a finger to alleviate the burdens of others, unless from some selfish motive. In all of his loud and long prayers, what is he doing but playing with his rattle?

Next, the miser—who uses every method in his power to overreach and defraud those with whom he may have dealings, in order to increase his store. He is like the child who robs the other children of their playthings, until he has more than he knows what to do with, and then frets because they afford him no pleasure.

The various schemers who are continually laying plans which they have not the power to execute, are the children who build card houses, to be blown down, and then cry to see them fall.

Even the ladies have their playthings. Some will have a spare room, carpeted and splendidly furnished, when their circumstances will by no means afford it; and this, merely to gratify the eyes of those, who doubtless laugh at the folly thus displayed, and pity the poor husband, who has to be at all this unnecessary expense; not thinking, at the same time, that *they* may have playthings equally extravagant and useless. Others will cull the shops of the merchant and milliner, and exhaust the skill of the dress-maker, for decorations and ornaments—and then be dissatisfied with all which they can obtain, and fret like the little girl who cannot get her doll dressed to suit her.

I might go on, and show that the world is composed of children, and that by far the greater part of them are engaged in accumu-



lating playthings, some of which are harmless and afford much innocent amusement, while others are deadly weapons, and promote strife, and cause ruin, and every species of unhappiness ; and whoever plays with them, will surely receive some injury, and sooner or later have cause to repent of his folly.

Now if this mania for playthings was but cured, and the time and money spent in obtaining them, could be spent for the good of society, and in administering to the necessities of the needy and wretched—how much more of happiness would the world enjoy, than it does at the present time ! It seems, that if this state of things could but be brought about, I could scarcely desire a better heaven than I could enjoy upon earth ; for then each individual would strive to promote the happiness of all—and all would be happy.

I think I hear the reader inquiring, if the writer of this article never had *her* playthings. Yes, my dear reader, I have had them, and I have spent much time in playing with them ; and even now, it is not unlikely that I spend more time in play than I do in any useful employment. Being much like the rest of the world, I am more blind to my own follies than to the follies of others, and neglect correcting them. But that “these things ought not so to be,” is well known to

EXPERIENCE.

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### THE SPIRIT OF DISCONTENT.

“I will not stay in Lowell any longer ; I am determined to give my notice this very day,” said Ellen Collins, as the earliest bell was tolling to remind us of the hour for labor.

“Why, what is the matter, Ellen ? It seems to me you have dreamed out a new idea ! Where do you think of going ? and what for ?”

“I am going home, where I shall not be obliged to rise so early in the morning, nor be dragged about by the ringing of a bell, nor confined in a close noisy room from morning till night. I will not stay here ; I am determined to go home in a fortnight.”

Such was our brief morning’s conversation.

In the evening, as I sat alone, reading, my companions having gone out to public lectures or social meetings, Ellen entered. I

saw that she still wore the same gloomy expression of countenance, which had been manifested in the morning ; and I was disposed to remove from her mind the evil influence, by a plain common-sense conversation.

“And so, Ellen,” said I, “you think it unpleasant to rise so early in the morning, and be confined in the noisy mill so many hours during the day. And I think so, too. All this, and much more, is very annoying, no doubt. But we must not forget that there are advantages, as well as disadvantages, in this employment, as in every other. If we expect to find all sun-shine and flowers in any station in life, we shall most surely be disappointed. We are very busily engaged during the day ; but then we have the evening to ourselves, with no one to dictate to or control us. I have frequently heard you say, that you would not be confined to house-hold duties, and that you disliked the millinery business altogether, because you could not have your evenings, for leisure. You know that in Lowell we have schools, lectures, and meetings of every description, for moral and intellectual improvement.”

“All that is very true,” replied Ellen, “but if we were to attend every public institution, and every evening school which offers itself for our improvement, we might spend every farthing of our earnings, and even more. Then if sickness should overtake us, what are the probable consequences ? Here we are, far from kindred and home ; and if we have an empty purse, we shall be destitute of *friends* also.”

“I do not think so, Ellen. I believe there is no place where there are so many advantages within the reach of the laboring class of people, as exist here ; where there is so much equality, so few aristocratic distinctions, and such good fellowship, as may be found in this community. A person has only to be honest, industrious, and moral, to secure the respect of the virtuous and good, though he may not be worth a dollar ; while on the other hand, an immoral person, though he should possess wealth, is not respected.”

“As to the morality of the place,” returned Ellen, “I have no fault to find. I object to the constant hurry of every thing. We cannot have time to eat, drink or sleep ; we have only thirty minutes, or at most three quarters of an hour, allowed us, to go from our work, partake of our food, and return to the noisy clat-



ter of machinery. Up before day, at the clang of the bell—and out of the mill by the clang of the bell—into the mill, and at work, in obedience to that ding-dong of a bell—just as though we were so many living machines. I will give my notice to-morrow : go, I will—I won't stay here and be a white slave."

"Ellen," said I, "do you remember what is said of the bee, that it gathers honey even in a poisonous flower? May we not, in like manner, if our hearts are rightly attuned, find many pleasures connected with our employment? Why is it, then, that you so obstinately look altogether on the dark side of a factory life? I think you thought differently while you were at home, on a visit, last summer—for you were glad to come back to the mill, in less than four weeks. Tell me, now—why were you so glad to return to the ringing of the bell, the clatter of the machinery, the early rising, the half-hour dinner, and so on?"

I saw that my discontented friend was not in a humour to give me an answer—and I therefore went on with my talk.

"You are fully aware, Ellen, that a country life does not exclude people from labor—to say nothing of the inferior privileges of attending public worship—that people have often to go a distance to meeting of any kind—that books cannot be so easily obtained as they can here—that you cannot always have just such society as you wish—that you"—

She interrupted me, by saying, "We have no bell, with its everlasting ding-dong."

"What difference does it make," said I, "whether you shall be awaked by a bell, or the noisy bustle of a farm-house? For, you know, farmers are generally up as early in the morning as we are obliged to rise."

"But then," said Ellen, "country people have none of the clattering of machinery constantly dinning in their ears."

"True," I replied, "but they have what is worse—and that is, a dull, lifeless silence all around them. The hens may cackle sometimes, and the geese gabble, and the pigs squeal"—

Ellen's hearty laugh interrupted my description—and presently we proceeded, very pleasantly, to compare a country life with a factory life in Lowell. Her scowl of discontent had departed, and she was prepared to consider the subject candidly. We agreed, that since we must work for a living, the mill, all things considered, is the most pleasant, and best calculated to promote

our welfare ; that we will work diligently during the hours of labor ; improve our leisure to the best advantage, in the cultivation of the mind,—hoping thereby not only to increase our own pleasure, but also to add to the happiness of those around us.

ALMIRA.

## THE BLACK GLOVE.

At the close of a beautiful summer-day, in the year 1799, on the door-step of a neat little cottage sat a man of venerable appearance, whose broad-brimmed hat bespoke him a member of the Society of Friends. He was busily engaged in reading the Life of George Fox, when the tramp of a horse's hoof called his attention to an approaching traveller. The cottage, being a full half mile from the main road, was seldom visited, save by some of the Society to which the owner belonged ; and it was not surprising that a stranger, riding at full speed, should call the attention of the inmates. Arrived at the cottage door, the stranger stopped short, and enquired for Friend B.

“If thy business is with friend B.,” said the venerable old man, rising upon his feet, “he stands before thee.”

“Your son-in-law,” said the stranger, “sent me here, to employ your wife to knit a black silk glove for Mr. A., who is to be ordained to the work of the ministry in the first parish in this town, on the morrow. The glove is wanted by nine o'clock ; and Mr. N. said there was no doubt his mother would knit it.”

“Hannah, can thee knit the glove ?” said the Quaker, turning to his wife. “I will try,” said she, “but I fear I shall hardly accomplish the task by nine o'clock.”

The stranger then told friend B., that if he would hasten to the meeting-house with the glove as soon as it was done, he should receive a dollar for the service ; and if it arrived in season to secure the parsonage lot to Mr. A., his wife should receive the present of a new dress. The honest Quaker could not imagine how a black glove could secure the parsonage lot, and the stranger did not stop to explain.

In the course of an hour, Mr. N. called in, and from him they learned that, by a vote of the town of W., the parsonage lot was



to be given to the first preacher who should be ordained in the town ; and that there were to be two candidates for the ministry ordained on the morrow. Mr. A., having but one hand, and that an uncommonly large one, no glove could be found to fit it ; and a black glove being an indispensable article, it was thought expedient to hire one knit.

Mrs. B. knit diligently through the whole night, but it was after nine o'clock in the morning before the glove was finished ; and friend B. was soon on his way toward the meeting-house, which was distant about four miles from the cottage of the Quaker.

We will now leave the cottage, and hasten to the meeting-house. The people were all assembled by nine o'clock, but the glove had not arrived. The ministering brethren concluded that the glove might be dispensed with, until the ceremony of giving the right hand of fellowship. The services accordingly commenced, and proceeded as far as was thought prudent, without the glove. They had waited some minutes in anxious suspense ; large drops of perspiration stood upon the face of Mr. A., and he was upon the point of thinking that the parsonage lot was lost, when friend B. bolted into the door of the meeting-house, and with as little ceremony as one of the worthy Society of Friends was ever known to use, strode across the broad aisle, and up the pulpit stairs, with the exclamation, "Neighbor A., here is thy glove !"

The glove was put on, and the services proceeded with all possible despatch. Vain repetitions were dispensed with in the closing prayer, for it was simply the Lord's prayer. The services being concluded a courier was sent to the other parish ; and it was ascertained that the ordination of Mr. A. was concluded four minutes sooner than that of Mr. F. Of course the parsonage lot belonged to Mr. A., and Mrs. B. had a new dress for knitting the glove.

Mr. A. soon gathered a church, and it prospered well for a number of years. But in process of time, there was a bitter quarrel between Mrs. A. and the wife of the physician, which ran so high that the church took the matter in hand. After investigating the quarrel, Mr. A. discovered that he *could not* turn the physician's wife out of the church—and his own wife he *would not* ; and in a fit of holy anger, he made a solemn promise, with-

out any *proviso* whatever, that he never would administer the sacrament of the Lord's supper to his church again !

This rite was held in the greatest veneration by the most of the church; and they often spoke of the sweet seasons which they had enjoyed together, while commemorating the love of the dying Saviour. But now these sweet seasons were at an end—for what the minister said was *law*, and the people had to submit.

Several years after this, the physician, having a prospect of bettering his condition, removed to a distant part of the country. The Sunday after he left town, Mr. A., at the close of the afternoon services, gave notice that there would be a church meeting on Thursday afternoon, preparatory to the administration of the Lord's supper, which sacrament he intended to administer the ensuing Sabbath. The people were astonished, to think that their minister thought of breaking a vow so solemn ; and they had strange forebodings of some dreadful calamity which was about to befall them.

After meeting, Mr. A. hastened home. He appeared very gloomy, and soon complained of great distress. Before night, he took his bed, from which he never arose. Before morning, his eyes were closed in death.

TABITHA.

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### PASSING AWAY.

How changeful is life ! A word, a thought, a look, can change us. Our hopes, our happiness, hang, as it appears to our vision, upon the thread of accident. Can we count with certainty upon the enjoyment of a single hour ? Nay ; man with all his boasted faculties of mind, his pride of rank in the creation, can only *hope*. Although he may be surrounded by all the enjoyments and pleasures of life, yet he cannot call one moment of the future his property. Life is only the alternation of sun-shine and darkness, joy and misery. Upon all things is legibly inscribed, " Passing away."

We arise in the morning ; the sun is shining brightly upon us ; not a shadow appears to mar the fair face of the sky ; and we commence our labors with the prospect before us of a serene and



pleasant day. But ere the meridian, dark clouds have made their appearance, and cast their shadows over the earth. All our prospects are blighted ; and the sun which arose in such splendor, fades away in obscurity behind the western hills.

Thus it is with the life of man. In the morning of his days, when cheered by the sunny smiles of hope, ere experience has taught him that clouds may overspread the fairest sky, he is apt to regard the future as a bright and joyous scene, where happiness alone may dwell. The sky of his youthful prospects is undimmed by a single shade of disappointment ; but he soon finds that the pathway of life is not always brightened by the sun-shine of prosperity ; for ere he has reached its meridian, the cares and sorrows of earth have cast their dark shadows upon him, and often do they linger until the sun of his existence has set. M.

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### FANCY.

O swiftly flies the shuttle now,  
Swift as an arrow from the bow ;  
But swifter than the thread is wrought,  
Is soon the flight of busy thought ;  
For Fancy leaves the mill behind,  
And seeks some novel scenes to find.  
And now away she quickly hies—  
O'er hill and dale the truant flies.  
Stop, silly maid ! where dost thou go ?  
Thy road may be a road of wo :  
Some hand may crush thy fairy form,  
And chill thy heart so lately warm.  
"O no," she cries in merry tone,  
"I go to lands before unknown ;  
I go in scenes of bliss to dwell,  
Where ne'er is heard a factory bell."

Away she went ; and soon I saw,  
That Fancy's wish, was Fancy's law ;  
For where the leafless trees were seen,  
And Fancy wished them to be green,  
Her wish she scarcely had made known,  
Before green leaves were on them grown.  
She spake—and there appeared in view,  
Bright manly youths, and maidens, too.  
And Fancy called for music rare—  
And music filled the ravished air.

And then the dances soon began,  
 And through the mazes lightly ran  
 The footsteps of the fair and gay—  
 For this was Fancy's festal day.  
 On, on they move, a lovely group!  
 Their faces beam with joy and hope;  
 Nor dream they of a danger nigh,  
 Beneath their bright and sunny sky.  
 One of the fair ones is their queen,  
 For whom they raise a throne of green;  
 And Fancy weaves a garland now,  
 To place upon the maiden's brow;  
 And fragrant are the blooming flowers,  
 In her enchanted fairy-bowers.

And Fancy now away may slip,  
 And o'er the green-sward lightly skip,  
 And to her airy castle hie—  
 For Fancy hath a castle nigh.  
 The festal board she quick prepares,  
 And every guest the bounty shares,—  
 And seated at the festal board,  
 Their merry voices now are heard,  
 As each youth places to his lips,  
 And from the golden goblet sips,  
 A draught of the enchanting wine,  
 That came from Fancy's fruitful vine.

But, hark! what sound salutes mine ear?  
 A distant rumbling now I hear.  
 Ah, Fancy! 'tis no groundless fear,  
 The rushing whirlwind draweth near!  
 Thy castle walls are rocking fast,—  
 The glory of thy feast is past;  
 Thy guests are now beneath the wave,—  
 Oblivion is their early grave.  
 Thy fairy bower has vanished—fled;  
 Thy leafy trees are withered—dead!  
 Thy lawn is now a barren heath,  
 Thy bright-eyed maids are cold in death!  
 Those manly youths that were so gay!  
 Have vanished in the self-same way!

O Fancy! now remain at home,  
 And be content no more to roam;  
 For visions such as thine are vain,  
 And bring but discontent and pain.  
 Remember, in thy giddy whirl,  
 That *I* am but a factory girl;  
 And be content at home to dwell,  
 Though governed by a "factory bell."



## THE OLD CLOCK.

The old clock whose history I am about to write, was imported from England by my maternal great-grand-father, while the United States were colonies of Great Britain. It was put together by Daniel Balch, of Newburyport, and for many years remained in that pleasant town. The principal metal in the old clock was brass ; the case, black walnut. The top was ornamented with a crown, and upon the top of the face stood an eagle. Little did the artizans of that clock imagine, when they placed that bird upon its face, that it should be the ensign of England's rebellious subjects ; that beneath that ensign they should rally and become a free and happy nation.

After residing some years in that sea-port, my ancestor removed to a town in the country, not many miles distant, and took the much-prized clock with him. But an unthought-of trouble now presented itself. The rooms were not high enough to admit the clock in an erect position. In such a dilemma, what was to be done ? A new room must be built to contain it, or the clock must lose its crown. The crown was taken off, and the American bird stood the highest ornament, with outspread wings and open mouth, as if exulting in the removal of the crown. When the revolutionary troubles commenced, my progenitor came to the conclusion that crowns were useless, and supported those measures which have made us a great and independent people.

The old clock always stood in the same corner of the sitting-room, and was never affected with the sorrows and joys of those around it, but kept on its own monotonous and industrious way of telling the seconds, minutes, hours, and days of the month, only requiring the weights to be wound up once in a week, and the plate which told the day of the month to be moved, when there were not thirty-one days in the month.

Its first owner was a straight-forward, kind-hearted, honest man, possessing great dignity of character, and a certain something, which seemed to say, Be not too familiar. He was one of those who conduct every thing by the square and compass. He had his regular hours for eating, sleeping, and arising from sleep ; and the clock was his assistant in the division of time. His children were pretty much like the rest of the world—to-day in prosperity, to-morrow in adversity. In their affliction, "fa-

ther's house " was a father's house indeed, where all the unfortunate found an asylum. His grand-children, or some of them, were as full of mischief and wild pranks as any crazy heads that ever lived. They frequently visited the paternal mansion, where they always found plenty of good cheer, and a time of frolic and fun.

There was one old domestic in the family, who went by the appellation of aunt Hannah. In person, she was short and thick; and in other respects presented a grotesque appearance. She was exact and faithful in the performance of her duties; frequently going to the sitting-room to look at the clock, that her dinner might be ready at the precise time. A smile would often play upon the old man's face, as she thrust her head in at the door, to ascertain the time, after which she withdrew as suddenly as she appeared.

When the clock struck nine, the doors were closed, and the family retired to rest. The younger portion of the family often assembled again in the kitchen, where they enjoyed their mirth uninterrupted. After the death of the good old man, the clock became the property of my parents. So much of its history I received from my mother; the sequel I have had an opportunity of knowing myself.

When it became their property I do not remember; but I recollect how like a funeral knell it sounded to my ears, when it struck seven; for then came the words, "you must go to bed." In vain did I plead and entreat, that I might sit up a little longer. I was put to bed in an adjoining room, where I could hear the old clock "tick, tick, tick," as if triumphing over my grief. My hours of play and work were also regulated by the old clock. As I grew older I ceased to be troubled with it, and regarded it as a good and faithful servant.

Ten years since, my parents brought the old clock to Lowell; and for nine years it has stood in the same spot, where it is regarded with great reverence, not only by those who daily behold it, but by all my mother's relatives who visit us. But like every thing of earth, the old clock is the worse for wear, and for some time past has ceased to strike. A little repair, however, would restore its former powers, and its clear quick tones would again be heard. Surely, the old clock shall be repaired, and preserved as a memento of the departed.

s. w. s.



### THE LOCK OF GRAY HAIR.

Touching and simple memento of departed worth and affection ! how mournfully sweet are the recollections thou awakenest in the heart, as I gaze upon thee—shorn after death had stamped her loved features with the changeless hue of the grave. How vividly memory recalls the time when, in childish sportiveness and affection, I arranged this little tress upon the venerable forehead of my grandmother ! Though Time had left his impress there, a majestic beauty yet rested upon thy brow ; for age had no power to quench the light of benevolence that beamed from thine eye, nor wither the smile of goodness that animated thy features. Again do I seem to listen to the mild voice, whose accents had ever power to subdue the waywardness of my spirit, and hush to calmness the wild and turbulent passions of my nature. Though ten summers have made the grass green upon thy grave, and the white rose burst in beauty above thine honored head, thy name is yet green in our memory, and thy virtues have left a deathless fragrance in the hearts of thy children.

Though she of whom I tell, claimed not kindred with the "high-born of earth"—though the proud descent of titled ancestry marked not her name—yet the purity of her spotless character, the practical usefulness of her life, her firm adherence to duty, her high and holy submission to the will of Heaven, in every conflict, shed a radiance more resplendent than the glittering coronet's hues, more enduring than the wreath that encircles the head of genius. It was no lordly dome of other climes, nor yet of our far-off, sunny south, that called her mistress ; but among the granite hills of New Hampshire (my own father-land) was her humble home.

Well do I remember the morning when she related to me (a sportive girl of thirteen) the events of her early days. At her request, I was her companion during her accustomed morning walk about her own home-stead. During our ramble, she suddenly stopped, and looked intently down upon the green earth, leaving me in silent wonder at what could so strongly rivet her attention. At length she raised her eyes, and pointing to an ancient hollow in the earth, nearly concealed by rank herbage, she said, "That spot is the dearest to me on earth." I looked around, then into her face for an explanation, seeing nothing un-

usually attractive about the place. But ah ! how many cherished memories came up at that moment ! The tear of fond recollection stood in her eye, as she spoke : “ On this spot I passed the brightest hours of my existence.” To my eager inquiry, Did you not always live in the large white house yonder ? She replied, “ No, my child. Fifty years ago, upon this spot stood a rude dwelling, composed of logs. Here I passed the early days of my marriage, and here my noble first-born drew his first breath.” In answer to my earnest entreaty to tell me all about it, she seated herself upon the large broad stone which had been her ancient hearth, and commenced her story :

“ It was a bright mid-summer eve, when your grand-father, whom you never saw, brought me here, his chosen and happy bride. On that morning had we plighted our faith at the altar—that morning, with all the feelings natural to a girl of eighteen, I bade adieu to the home of my childhood, and with a fond mother’s last kiss yet warm upon my cheek, commenced my journey with my husband, toward his new home in the wilderness. Slowly on horse-back we proceeded on our way, through the green forest path, whose deep winding course was directed by incisions upon the trees left by the axe of the sturdy woods-man. Yet no modern bride, in her splendid coach, decked in satin, orange flowers and lace—on the way to her stately city mansion, ever felt her heart beat higher than did my own on that day. For as I looked upon the manly form of him beside me, as with careful hand he guided my bridle rein—or met the fond glance of his full dark eye, I felt that his was a changeless love.

Thus we pursued our lonely way through the lengthening forest, where Nature reigned almost in her primitive wildness and beauty. Now and then a cultivated patch, with a newly erected cottage, where sat the young mother, hushing with her low wild song the babe upon her bosom, with the crash of the distant falling trees, proclaimed it the home of the emigrant.

Twilight had thrown her soft shade over the earth ; the bending foliage assumed a deeper hue ; the wild-wood bird singing her last note,—as we emerged from the forest, to a spot termed by the early settlers ‘ a clearing.’ It was an enclosure of a few acres, where the preceding year had stood in its pride the stately forest-tree. In the centre, surrounded by tall stalks of Indian corn, waving their silken tassels in the night breeze, stood the



lowly cot which was to be my future home. Beneath yon aged oak, which has been spared to tell of the past, we dismounted from our horses, and entered our rude dwelling. All was silent within and without, save the low whisper of the wind as it swept through the forest. But blest with youth, health, love, and hope, what had we to fear? Not that the privations and hardships incident to the early emigrant, were unknown to us—but we heeded them not.

The early dawn and dewy eve saw us unremitting in our toil, and Heaven crowned our labors with blessings. 'The wilderness began to blossom as the rose,' and our barns were filled with plenty.

But there was coming a time, big with the fate of these then infant colonies. The murmur of discontent, long since heard in our large commercial ports, grew longer and louder, beneath repeated acts of British oppression. We knew the portentous cloud every day grew darker. In those days, our means of intelligence were limited to the casual visitation of some traveller from abroad, to our wilderness.

But uncertain and doubtful as was its nature, it was enough to rouse the spirit of patriotism in many a manly heart; and while the note of preparation loudly rang in the bustling thoroughfares, its tones were not unheard among these granite rocks. The trusty fire-lock was remounted, and hung in polished readiness over each humble door. The shining pewter was transformed to the heavy bullet, awaiting the first signal to carry death to the oppressor.

It was on the memorable 17th of June, 1775, that your grandfather was at his usual labor in a distant part of his farm: suddenly there fell upon his ear a sound heavier than the crash of the falling tree: echo answered echo along these hills: he knew the hour had come—that the flame had burst forth which blood alone could extinguish. His was not a spirit to slumber within sound of that battle-peal. He dropped his implements, and returned to his house. Never shall I forget the expression of his face as he entered. There was a wild fire in his eye—his cheek was flushed—the veins upon his broad forehead swelled nigh to bursting. He looked at me—then at his infant boy—and for a moment his face was convulsed. But soon the calm expression of high resolve, shone upon his features.

Then I felt that what I had long secretly dreaded, was about

to be realized. For awhile the woman struggled fearfully within me—but the strife was brief; and though I could not with my lips say ‘go,’ in my heart I responded, ‘God’s will be done’—for as such I could but regard the sacred cause in which all for which we lived was staked. I dwell not on the anguished parting, nor on the lonely desolation of heart which followed. A few hasty arrangements, and he, in that stern band known as the Green Mountain Boys, led by the noble Stark, hurried to the post of danger. On the plains of Bennington he nobly distinguished himself, in that fierce conflict with the haughty Briton and mercenary foe.

Long and dreary was the period of my husband’s absence; but the God of my fathers forsook me not. To Him I committed my absent one, in the confidence that He would do all things well. Now and then, a hurried scrawl, written perhaps on the eve of an expected battle, came to me in my lonely solitude like the ‘dove of peace’ and consolation—for it spoke of undying affection, and unshaken faith in the ultimate success of that cause for which he had left all.

But he did return. Once more he was with me. I saw him press his first-born to his bosom, and receive the little dark-eyed one whom he had never yet seen, with new fondness to his paternal arms. He lived to witness the glorious termination of that struggle, the events of which all so well know; to see the ‘stars and stripes’ waving triumphantly in the breeze, and to enjoy for a brief season the rich blessings of peace and Independence. But ere the sere and yellow leaf of age was upon his brow, the withering hand of disease laid his noble head in the dust. As the going down of the sun which foretells a glorious rising, so was his death. Many years have gone by, since he was laid in his quiet resting-place, where, in a few brief days, I shall slumber sweetly by his side.”

Such was her unvarnished story; and such is substantially the story of many an ancient mother of New-England. Yet while the pen of history tells of the noble deeds of the patriot fathers, it records little of the days of privation and toil of the patriot mothers—of their nights of harassing anxiety and uncomplaining sorrow. But their virtues remain written upon the hearts of their daughters, in characters that perish not. Let not the rude hand of degeneracy desecrate the hallowed shrine of their memory.

THERESA.



## FAMILIAR SKETCHES, No. 2.

## THE FIG TREE.

It was a cold winter's evening. The snow had fallen lightly, and each tree and shrub was bending beneath its glittering burden. Here and there was one, with the moon-beams gleaming brightly upon it, until it seemed, with its many branches, touched by the ice-spirit—or some fairy-like creation, in its loveliness and beauty. Every thing was hushed in Dridonville.

Situated at a little distance, was a large white house, surrounded with elm trees, in the rear of which, upon an eminence, stood a summer-house ; and in the warm season, might have been seen many a gay lady, reclining beneath its vine-covered roof. No pains had been spared to make the situation desirable. It was the summer residence of Capt. Wilson. But it was now mid-winter, and yet he lingered in the country. Many were the questions addressed by the villagers to the old gardener, who had grown gray in the captain's service, as to the cause of the long delay ; but he could not, or would not, answer their inquiries.

The shutters were closed, the fire burning cheerfully, and the astral lamp throwing its soft mellow light upon the crimson drapery and rich furniture of one of the parlors. In a large easy chair, was seated a gentleman, who was between fifty and sixty years of age. He was in deep and anxious thought ; and ever and anon, his lip curled, as if some bitter feeling was in his heart. Standing near him, was a young man. His brow was open and serene ; his forehead high and expansive ; and his eyes beamed with an expression of benevolence and mildness. His lips were firmly compressed, denoting energy and decision of character.

"You may be seated," said Capt. Wilson, for it was he who occupied the large chair—the young man being his only son. "You may be seated, Augustus," and he cast upon him a look of mingled pride and scorn. The young man bowed profoundly, and took a seat opposite his father. There was a long pause, and the father was first to break silence. "So, you intend to marry a beggar, and suffer the consequences. But do you think your love will stand the test of poverty, and the sneer of the world ? for I repeat, that not one farthing of my money shall you receive, unless you comply with the promise which I long since made to my old friend, that our families should be united. She will in-

herit his vast possessions, as there is no other heir. True, she is a few years your senior ; but that is of no importance. Your mother is older than I am. But I have told you all this before. Consider well ere you choose between wealth and poverty."

"Would that I could conscientiously comply with your request," replied Augustus ; "but I have promised to be protector and friend to Emily Summerville. She is not rich in this world's goods ; but she has what is far preferable—a contented mind ; and you will allow that in point of education, she will compare even with Miss Clarkson." In a firm voice he continued, "I have made my choice, I shall marry Emily," and he was about to proceed, but his father stamped his foot, and commanded him to quit his presence. He left the house, and as he walked rapidly towards Mr. Grant's, the uncle of Miss Summerville, he thought how unstable were all earthly possessions, "and why," he exclaimed, "why should I make myself miserable for a little paltry gold ? It may wound my pride at first, to meet my gay associates ; but that will soon pass away, and my father will see that I can provide for my own wants."

Emily Summerville was the daughter of a British officer, who for many years resided in the pleasant village of Dridonville. He was much beloved by the good people for his activity and benevolence. He built the cottage occupied by Mr. Grant. On account of its singular construction, it bore the name of the "English cottage." After his death, it was sold, and Mr. Grant became the purchaser. There Emily had spent her childhood. On the evening before alluded to, she was in their little parlor, one corner of which was occupied by a large fig-tree. On a stand were geraniums, rose-bushes, the African lily, and many other plants. At a small table sat Emily, busily engaged with her needle, when the old servant announced Mr. Wilson. "Oh Augustus, how glad I am you are come !" she exclaimed, as she sprung from her seat to meet him ; "but you look sad and weary," she added, as she seated herself by his side, and gazed inquiringly into his face, the mirror of his heart. "What has happened ? you look perplexed."

"Nothing more than I have expected for a long time," was the reply ; and it was with heart-felt satisfaction that he gazed on the fair creature by his side, and thought she would be a star to guide him in the way of virtue. He told her all. And then he explained to her the path he had marked out for himself. "I



must leave you for a time, and engage in the noise and excitement of my profession. It will not be long, if I am successful. I must claim one promise from you—that is, that you will write often, for that will be the only pleasure I shall have to cheer me in my absence.”

She did promise ; and when they separated at a late hour, they dreamed not that it was their last meeting on earth.

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“Oh uncle,” said Emily, as they entered the parlor together one morning, “do look at my fig-tree ; how beautiful it is. If it continues to grow as fast as it has done, I can soon sit under its branches.” “It is really pretty,” replied her uncle ; and he continued, laughing and patting her cheek, “you must cherish it with great care, as it was a present from —— now don’t blush ; I do not intend to speak his name, but was merely about to observe, that it might be now as in olden times, that as *he* prospers, the tree will flourish ; if he is sick, or in trouble, it will decay.”

“If such are your sentiments,” said Emily, “you will acknowledge that thus far his path has been strewed with flowers.”

Many months passed away, and there was indeed a change. The tree that had before looked so green, had gradually decayed, until nothing was left but the dry branches. But she was not superstitious : “It might be,” she said, “that she had killed it with kindness.” Her uncle never alluded to the remark he had formerly made ; but Emily often thought there might be some truth in it. She had received but one letter from Augustus, though she had written many.

Summer had passed, and autumn was losing itself in winter. Augustus Wilson was alone in the solitude of his chamber.—There was a hectic flush upon his cheek, and the low hollow cough told that consumption was busy. Was that the talented Augustus Wilson ? he whose thrilling eloquence had sounded far and wide ? His eyes were riveted upon a withered rose. It was given him by Emily on the eve of his departure, with these words, “Such as I am, receive me. Would I were of more worth, for your sake.”

“No,” he musingly said ; “It is not possible she has forgotten me. I will not, cannot believe it.” He arose, and walked the room with hurried steps, and a smile passed over his face, as he held communion with the bright images of the past. He threw himself upon his couch, but sleep was a stranger to his weary frame.

Three weeks quickly passed, and Augustus Wilson lay upon his death-bed. Calm and sweet was his slumber, as the spirit took its flight to the better land. And O it was a sad thing, to see that father, with the frost of many winters upon his head, bending low over his son, entreating him to speak once more ; but all was silent. He was not there ; nought remained but the beautiful casket ; the jewel which had adorned it, was gone. And deep was the grief of the mother ; but unlike her husband, she felt she had done all she could to brighten her son's pathway in life. She knew not to what extent Capt. W. had been guilty.

Augustus was buried in all the pomp and splendor that wealth could command. The wretched father thought in this way to blind the eyes of the world. But he could not deceive himself. It was but a short time before he was laid beside his son at Mount Auburn. Several letters were found among his papers, but they had not been opened. Probably he thought that by detaining them, he should induce his son to marry the rich Miss Clarkson, instead of the poor Emily Summerville.

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Emily Summerville firmly stood amidst the desolation that had withered all her bright hopes in life. She had followed her almost idolized uncle to the grave ; she had seen the cottage, and all the familiar objects connected with her earliest recollections, pass into the hands of strangers ; but there was not a sigh, nor a quiver of the lip, to tell of the anguish within. She knew not that Augustus Wilson had entered the spirit-land, until she saw the record of his death in a Boston paper. "O, if he had only sent me one word," she said ; "even if it had been to tell me that I was remembered no more, it would have been preferable to this." The light which had shone so brightly on her pathway was withdrawn, and the darkness of night closed around her.

Long and fearful was the struggle between life and death ; but when she arose from that sick bed, it was with a chastened spirit. "I am young," she thought, "and I may yet do much good." And when she again mingled in society, it was with a peace that the world could neither give nor take away.

She bade adieu to her native village, and has taken up her abode in Lowell. She is one of the class called "factory girls." She recently received the letters intercepted by Capt. Wilson, and the melancholy pleasure of perusing them is hallowed by the remembrance of him who is "gone, but not lost." IONE.



## WOMAN.

Woman's Mission, Woman's Sphere, Woman's Rights, Woman as she should be—and many similar phrases, are titles of books which have within a few years issued from the press. I have read none of them ; for I am one of those who have more time for reflection, than for the perusal of books ; but the feeling which has prompted so many of our own, and of the other sex, to write and speak of woman's duty and influence, cannot but be shared by all of us who have heads to think, and hearts to feel. My opinions, then, may claim the merit of originality ; and if they possess no other, I may plead in excuse that a more extensive knowledge of the thoughts and opinions of nobler minds, might have corrected my errors, and reformed my sentiments.

It cannot be thought strange, that in this country, where the rights of man are so vehemently asserted, those of woman should also receive some attention ; and that the questions should arise, whether her mission is duly performed—her sphere the only one for which she is fitted—her rights appreciated—and whether she is indeed “as she should be.” Man is every where lord of creation : here, he is lord also of himself ; and while he now takes a higher stand than he has ever claimed before, woman has not arisen in a corresponding degree. Here, every man may share in the government of his country ; but woman is here, as elsewhere, the governed ; and if her natural rights and duties are the same as his, she is also the oppressed. She has here no privilege which she might not enjoy under the enlightened monarchs of Europe, and no distinction but that of being the mothers and daughters, the wives and sisters, of *freemen*. Several kingdoms are now governed by females ; and probably as well governed as they would be by those of the other sex ; and thus it is evident, that woman is capable of being trained to reason, and to rule ; but it is an important query, whether this is her most appropriate and congenial sphere ?

Mrs. Sigourney has most beautifully expressed an opinion, which I believe to be true. I repeat not her words—but her sentiment is this ;—that while the sexes might exchange occupations—while man might be taught to steal around the chamber of

the sick, and perform the quiet duties of domestic life, woman might also be taught to sway the senate, and lead her country's armies to battle ; but violence would be done to the nature of each. Yes, man might be taught to bend his energies to the still duties of house-hold life ; but his spirit would pant for a wider sphere, and his mind would writhe and chafe beneath its shackles ; and woman might engage in noise and strife, but the overtaxed heart would yearn for a humbler lot, and prematurely exhaust itself in the violence of self-contest.

The Bible, and every ancient tradition, has awarded to man the honor of being first created ; but a companion and help-meet was needed ; and as he had been gifted with an immortal mind, so none but a being destined to share with him a glorious immortality, could call out his affections, and share his sympathies. In those feelings and moral sentiments, the exercise of which is to constitute his future happiness, she is fully his equal—apparently his superior ; for in her they exist uncontrolled by those selfish and intellectual qualities which fit *him* to go forward in this earthly existence. But if there be no difference of mind, there is a difference of body which must compel her to yield to him the palm of superiority. He is made more strong, that he may protect and defend ; she more lovely, that he may be willing to shield and guard her ; and that physical difference which, in one state of society, makes woman the slave of man, in another makes him her worshiper.

Woman has always been obliged to take that station in life which man has been pleased to allot her. Among savage nations, where those faculties of mind in which she equals him have little exercise in either sex, she is but little more than a beast of burden ; but in those stages of society where refinement, and the love of the beautiful, were predominant, she has been the object of chivalrous adoration. She has been knelt to, and worshiped, with all the enthusiasm of gallantry ; but the same hand which raised her to the throne, had power to overturn it ; and while she sat upon it, it was at his caprice.

It has been truly said, that Christianity alone has truly elevated woman. And how has it done it ? Not by infusing any new power into his mind ; but by awakening in man the love of the true, the good, and the just ; by making him sensible of the superiority of right over might ; by arousing those holier sym-



thies and desires in which he feels that woman is not indeed his inferior ; and should the time come when earth is to bear some resemblance of heaven, woman's influence will be found to mingle equally with man's, in hastening on the era of happiness and love.

But though in many respects his equal, she will never be like him. Her duties and pleasures must always be different. Were the sexes willing to exchange places, they could not do it ; and each has been so formed, as to enjoy most in a separate sphere. *She* can never obtain his strength and vigor, and some of her duties he could not perform, if he wished. Woman must be the mother, and that fount of "deep, strong, deathless love," has been implanted in her breast, which can turn a mother's cares to pleasures. In that station where woman is most herself, where her predominating qualities have the fullest scope, there she is most influential, and most truly worthy of respect. But when she steps from her allotted path into that of the other sex, she betrays her inferiority, and in a struggle would inevitably be subdued.

It is now asserted, by some, that woman should here share in the toils, duties and honors of government ; that it is her right ; and that it is contrary to the first principles of our constitution to deprive her of this privilege.

That woman, if not now capable of doing this, might be rendered so by education, cannot be doubted ; and should our sex rise *en masse*, and claim the right, I see not how it could be denied. But this will never be. To be happy, and to contribute to the happiness of others, is her aim ; and neither of these objects would be attained by engaging in party politics. The general principles of government, and the welfare of her country, should always be subjects of interest to her. They may occupy part of her thoughts and conversation ; but to become a voter, would be contrary to the feelings which she ought principally to cherish, and the duties she should never neglect—those of home.

Man, says Lady M. W. Montague, by engrossing to himself the honors of government "has saved us from many cares, from many dangers, and perhaps from many crimes." Let woman, with her warm sympathies, engage in the political wrangle, and the strife will not be less bitter. If she go at all upon the battlefield, it should be "as (to use an expression of William Penn's) the physician goes among the sick—not to catch the disease, but

to cure it." But to do this she must go, not as a partizan, but as a mediator. She should endeavor to speak words which would allay the wrath of the combatants, and to say to all who will listen, "Sirs, ye are brethren." She must stand on neutral ground, with the white flag in her hand; for if she show herself upon either side, she may become the victim of her own violent feelings, if not the slave of the perfidious and designing of the other sex.

Women once madly and unrestrainedly engaged in political strife; and while some, with the most ardent patriotism, preserved their purity and tenderness, others became the "Furies of the Guillotine." Even then, though nominally as free as the other sex, the stronger spirit ruled. They were urged on for a time, and when that time was over, they were obliged to yield a power which they could not maintain, and which the other sex wished to resume.

But though woman may not personally approach the ballot box, or mingle in the caucus, yet she can there be represented. Men consider their interests as identified with those of their families. They do not vote for themselves alone, but for their mothers, wives, and daughters. Females who think at all upon politics, usually think as the males of their families do; their sympathies lead them to adopt the opinions of those they love best, and the result of elections would probably be the same if they were voters. But if they are not always represented—if their opinions do sometimes differ from those of their male relatives, it is well that this difference cannot create more trouble. It is well that the bickerings and contentions of the club-room and tavern-house, are not to be brought into the family circle. It is well that the sounds of "home, sweet home," are not to be displaced by bitter words and party disputations. Differences of religious opinion create enough of discord and misery in family circles; but religion, though mingled with superstition, and darkened by bigotry, is religion still. It is the exercise of the heart's best affections, and no persons can embitter the fire-side with religious quarrels, and conceive themselves following in sincerity the example of Him whose mission was peace and love. Political feuds would not have as a counteracting influence this glaring inconsistency of principles and practice; and may we never take a more active part in them.

Let woman keep in her own sphere, and she can do much for



herself, and much for society ; but her influence is weakened in proportion as she deviates from the true path. Her domestic duties should claim her first thoughts ; and then society should receive her unwearied efforts to elevate, to gladden, and to beautify. If social evils are to be remedied by reforming public opinion, woman's influence, when properly exerted, may do much ; and thus they *will* be remedied, if she is true to the nature God has given her, and the station he has assigned her. She may do this by her influence over the rising generation, especially that portion of it who will one day be voters, and perhaps rulers of their country. Her exertions should be to throw around her the sun-shine of gentleness and affection, and her aim should be

"To solace, to soften, to cheer, and to bless,  
With the streams of her gushing tenderness."

But many who think that woman should never interfere in political affairs, assert that in religious and benevolent enterprises she should act publicly and unrestrained. If woman had been intended to grace the pulpit or the lecturer's desk, I think she would have been gifted with a voice more suitable for them, and been endowed with less of that delicacy which she must now struggle to overcome. Women have harangued public audiences, who are to be respected for their faithfulness to the dictates of conscience ; but while my ideas of female duty differ so widely from theirs, I cannot admire them, and would not imitate them, if I could.

If a woman is sensible that she has talents which might be of service to her country, let her exercise them ; but in a quiet way. Madame Roland says, that in the seclusion of her own chamber were written documents which entered into all the cabinets of Europe ; and far more influence had those opinions, while passing under the sanction of her husband's name, and far more noble does Madame Roland appear, than if she had entered the National Assembly, and expressed them vocally.

There are exceptions to all rules, and there may be times when woman will do what man could not perform. She may depart from her appropriate sphere, and the very novelty of her position will create enthusiasm in her behalf ; and the fervency of her feelings will excite her on, to deeds requiring the utmost moral energy. Yet happy is she, if the thunderbolts she launches around, return not upon her own head. Witness, for example, Joan of Arc.

Many who think woman inferior in every other mental capacity, maintain that in literary talent she is man's equal. She may be, in some respects, and in others his inferior ; but in those departments of literature which have usually been considered highest, she appears to be his inferior. We cannot well judge from what woman has done, what she is capable of doing. Under happier auspices, much might have been performed of which she has been deemed incapable ; still I do not think that if the literary arena had been always as open as it now is, that woman would ever have written an *Iliad*, or a *Paradise Lost*. When an anonymous work appeared, called "*Sartor Resartos*," which evinced much originality and talent, there were many conjectures concerning the authorship ; but it was never suspected to be the production of a woman ; and had the sweet "*Songs of the affections*" come forth into the world unsanctioned by the name of Hemans, they would never have been attributed to a man.

Women who now write upon subjects which have heretofore been the exclusive subjects of man's talents, do it usually in a more familiar, and sometimes in a more beautiful manner. As, for instance, Miss Martineau upon Political Economy ; and Sir Walter Scott declares, that it was Miss Edgeworth who taught him to write novels.

But how great the difference between the sexes, with regard to literary talent, can be better decided at some future time. It cannot, at all events, be said of woman, that in this respect "*she hath done what she could.*"

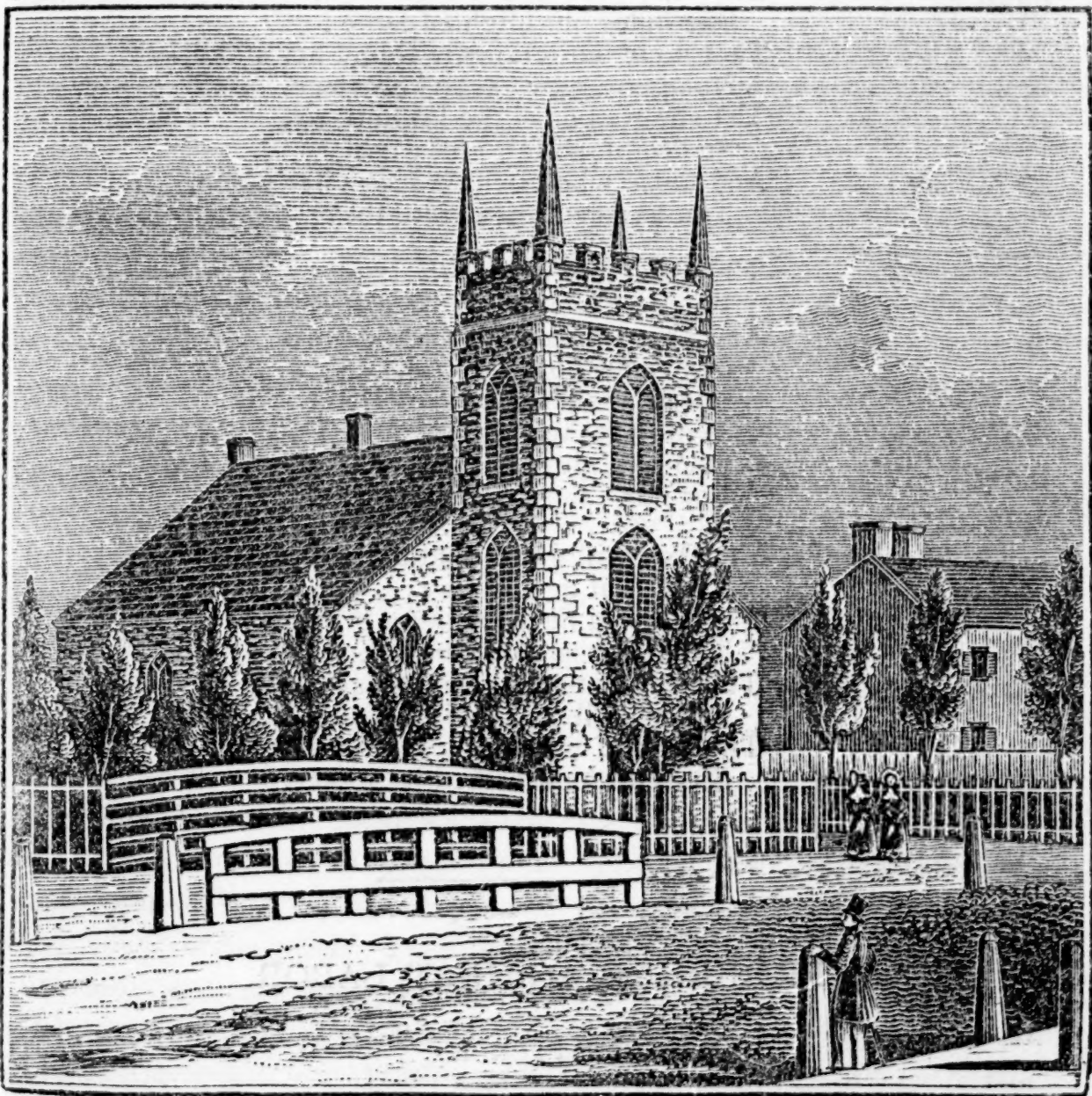
Those females who have been blessed with beauty of form and face, need not fear that their graces will be lessened by mental cultivation. The natural desire in our sex to please the other, has often led them to adorn their persons at the expense of their minds ; and if they have succeeded, they must have pleased men who were not worth pleasing.

Much of the prejudice which even now exists against educated females, has probably been caused by the fact, that too many literary women have been pedantic, assuming, and arrogant. They have laid aside the graces of their own sex, without attaining the vigor of the other ; but they cannot become men—let them therefore not cease to be women. They should cherish those feelings, and virtues, which alone can render them pleasing, and cultivate those faculties which will command respect.



Yes, woman can climb the Hill of Science, and let her go ; let her bind the laurel and the myrtle with the roses which already bloom around her brow, and the wreath will be more beautiful ; but she should guard well the flowers, lest the evergreens crush, or overshadow them, and they wither away, and die. ELLA.

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ST. ANN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, LOWELL.

## THE FORLORN ONE.

"Oh no! I never mention her;  
 Her name is never heard;  
 My lips are now forbid to speak  
 That once familiar word.  
 From sport to sport they hurry me,  
 To banish my regret"  
 For her, whom though I never name,  
 I never can forget.

They say that in a foreign land,  
 She hides her blighted fame;  
 That none but strangers round her stand,—  
 None else now speak her name.  
 Yet she was once the loved of all,  
 So bright, so fair and gay;  
 And those who oftenest spake her name,  
 The happiest then were they.

They say, too, that she's dying now;  
 Remorse has thinned her frame,  
 And anguish ever clouds the brow  
 Of her we do not name.  
 Alone, afar—so must she die,  
 With none to raise a prayer?  
 O who will close her tear-dimmed eye?  
 For none she loved are there!

Yet ONE will guard that dying bed,  
 Though it is far away;  
 And He will hear for her a prayer,  
 Though it is here we pray.  
 Then lowly to the mercy-seat  
 For her I'll oft repair;  
 The name I may not elsewhere speak,  
 Shall oft be breathed in prayer.

FRANCES.

## PREJUDICE AGAINST LABOR.

## CHAPTER I.

Mrs. K. and her daughter Emily were discussing the propriety of permitting Martha to be one of the party which was to be given at Mr. K.'s the succeeding Tuesday evening, to celebrate the birthday of George, who had lately returned from College. Martha was the niece of Mr. K. She was an interesting girl of about



nineteen years of age, who, having had the misfortune to lose her parents, rather preferred working in a factory for her support, than to be dependent on the charity of her friends. Martha was a favorite in the family of her uncle ; and Mrs. K., notwithstanding her aristocratic prejudices, would gladly have her niece present at the party, were it not for fear of what people might say, if Mr. and Mrs. K. suffered their children to appear on a level with factory operatives.

"Mother," said Emily, "I do wish there was not such a prejudice against those who labor for a living, and especially against those who work in a factory ; for then Martha might with propriety appear at George's party ; but I know it would be thought disgraceful to be seen at a party with a factory girl, even if she is one's own cousin, and without a single fault. And besides, the Miss Lindsays are invited, and if Martha should be present, they will be highly offended, and make her the subject of ridicule. I would not for my life have Martha's feelings wounded, as I know they would be, if either of the Miss Lindsays should ask her when she left Lowell, or how long she had worked in a factory."

"Well, Emily," said Mrs. K., "I do not know how we shall manage to keep up appearances, and also spare Martha's feelings, unless we can persuade your father to take her with him to Acton, on the morrow, and leave her at your uncle Theodore's. I do not see any impropriety in this step, as she purposes to visit Acton before she returns to Lowell."

"You will persuade me to no such thing," said Mr. K., stepping to the door of his study, which opened from the parlor, and which stood ajar, so that the conversation between his wife and daughter had been overheard by Mr. K., and also by the Hon. Mr. S., a gentleman of large benevolence, whose firmness of character placed him far above popular prejudice. These gentlemen had been in the study, unknown to Mrs. K. and Emily.

"You will persuade me to no such thing," Mr. K. repeated, as he entered the parlor accompanied by Mr. S. ; "I am determined that my niece shall be at the party. However loudly the public opinion may cry out against such a measure, I shall henceforth exert my influence to eradicate the wrong opinions entertained by what is called good society, respecting the degradation of labor ; and I will commence by placing my children and niece on a level. The occupations of people have made too much dis-

tion in society. The laboring classes, who are in fact the wealth of a nation, are trampled upon ; while those whom dame Fortune has placed above, or if you please, *below* labor, with some few honorable exceptions, arrogate to themselves all of the claims to good society. But in my humble opinion, the rich and the poor ought to be equally respected, if virtuous ; and equally detested, if vicious."

"But what will our acquaintances say ?" said Mrs. K.

"It is immaterial to me what 'they say,' or think," said Mr. K., "so long as I know that I am actuated by right motives."

"But you know, my dear husband," replied his wife, "that the world is censorious, and that much of the good or ill fortune of our children will depend on the company which they shall keep. For myself, I care but little for the opinion of the world, so long as I have the approbation of my husband, but I cannot bear to have my children treated with coldness ; and besides, as George is intended for the Law, his success will in a great measure depend on public opinion ; and I do not think that even Esq. S. would think it altogether judicious, under existing circumstances, for us to place our children on a level with the laboring people."

"If I may be permitted to express my opinion," said Mr. S., "I must say, in all sincerity, that I concur in sentiment with my friend K. ; and, like him, I would that the line of separation between good and bad society was drawn between the virtuous and the vicious ; and to bring about this much-to-be-desired state of things, the affluent, those who are allowed by all to have an undisputed right to rank with good society, must begin the reformation, by exerting their influence to raise up those who are bowed down. Your fears, Mrs. K., respecting your son's success, are, or should be, groundless ; for, to associate with the laboring people, and strive to raise them to their proper place in the scale of being, should do more for his prosperity in the profession which he has chosen, than he ought to realize by a contrary course of conduct ; and, I doubt not, your fears will prove groundless. So, my dear lady, rise above them ; and also above the opinions of a gainsaying multitude—opinions which are erroneous, and which every philanthropist, and every Christian, should labor to correct."

The remarks of Esq. S. had so good an effect on Mrs. K., that she relinquished the idea of sending Martha to Acton.



## CHAPTER II.

The following evening, Emily and Martha spent at Esq. S.'s, agreeably to an earnest invitation from Mrs. S. and her daughter Susan, who were anxious to cultivate an acquaintance with the orphan. These ladies were desirous to ascertain the real situation of a factory girl, and if it was as truly deplorable as public fame had represented, they intended to devise some plan to place Martha in a more desirable situation. Mrs. S. had a sister, who had long been in a declining state of health ; and she had but recently written to Mrs. S. to allow Susan to spend a few months with her, while opportunity should offer to engage a young lady to live with her as a companion. This lady's husband was a Clerk in one of the departments at Washington ; and, not thinking it prudent to remove his family to the Capitol, they remained in P. ; but the time passed so heavily in her husband's absence, as to have a visible effect on her health. Her physician advised her not to live so retired as she did, but to go into lively company to cheer up her spirits ; but she thought it would be more judicious to have an agreeable female companion to live with her ; and Mrs. S. concluded, from the character given her by her uncle, that Martha would be just such a companion as her sister wanted ; and she intended in the course of the evening to invite Martha to accompany Susan, on a visit to her aunt.

The evening passed rapidly away, for the lively and interesting conversation, in the neat and splendid parlor of Esq. S., did not suffer any one present to note the flight of time. Martha's manners well accorded with the flattering description which her uncle had given of her. She had a good flow of language, and found no difficulty in expressing her sentiments on any subject which was introduced. Her description of "life in Lowell," convinced those who listened to the clear, musical tones of her voice, that the many reports which they had heard, respecting the ignorance and vice of the factory operatives, were the breathings of ignorance, wafted on the wings of slander, and not worthy of credence.

"But with all your privileges, Martha," said Mrs. S., "was it not wearisome to labor so many hours in a day ?" "Truly it was, at times," said Martha, "and fewer hours of labor would be desirable, if they could command a proper amount of wages ; for in that case, there would be more time for improvement."

Mrs. S. then gave Martha an invitation to accompany her daughter to P., hoping that she would accept the invitation, and find the company of her sister so agreeable that she would consent to remain with her, at least for one year; assuring her that if she did, her privileges for improvement should be equal, if not superior, to those she had enjoyed in Lowell; and also that she should not be a loser in pecuniary matters. Martha politely thanked Mrs. S. for the interest she took in her behalf, but wished a little time to consider the propriety of accepting the proposal. But when Mrs. S. explained how necessary it was that her sister should have a female companion with her, during her husband's absence, Martha consented to accompany Susan, provided that her uncle and aunt K. gave their consent.

"What an interesting girl!" said Esq. S. to his lady after the young people had retired. "Amiable and refined as Emily K. appears, Martha's manners show that her privileges have been greater, or that her abilities are superior to those of Emily. How cold and calculating, and also unjust, was her aunt K., to think that it would detract aught from the respectability of her children, for Martha to appear in company with them! I really hope that Mr. K. will allow her to visit your sister. I will speak to him on the subject."

"She *must* go with Susan," said Mrs. S.; "I am determined to take no denial. Her sprightly manners and delightful conversation will cheer my sister's spirits, and be of more avail in restoring her health, than ten physicians."

Mr. K. gave the desired consent, and it was agreed by all parties concerned, that sometime in the following week, the ladies should visit P.; and all necessary preparations were immediately made for the journey.

#### CHAPTER III.

It was Tuesday evening, and a whole bevy of young people had assembled at Mr. K.'s. Beauty and wit were there, and seemed to vie with each other for superiority. The beaux and belles were in high glee. All was life and animation. The door opened, and Mr. K. entered the room. A young lady, rather above the middle height, and of a form of the most perfect symmetry, was leaning on his arm. She was dressed in a plain white



muslin gown ; a lace 'kerchief was thrown gracefully over her shoulders, and a profusion of auburn hair hung in ringlets down her neck, which had no decoration save a single string of pearl ; her head was destitute of ornament, with the exception of one solitary rose-bud on the left temple ; her complexion was a mixture of the rose and the lily ; a pair of large hazel eyes, half concealed by their long silken lashes, beamed with intelligence and expression, as they cast a furtive glance at the company. "Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. K., "this is my niece, Miss Croly ;"—and as with a modest dignity she courtesied, a beholder could scarce refrain from applying to her Milton's description of Eve when she first came from the hand of her Creator. Mr. K. crossed the room with his niece, seated her by the side of his daughter, and wishing the young people a pleasant evening, retired. The eyes of all were turned toward the stranger, eager to ascertain whether indeed she was the little girl who once attended the same school with them, but who had for a number of years past been employed in a "Lowell factory." "Oh, it is the same," said the Miss Lindsays. "How presumptuous," said Caroline Lindsay to a gentleman who sat near her, "thus to intrude a factory girl into our company ! Unless I am very much mistaken, I shall make her sorry for her impudence, and wish herself somewhere else before the party breaks up." "Indeed, Miss Caroline, you will not try to distress the poor girl ; you cannot be so cruel," said the gentleman, who was no other than the eldest son of Esq. S., who had on the preceding day returned home, after an absence of two years on a tour through Europe. "Cruel !" said Caroline, interrupting him, "surely, Mr. S., you cannot think it cruel to keep people where they belong ; or if they get out of the way, to set them right ; and you will soon see that I shall direct Miss Presumption to her proper place, which is in the kitchen,"—and giving her head a toss, she left Mr. S., and seating herself by Emily and Martha, inquired when the latter left Lowell, and if the factory girls were as ignorant as ever.

Martha replied, by informing her when she left the "city of spindles ;" and also by telling her that she believed the factory girls, considering the little time they had for the cultivation of their minds, were not, in the useful branches of education, behind any class of females in the Union. "What chance can they have for improvement ?" said Caroline : "they are driven

like slaves, to and from their work, for fourteen hours in each day, and dare not disobey the calls of the factory bell. If they had the means for improvement, they have not the time ; and it must be that they are quite as ignorant as the southern slaves, and as little fitted for society." Martha colored to the eyes at this unjust aspersion ; and Emily, in pity to her cousin, undertook to refute the charge. Mr. S. drew near, and seating himself by the cousins, entered into a conversation respecting the state of society in Lowell. Martha soon recovered her self-possession, and joined in the conversation with more than her usual animation, yet with a modest dignity which attracted the attention of all present. She mentioned the evening schools for teaching penmanship, grammar, geography, and other branches of education, and how highly they were prized, and how well they were attended by the factory girls. She also spoke of the Lyceum, and Institute, and other lectures ; and her remarks were so appropriate and sensible, that even those who were at first for assisting Caroline Lindsay in directing her to her " proper place," and who even laughed at what they thought to be Miss Lindsay's wit,—became attentive listeners, and found that even one who " had to work for a living," could by her conversation add much to the enjoyment of " good society."

All were now disposed to treat Martha with courtesy, with the exception of the Miss Lindsays, who sat biting their lips for vexation ; mortified to think that in trying to make Martha an object of ridicule, they had exposed themselves to contempt. Mr. S. took upon himself the task, (if task it could be called, for one whose feelings were warmly enlisted in the work,) of explaining in a clear and concise manner, the impropriety of treating people with contempt for none other cause, than that they earned an honest living by laboring with their hands. He spoke of the duty of the rich, with regard to meliorating the condition of the poor, not only in affairs of a pecuniary nature, but also by encouraging them in the way of well doing, by bestowing upon them that which would cost a good man, or woman, nothing,—namely, kind looks, kind words, and all the sweet courtesies of life. His words were not lost ; for those who heard him have overcome their prejudices against labor and laboring people, and respect the virtuous, whatever may be their occupation.



## CHAPTER IV.

Bright and unclouded was the morning which witnessed the departure of the family coach from the door of the Hon. Mr. S. Henry accompanied his sister and the beautiful Martha, whose champion he had been at the birth-night party of George K. Arrived at P., they found that they were not only welcome, but expected visitors ; for Esq. S. had previously written to his sister-in-law, apprising her of Henry's return, and his intention of visiting her in company with his sister Susan, and a young lady whom he could recommend as being just the companion of which she was in need. In a postscript to his letter he added, "I do not hesitate to commend this lovely orphan to your kindness, for I know you will appreciate her worth."

When Henry S. took leave of his aunt and her family, and was about to start upon his homeward journey, he found that a two days' ride, and a week spent in the society of Martha, had been at work with his heart. He requested a private interview, and what was said, or what was concluded on, I shall leave the reader to imagine, as best suits his fancy. I shall also leave him to imagine what the many billetdoux contained which Henry sent to P., and what were the answers he received, and read with so much pleasure.—As it is no part of my business to enter into any explanation of that subject, I will leave it, and call the reader's attention to the sequel of my story, hoping to be pardoned if I make it as short as possible. \* \* \* \*

It was a lovely moonlight evening. The Hon. Mr. S. and lady, Mr. and Mrs. K., and Caroline Lindsay, were seated in the parlor of Mr K.—Caroline had called to inquire for Martha, supposing her to be in Lowell. Caroline's father had been deeply engaged in the eastern land speculation, the result of which was, a total loss of property. This made it absolutely necessary that his family should labor for their bread ; and Caroline had come to the noble resolution of going to Lowell to work in a factory, not only to support herself, but to assist her parents in providing for the support of her little brother and sisters. It was a hard struggle for Caroline to bring her mind to this ; but she had done it, and was now ready to leave home. Dreading to go where all were strangers, she requested Mr. K. to give her directions where to find Martha, and to honor her as the bearer of a letter

to his niece. "I know," said she, "that Martha's goodness of heart will induce her to secure me a place to work, notwithstanding my former rudeness to her—a rudeness which has caused me to suffer severely, and of which I heartily repent." Mr. K. informed Caroline that he expected to see his niece that evening; and he doubted not she would recommend Miss Lindsay to the Overseer with whom she had worked while in Lowell; and also introduce her to good society, which she would find could be enjoyed, even in the "city of spindles," popular prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding. Esq. and Mrs. S. approved of Caroline's resolution of going to Lowell, and spoke many words of encouragement, and also prevailed on her to accept of something to assist in defraying the expenses of her journey, and to provide for any exigency which might happen. They were yet engaged in conversation, when a coach stopped at the door, and presently George and Emily entered the parlor! They were followed by a gentleman and lady in bridal habiliments. George stepped back, and introduced Mr. Henry S. and lady. "Yes," said Henry, laughingly, "I have brought safely back the Factory Pearl, which a twelve month since I found in this very room, and which I have taken for my own." The lady threw back her veil, and Miss Lindsay beheld the countenance of Martha Croly.

I shall omit the apologies and congratulations of Caroline, and the assurances of forgiveness and proffers of friendship of Martha. The reader must also excuse me from delineating the joy with which Martha was received by her uncle and aunt K.; and the heart-felt satisfaction which Esq. and Mrs. S. expressed in their son's choice of a wife. It is enough to state, that all parties concerned were satisfied and happy, and continue so to the present time. To sum up the whole, they are happy themselves, and diffuse happiness all around them.

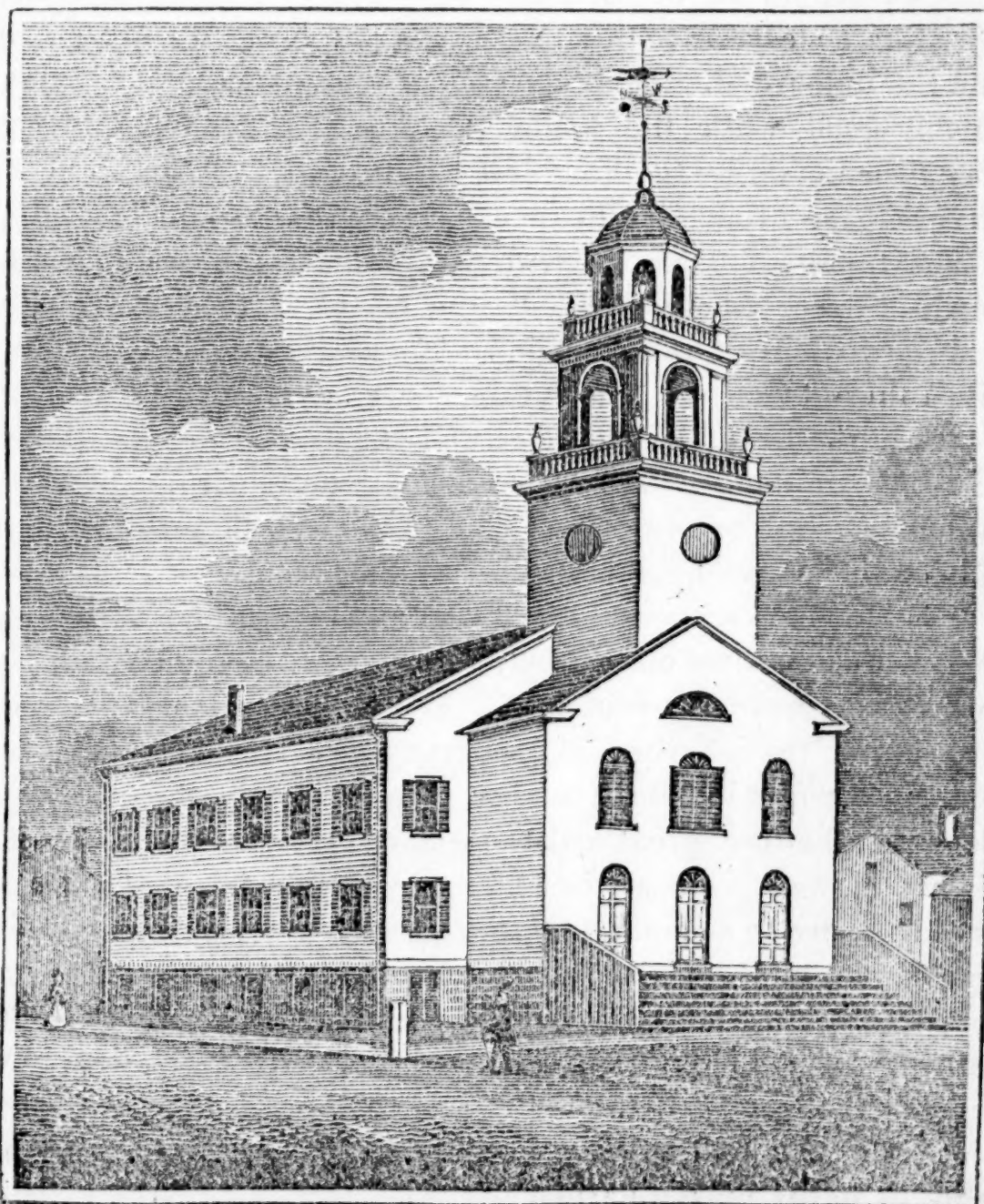
Caroline Lindsay was the bearer of several letters from Martha, now Mrs. S., to her friends in Lowell. She spent two years in a factory, and enjoyed the friendship of all who knew her; and when she left Lowell, her friends could not avoid grieving for the loss of her company, although they knew that a bright day was soon to dawn upon her. She is now the wife of George K., and is beloved and respected by all who know her. Well may she say, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," for adversity awoke to energy, virtues which were dormant, until a reverse of



fortune. Her father's affairs are in a measure retrieved; and he says, that he is doubly compensated for his loss of property, in the happiness he now enjoys.

I will take leave of the reader, hoping that if he has hitherto had any undue prejudice against labor, or laboring people, he will overcome it, and excuse my freedom and plainness of speech.

ETHELINDA.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, LOWELL.

## THE ROSE.

"There's beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes  
Can trace it 'neath familiar things, and through their lowly guise."

Yes, thanks to our kind Father, that the richest of His blessings are dispensed in the same profusion to all His children—that the free air, the glad sun-shine, the refreshing rain, and the sweet flowers, are alike the dower of the lofty and the low ; and thrice grateful should we be, that the beautiful revealings of Himself are alike accessible to the proud and the lowly, to the learned and the unlearned. Who can talk of the unequal distribution of earthly good, while the boundless riches of heaven and earth may be enjoyed by the humblest of our race ? Who is there so poor that the broad blue heavens are not his canopy ? For whom is not the glad earth clothed in verdure, and the flowers in beauty ? For whose ear have the songs of the birds and the flowing of the waters no music ? To all classes has our Father given these blessings, and within every heart has He implanted a love of the beautiful, the pure and the good ; and he who sees no beauty in nature's scenes, and hears no music or instruction in her thousand voices, is not true to himself ; the finer feelings of his nature have been neglected or perverted.

It is joyous to witness the outbreakings of this love of the beautiful, with which we often meet, like a gem shining out amid the rough stone which surrounds it. We have seen an humble cottage which, though rude and coarse in its structure, seems not more so than its inmates ; and in glancing at the picture, we almost feel that the great artist has forgotten the finer touches of his pencil, and given us the painting unfinished. We feel dissatisfied ; there is something within us that is not at rest. But we turn again, and discover that we had overlooked the little garden, where have been planted many choice flowers, telling of the untiring care which has reared them amid this desolation. And beneath the window is the sweet garden rose, giving forth its rich odor as freely, and looking as beautifully beside the lowly cottage, as in the palace garden.

Having recently met with some facts in reference to this, our queen of flowers, I have ventured to offer a brief sketch, believing that it may have some interest, and, I would humbly hope, instruction too. But few of the great variety can be mentioned



in the small space which I may be permitted to occupy, there being between three and four hundred. First then, and among the lowliest of the species, is the single wild rose, whose flowers hang in wreaths along the way-side, or twine themselves around our rustic fences. Then the sweetbriar, springing up from the rocky soil to enliven the green wood and hedges with its clusters of white, red, and delicately-tinted flowers, and to refresh the weary traveller with the sweet fragrance of its leaves. Then come our own garden roses, with all their beautiful varieties, their hundred leaves presenting a striking contrast to the simple wild flower. Who has not felt grateful to the Author of all good, for having given us the delightful succession of buds and flowers which this species presents through all the summer? And again, there is a gorgeous flower of crimson hue, called the English rose, and acknowledged as the symbol of royalty. But far more delicately beautiful is the white rose of Scotland, which, like true merit, seems to shrink from observation, concealing its sweet clustering blossoms beneath its sheltering branches.

There are also very beautiful exotics connected with our family of roses, among which is the Orange rose of Italy; and the Austrian rose, which is yellow on the outside and scarlet within; and another, singularly beautiful, is the double yellow rose which grows wild along the shores of the Levant, the blossoms similar to our century plant, appearing but once in many years.

It seems the Rose belongs exclusively to no climate. It is found in every latitude, from the chilling regions of Northern Lapland, to the sunny plains of the tropics. In Persia, however, it attains its greatest perfection, where the rose-bush is often found fourteen feet in height. The gardens of the Persians are filled with its flowers, and feasts have been instituted to celebrate its beauties, called the "Feasts of Roses." Many beautiful things in reference to the rose are to be found in eastern poetry, and in German fables. One of the last gives us as the origin of the moss rose, that the angel of flowers, awaking from his slumbers beneath the shade of a rose-bush, offered to grant any boon it might ask; when the rose petitioned for another grace, and immediately the angel threw around it a veil of moss.

With us also, has the rose many beautiful associations, and unto it are linked a thousand images of love and grief. It reminds us of youth, of innocence, of purity, of the bridal, of the festival, and of the tomb.

MARY.

# A SONG OF VICTORY.

I see them on their Zion way, About their ranks bright glories play; Their joyful looks and bearing high, Blend with the notes of victory! Their

And who were those thus passed away, To realms of never-ending day? Whose joyful looks and bearing high, Blend with the notes of victory? Whose

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, accessible style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

wa - ving palms and ves - ture bright, Are glancing in the heav'n - ly light. They're lost and gone! The vis-ion's past; Yet

wa - ving palms and ves - ture bright, Are glancing in the heav'n - ly light? The ransomed sons of God are they, Who

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody from the first system. It includes a repeat sign and a key change to two flats (B-flat and E-flat) for the final phrase.



# VICTORY.—CONTINUED.

brighter beams are on them cast. While louder, louder, Their song is heard on Zion's hill, is heard on Zion's hill.

journey'd on their Zion way. The anthem loud and louder still, As on they pressed up Zion's hill, they pressed up Zion's hill.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are placed below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

It seems as if some ho - ly joy, Their mingling melodies employ; Some untold glories freely given, To fa-vored sons of earth and heaven.

Was but their raptured song of praise, For triumphs of redeeming grace; Their joyful looks and bearing high, Told of the Savior's victory.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves, maintaining the same clefs and key signature as the first system. The lyrics continue below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

## AGNES AND EMMA.

## CHAPTER I.

“O, Agnes!” exclaimed Emma Willard to her elder sister, who was reclining upon a sofa, holding in her hand a book which seemed to engross her whole attention, “Agnes, do lay aside your book for a few moments, and take a seat by the window, that you may witness this glorious sun-set! Already the shadows are deepening in the valleys, but the summits of the hills glow with the rich splendor of the departing day. And see,” she continued, pointing in the direction of the setting sun, “see with what pomp the monarch of day retires from our view, leaving the whole of the western sky curtained with a gorgeous drapery of crimson and gold, richer by far than ever adorned the palace of an earthly king! O! is it not surpassingly beautiful?”

“I do not discover any thing more than may be seen every day,” said Agnes, seating herself by her sister’s side; “and for my own part, I must confess that the book which I was reading possesses far greater attractions for me than any sun-set scene I ever witnessed. The characters portrayed are so life-like, and there are such glowing descriptions of scenery, that while reading it, I can almost fancy myself to be an eye-witness of the events therein described.”

“And pray what is the title of the work which interests you so much?”

“It is a ‘Romance of the Rhine.’”

“Agnes, I regret exceedingly that you should prefer tales of fiction to the beautiful revelations contained in the volume of nature, which is ever open for our instruction. But from what you have said, I infer that you are fond of glowing descriptions of natural scenery; and, by the way, I recollect to have met with a poem a few days since, entitled ‘Radiant clouds of sunset,’ which I think will suit your taste. It was written by Mrs. Sigourney, and commences thus,—

‘Bright clouds! ye are gathering one by one,  
Ye are sweeping in pomp round the dying sun,  
With crimson banner and golden pall,  
Like a host to their chieftain’s funeral!  
But methinks that ye tower with a lordlier crest,  
And a gorgeous flush as he sinks to rest!’



She then goes on to chide them for vainly exulting in the death of their king, seeing that he will rise to reign again in renewed splendor and power, when they shall have vanished away ; and in conclusion, adds the following beautiful comparison :—

‘The soul! the soul! with its eye of fire,  
Thus, thus shall it soar when its foes expire:  
It shall spread its wings o’er the ills that pained,  
The evils that shadowed, the sins that stained:  
It shall dwell where no rushing cloud hath sway,  
And the pageants of earth shall have melted away.’”

“I have seen the poem to which you allude,” said Agnes, “and I admire the first part of it, but I do not like the idea of having a moral essay, or a sermon, attached to every thing of the beautiful. But Emma, do you expect me to sit here all the evening, watching the clouds?”

“No, indeed! for I intend to take a walk myself, and shall be very happy to have you accompany me.”

“O, yes, with all my heart: but where do you intend to go?”

“To the cottage of the widow Barton,” replied Emma, fixing a scrutinizing gaze upon her sister’s countenance.

“To the cottage of the widow Barton!” exclaimed Agnes, apparently astonished at her sister’s reply. “That is a very lonely walk; and why do you go there in preference to any other place?”

“Agnes, I should scarcely think you would ask, when you know that Caroline Barton has been sick with the consumption for a very long time. I have called upon her daily for several weeks; but to-day, we have had so much company, that I have been prevented from paying her the accustomed visit.”

“Well, then,” said Agnes, in a tone of mingled peevishness and disappointment, “If you go there, I don’t know but I may as well stay at home, and finish reading my book; for you know, Emma, that I never could bear the idea of going into a sick chamber. But it certainly can make no great difference, if you do not see Caroline to-night; and why not defer your visit to her until morning, and call upon Mary Laden this evening?”

“Because we can see Mary at any time, and Caroline may not live to see the light of another day. I know not why it is, but I have a presentiment that she will not survive until morning.”

“O, that is one of your foolish fancies, which you are always indulging; but since you are determined to go, I will accompany

you ; though I will venture to say, that I shall wish myself at home, before I have been there five minutes."

"I trust you will not find the sick room of Caroline so disagreeable as you imagine ;" rejoined Emma ; and the sisters hastily quitted the apartment, to prepare for their walk.

## CHAPTER II.

Agnes and Emma Willard were the daughters of a wealthy farmer, residing in a lowly but secluded valley, about a mile from the eastern shore of lake Champlain. Agnes was scarcely a year older than Emma, and in form and features they bore a striking resemblance to each other ; but in character, disposition and personal appearance, they were essentially different. The one was passionate, selfish and reserved ; the other, gentle, affectionate and confiding. Deprived at an early age of the watchful care of a mother, the superintendence of their education, from that time, devolved on a maiden aunt, who was amply qualified to undertake the task. But she soon discovered that, with respect to Agnes, at least, it was not a desirable one. Owing to the natural disposition of Emma, she was easily subdued and governed, rarely manifesting a wish to disobey the commands of her superiors ; but the waywardness of Agnes was unconquerable. Consequently, the former won the affections of all who knew her, while the latter could scarcely claim the esteem of her nearest relatives and friends.

Having thus briefly sketched the leading traits in the characters of the two sisters, we will follow them to the cottage of Mrs. Barton, which was situated nearly three-fourths of a mile from the dwelling of Mr. Willard.

They were met at the door by the nurse, who informed them that Caroline had appeared much better than usual during the day, but seemed conscious that she was fast approaching her end. As they entered the room where the sufferer lay, she smiled faintly, and extending her hand to Emma, whispered, "O, I am so glad that you have come. I feared I should not see you again ; for I am soon going to the land of spirits. But think not that I fear to die. Death was once to me the 'king of terrors ;' but since you unfolded to me the beauties of Christianity, I have viewed it only as a kind messenger, sent by a Fa-



ther's hand to call me home. And though I leave behind me a mother, and many other friends whom I dearly love, yet I go with the full assurance, that ere long we shall be re-united, to part no more forever. To you, my gratitude is due for teaching me this glorious faith. Words cannot express my feelings ; but I know that you will believe me to be sensible of the debt I owe. And now, farewell ; for we shall see each other no more, until we meet in the paradise above." And pressing the hand of her friend, she closed her eyes, as if exhausted with the effort she had made.

The two sisters stood for a few moments, gazing upon the countenance of the dying girl, which seemed to be lighted with a holy joy ; then taking their leave of the inmates of the cottage, they bent their steps homeward, each holding secret communion with her own heart. As they entered the sitting-room of their father's dwelling, Emma ventured to interrupt the silence, which had hitherto remained unbroken.

"Well, Agnes," said she, "do you now regret that you accompanied me to the cottage this evening ?"

"No," replied Agnes, "I only regret that I have not before yielded to your solicitations to visit Caroline Barton. But the scene I have witnessed this night, has made an impression on my mind which will not easily be effaced. And while standing by the bed-side of your dying friend, the resolution was formed, that henceforth, the religion which supported her in her last hours, shall be my religion. You shall no longer solicit me in vain to become a Christian. I will now willingly go to that fountain, to which you have so often sought to lead me, and from which she drank so freely."

Tears of joy filled the eyes of Emma at this unexpected declaration ; and before retiring to rest that night, she knelt by her sister's side, and for the first time since the days of childhood, their voices mingled in prayer. \* \* \* \*

Four years have gone by since the incidents which are recorded above took place, and the residence of Mr. Willard is still gladdened by the presence of his two daughters. Emma is the same gentle and loving being that she has ever been ; and the wayward spirit of Agnes has at length been subdued. Together, the sisters often stand by the bed-side of the suffering and the

dying ; and the blessing of the departing one falls not now alone upon Emma.

Would you know what has produced this change ? It is that religion which was taught more than eighteen centuries ago, on the hills and plains of Judea, by one whose whole history is recorded in these few words : “He went about doing good.”

ELLINORA.

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### BURIAL AND BURIAL PLACES.

“When Diogenes was about to die, he was asked what should be done with his body. The cynic ordered it to be carried out, and left unburied in the fields. ‘What!’ said his friends, ‘shall it be exposed as a prey to the birds and wild beasts?’ ‘Lay a staff near me,’ replied the dying philosopher, ‘with which I may drive them away.’ ‘How can you drive them away,’ demanded his friends, ‘since you will not perceive them?’ ‘What harm can they do me,’ said Diogenes, ‘if when they devour my flesh, I do not perceive it?’”

Diogenes must have schooled his feelings most thoroughly, or his mind must have been singularly organized, to admit such entire indifference, in regard to the disposition of his mortal remains. Most people, under such circumstances, have a strong sympathy for the fleshly tabernacle, and desire to have it properly interred. The thought that their lifeless bodies would be exposed, without suitable habiliments, to the curious gaze of the multitude, or devoted to the dissecting knife, would be to them extremely repulsive and distressing. And this sympathetic feeling is not confined alone to ourselves ; but we have the same feelings, and in nearly the same degree, in reference to our relatives and friends. And even strangers—the idea of their being exposed to the rapacity of wild beasts and birds, strikes us with disgust. We feel that it would be a profanation of something sacred.

This feeling is not at all surprising—it is in fact, natural, suitable and proper. Indeed, how could it be otherwise ? when we reflect that this tenement of clay has been our constant companion for a series of years—has borne a part in all our pleasures



and pains, joys and sorrows; and although we know it must eventually moulder to dust, we cannot resist the desire to have it preserved as long, and as decently, as possible.

This may be said to be the force of habit. It may be so, in some measure,—but we believe it to be, in reality, an instinct of our nature. We find by looking at history, that in all nations and all ages, similar feelings have prevailed; and hence the various fashions or customs of different nations, in regard to mourning dress, ceremonies, and the final disposition of their dead; and hence the shroud, the coffin, the grave, the tomb, the funeral pile, the urn and the mummy. True, after certain usages, in this respect, have been practiced a long time, then they become a habit, and act with great force; but how did the practice first originate? How but in that innate feeling of the heart, which prompts us to treat the remains of those once loved, with decency, respect and veneration.

We know, indeed, that the time is fast approaching when we shall become even as they are—helpless, senseless clods of clay; and we naturally seek such a burial place for the inanimate bodies of our friends, as we deem most appropriate, and where we ourselves should choose to be laid. Great variety of taste is exhibited in the different choice of individuals. Some prefer to have their place of rest surrounded by the thronging multitudes of a busy city, with a stately monument to attract the admiration of the wondering crowd: others would be better pleased with a more secluded and less ostentatious spot, yet pleasantly located, where the green waving grass is spread around, and the yew and willow can sigh in mournful melody above their heads—and a modest, unobtrusive monument, with a chaste and simple inscription, merely to tell surviving friends that a once loved form lies there.

And some there are, perhaps, of the cynic or hermit-school, who would select the most desolate and barren situation, without a stone to mark their lowly bed, or the shadow of tree or shrub, or the slightest vestige of vegetable green to gladden the dreariness of the scene; and where the sound of human footsteps shall not disturb the silence by which the lonely sleepers are surrounded.

Among Christian nations, for centuries past, the prevailing idea associated with the church-yard or burying-ground, was

that of something gloomy and desolate. But within the last fifty years, another and a more cheerful spirit is abroad in the world; a spirit that leads us to look for the lovely and beautiful scenes of nature, as the most suitable place of repose for the returning dust of the wearied children of earth,—scenes where the springing grass will greet them, and where the sweet wild flowers, watered by the tears of affection as well as by the dews of heaven, will shed their fragrance around, and smilingly guard their narrow couch,—where trees of various kinds, with their thick foliage of green, casting a light tremulous shadow over the fair blossoms and verdant turf of the grass beneath their branches; affording a home for the sunny-hearted birds, who welcome the dawn with their sweetest lays, and chant a wild lullaby to the dreamless sleepers, who have come to repose in their sequestered haunts—while the sparkling, bubbling brooks join in a soothing chorus of harmony—presenting an aspect of life and beauty, that has power to entrance us with its pure, calm loveliness.

It is truly a matter of rejoicing, that such pleasant places are selected for the interment of those who are daily leaving us; and that in our own city a cemetery is being laid out, which may in time compare in beauty and elegance of scenery, if not in extent, with the justly celebrated Mount Auburn.

Those who have ever visited that “garden of graves,” and wandered along its many shaded walks, or by the side of its miniature ponds, and beheld its endless variety of trees and shrubbery, and gazed upon its finely chiseled monuments, of so widely differing size and form, with their inscriptions of heart-felt sorrow—the numerous enclosures, tastefully laid out, while flowers of every hue are gathered there to beautify and instruct,—must have felt its power to soothe the mind, and call forth heaven-born sentiments. Our better feelings are aroused by this communion with life and death. Beneath our feet, moulder the remains of many who, during their fleeting moments of existence, were once active, noble-minded, and talented: as much absorbed in busy thought and schemes, as much engrossed in the eager pursuit and attainment of happiness, as ourselves. What are they now? They have become as the dust of the valley: they are as heedless of our presence as the cold marble that marks the place of their repose; while the earth and air around are teeming with animal and vegetable beauty; and



many a slow, listless foot-step is lightly pressing the sanded walks and velvet turf.

The rude, boisterous laugh is hushed—for this is no place for wild and reckless mirth ; but in its stead comes serious reflection. The loud, angry voice finds no echo here—but the mild, gentle tone floats sweetly through the air, like low soft strains of melody. A pleasant sadness steals over our spirits. A calm and tranquilizing power is abroad, in the ever-changing scenery and the placid serenity that reigns around, which can soothe the painful emotions of the troubled mourner, or harmonize those of a thoughtless spectator.

It drives away the dark gloom of the grave ; like the mist of morn, it vanishes. Nor does it seem so fearful a thing, to sleep surrounded by all the glorious attractions of nature. It sheds a halo of light around the dark, narrow cells ; and should it not be a pleasure for us to throw as cheerful spirit as may be, over them ? for it takes away much of the bitterness and dread of death.

How different are our feelings, while viewing the retreats of shady Auburn, compared with those that swell our bosoms as we look on that desolate grave-yard, entirely destitute of vegetation ; while the naked grave-stones seem frowning, as if to chide us for neglect ! There is an inward shuddering, a sort of horror, and we shrink back at the very thought of resting there. These feelings are experienced by most of us, at such times, without asking whether they are right or wrong ; and did we pause to consider, we could not entirely overcome the reluctance which we feel in the idea that our mortal remains may be consigned to that place of gloom,—while at the same time, we may believe that we shall be wholly insensible to the condition of our bodies, after the transforming touch of death.

But the cheering influence of Auburn is calculated to make us more contented with our fate, more submissive to the will of heaven. Ought not the cause to be searched out ? And if it consists in the bright garb and smiling countenance of nature, let us ever seek her favorite haunts, and there deposite all that may remain of the children of humanity, when their spirits have winged their way to the heavenly home.

E. E. T.

## THE SPIRIT-HARP.

## GRATITUDE.

Far in the stillness of the soul,  
 The "harp of thousand strings" is sleeping;  
 And waits it but a slight control,  
 To wake the notes of joy or weeping.

'Tis ever thus: The zephyr's breath  
 May break the quiet of its slumbers;  
 And fill the atmosphere of death  
 With sweetest harmony of numbers.

When joy around the strain prolongs,  
 And echo answers to the singing,  
 And music of a thousand tongues,  
 From hill and vale of life is ringing;  
 When all without is bright and fair,  
 And every swelling note is gladness,  
 A whisper on the stilly air,  
 May change at once the tone to sadness.

And when the world has lured in vain,  
 The soul with "hope deferred" is weary;  
 When promised bliss has turned to pain,  
 And e'en the spirit-harp is dreary,—  
 How doth the voice of friendship still,  
 Each wandering discord-note outbreking,  
 And bid the grateful spirit thrill,  
 With sweeter melody awaking.

Perchance the breeze of stranger-land  
 Too roughly hath the harp been meeting,  
 And shrinks it, as from cruel hand,  
 To its own solitude retreating.  
 Alone and sad, each trembling chord,  
 Too sensitive to joy or weeping,  
 Shall own the power of look or word,  
 Like magic o'er the harp-strings sweeping.

'Tis then the harp responsive sings  
 To every breath of kindness o'er it;  
 And lingers fondly on the strings  
 The strain, essaying to restore it.  
 Its accents would that ye might hear,  
 Whose aid hath tuned the harp to pleasure;  
 Methinks 'twere music to the ear,—  
 For GRATITUDE awakes the measure.



Our Father ! though the tuneful lay,  
So gently o'er the spirit stealing,  
Our debt of duty ne'er can pay—  
Still keep alive the hallowed feeling.  
And wilt Thou, from the bounteous store  
Of Thy divine, almighty favor,  
A shower of richest blessings pour  
On those whom we must owe for ever !

ADELAIDE.

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### ORIGIN OF SMALL TALK.

Much has been said, and much written, upon the loquacity of woman ; and much has she been ridiculed for her aptness in conversation. Her natural sociability has been termed, in derision, "the gift of the gab ;" and man, vain, lordly man, would fain deprive her of the right of unrestrained "freedom of speech." By many she has been called "silly woman ;" and by some, her intellect is allowed to be barely sufficient to understand what man may require of her. And although in America, it is allowed that "all mankind are entitled to equal rights," language is so tortured, that *mankind* means only the male part of the species. And *uncivilized* man cannot be content with ordaining laws which deprive woman of the means of mental culture to which she is justly entitled, but he would fain have her be silent, and live and die like a vegetable.

Such were my meditations, after listening to a dissertation upon the "nothingness of female chit-chat." What a pity, thought I, that some philosopher could not assign a plain, common-sense, philosophical cause, for this talkative propensity in woman, and thus silence every objection, in the mind of man, against her sociability !

While my thoughts were busy with this subject, a gentle tap at my chamber door disturbed my reverie. I opened the door, when, instead of the friend I expected, I met MEMORY, a little urchin who often intrudes upon my hours of retirement, and sometimes kindly lends his assistance in searching the chronicles

in the upper story, for traditions of by-gone days. Having nothing of consequence with which to divert my visiter, I proposed that he should search for a tradition which would give a clue to the origin of small talk. He soon found, in a sly corner, an old, soiled manuscript, from which, with some difficulty, I transcribed the following :

When our first parents were placed in the garden of Eden, they had not the faculty of communicating their thoughts to each other. Their guardian angel, perceiving that their happiness would be augmented could they but have the gift of speech, brought them a present of twelve baskets, filled with chit-chat ; and having strewed the contents upon the ground, he thus addressed them : "Although this present is designed for you both, what each one gathers shall be his or her own exclusive property ; and *who* would be profited, must be diligent and active in gathering it up."

Adam, from some cause or other, was in one of those surly moods which many, very many of his sons, often indulge ; and he gathered only three baskets full ; while his nimble, and more industrious partner, collected and laid by for her own use the other nine.

The benevolence of Eve would not suffer her to hoard up this treasure ; but from time to time, as there was necessity, she culled the choicest, and bestowed it with an unbounded charity upon Adam. Eve found that she was not a loser by being liberal with her gifts ; for however much she bestowed, her baskets were always full ; and not only full, but they were continually enlarging. Adam found he had not made a very judicious choice, in his selection of chit-chat ; for his baskets ever retained their original size. His niggardly disposition suffered him to part with very little of their contents, and he almost always added to his own store the bounty of his benevolent help-meet ; yet his baskets were never heaped. Out of sheer envy, he often ridiculed Eve for her small-talk—a sin which has been visited upon his sons from generation to generation.

TABITHA.

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## SUSAN MILLER.

## CHAPTER I.

"Mother, it is all over now," said Susan Miller, as she descended from the chamber where her father had just died of *delirium tremens*.

Mrs. Miller had for several hours walked the house, with that ceaseless step which tells of fearful mental agony ; and when she had heard from her husband's room some louder shriek or groan, she had knelt by the chair or bed which was nearest, and prayed that the troubled spirit might pass away. But a faintness came over her, when a long interval of stillness told that her prayer was answered ; and she leaned upon the railing of the stairway for support, as she looked up to see the first one who should come to her from the bed of death.

Susan was the first to think of her mother ; and when she saw her sink, pale, breathless and stupified upon a stair, she sat down in silence, and supported her head upon her own bosom. Then for the first time was she aroused to the consciousness, that she was to be looked upon as a stay and support ; and she resolved to bring from the hidden recesses of her heart, a strength, courage and firmness, which should make her to her heart-broken mother, and younger brothers and sisters, what *he* had not been for many years, who was now a stiffening corpse.

At length she ventured to whisper words of solace and sympathy, and succeeded in infusing into her mother's mind a feeling of resignation to the stroke they had received. She persuaded her to retire to her bed, and seek that slumber which had been for several days denied them ; and then she endeavored to calm the terror-stricken little ones, who were screaming because their father was no more. The neighbors came in and proffered every assistance ; but when Susan retired that night to her own chamber, she felt that she must look to HIM for aid, who alone could sustain through the tasks that awaited her.

Preparations were made for the funeral ; and though every one knew that Mr. Miller had left his farm deeply mortgaged, yet the store-keeper cheerfully trusted them for articles of mourning, and the dress-maker worked day and night, while she expected never to receive a remuneration. The minister came to comfort

the widow and her children. He spoke of the former virtues of him who had been wont to seek the house of God on each returning Sabbath, and who had brought his eldest children to the font of baptism, and been then regarded as an example of honesty and sterling worth ; and when he adverted to the one failing which had brought him to his grave in the very prime of manhood, he also remarked, that he was now in the hands of a merciful God.

The remains of the husband and father were at length removed from the home which he had once rendered happy, but upon which he had afterwards brought poverty and distress, and laid in that narrow house which he never more might leave, till the last trumpet should call him forth ; and when the family were left to that deep silence and gloom which always succeed a death and burial, they began to think of the trials which were yet to come.

Mrs. Miller had been for several years aware that ruin was coming upon them. She had at first warned, reasoned and expostulated ; but she was naturally of a gentle, and almost timid disposition ; and when she found that she awakened passions which were daily growing more violent and ungovernable, she resolved to await in silence a crisis which sooner or later would change their destiny. Whether she was to follow her degenerate husband to his grave, or accompany him to some low hovel, she knew not ; she shrunk from the future, but faithfully discharged all present duties, and endeavored, by a strict economy, to retain at least an appearance of comfort in her household.

To Susan, her eldest child, she had confided all her fears and sorrows ; and they had watched, toiled, and sympathized together. But when the blow came at last, when he who had caused all their sorrow and anxiety was taken away by a dreadful and disgraceful death, the long-enduring wife and mother was almost paralyzed by the shock.

But Susan was young ; she had health, strength and spirits to bear her up, and upon her devolved the care of the family, and the plan for its future support. Her resolution was soon formed ; and without saying a word to any individual, she went to Deacon Rand, who was her father's principal creditor.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the month of May, when Susan left the house in which her life had hitherto been spent—determined to know before she returned to it, whether she might ever



again look upon it as her home. It was nearly a mile to the Deacon's, and not a single house upon the way. The two lines of turf in the road, upon which the bright green grass was springing, shewed that it was but seldom travelled; and the birds warbled in the trees, as though they feared no disturbance. The fragrance of the lowly flowers, the budding shrubs, and the blossoming fruit-trees, filled the air; and she stood for a moment to listen to the streamlet which she crossed upon a rude bridge of stones. She remembered how she had loved to look at it in summer, as it murmured along among the low willows, and alder-bushes; and how she had watched it in the early spring, when its swollen waters forced their way through the drifts of snow which had frozen over it, and wrought for itself an arched roof, from which the little icicles depended in diamond points, and rows of beaded pearls. She looked also at the meadow, where the grass was already so long and green; and she sighed to think that she must leave all that was so dear to her, and go where a ramble among fields, meadows and orchards, would be henceforth a pleasure denied to her.

## CHAPTER II.

When she arrived at the spacious farm-house, which was the residence of the Deacon, she was rejoiced to find him at home and alone. He laid aside his newspaper, as she entered; and kindly taking her hand, inquired after her own health, and that of her friends. "And now, Deacon," said she, when she had answered all his questions; "I wish to know whether you intend to turn us all out of doors, as you have a perfect right to do—or suffer us still to remain, with a slight hope that we may sometime pay you the debt for which our farm is mortgaged."

"You have asked me a very plain question," was the Deacon's reply, "and one which I can easily answer. You see that I have here a house, large enough and good enough for the President himself; and plenty of every thing in it, and around it; and how in the name of common sense, and charity, and religion, could I turn a widow and her fatherless children out of their house and home! Folks have called me mean, and stingy, and close-fisted; and though in my dealings with a rich man I take good care that he shall not over-reach me, yet I never stood

for a cent with a poor man in my life. But you spake about sometime paying me ; pray, how do you hope to do it ?”

“ I am going to Lowell,” said Susan quietly, “ to work in the Factory,—the girls have high wages there now ; and in a year or two, Lydia and Eliza can come, too ; and if we all have our health, and mother and James get along well with the farm and the little ones, I hope, I do think, that we can pay it all up in the course of seven or eight years.”

“ That is a long time for you to go and work so hard, and shut yourself up so close, at your time of life,” said the Deacon, “ and on many other accounts I do not approve of it.”

“ I know how prejudiced the people here are against factory girls,” said Susan, “ but I should like to know what real good *reason* you have for disapproving of my resolution. You cannot think there is any thing really wrong in my determination to labor, as steadily and as profitably as I can, for myself and the family.”

“ Why, the way that I look at things, is this,” replied the Deacon : “ Whatever is not right, is certainly wrong ; and I do not think it right for a young girl like you, to put herself in the way of all sorts of temptation. You have no idea of the wickedness and corruption which exist in that town of Lowell. Why, they say that more than half of the girls have been in the House of Correction, or the County Jail, or some other vile place ; and that the other half are not much better ; and I should not think you would wish to go and work, and eat, and sleep, with such a low, mean, ignorant, wicked, set of creatures.”

“ I know such things are said of them, Deacon, but I do not think they are true. I have never seen but one factory girl, and that was my cousin Esther, who visited us last summer. I do not believe there is a better girl in the world than she is ; and I cannot think she would be so contented and cheerful among such a set of wretches as some folks think factory girls must be. There may be wicked girls there ; but among so many, there must be some who are good ; and when I go there, I shall try to keep out of the way of bad company, and I do not doubt that cousin Esther can introduce me to girls who are as good as any with whom I have associated. If she cannot, I will have no companion but her, and spend the little leisure I shall have, in solitude ; for I am determined to go.”



"But supposing, Susan, that all the girls there were as good, and sensible, and pleasant as yourself—yet there are many other things to be considered. You have not thought how hard it will seem to be boxed up fourteen hours in a day, among a parcel of clattering looms, or whirling spindles, whose constant din is of itself enough to drive a girl out of her wits; and then you will have no fresh air to breathe, and as likely as not come home in a year or two with a consumption, and wishing you had staid where you would have had less money, and better health. I have also heard that the boarding women do not give the girls food which is fit to eat, nor half enough of the mean stuff they do allow them; and it is contrary to all reason, to suppose that folks can work, and have their health, without victuals to eat."

"I have thought of all these things, Deacon, but they do not move me. I know the noise of the Mills must be unpleasant at first; but I shall get used to that; and as to my health, I know that I have as good a constitution to begin with, as any girl could wish, and no predisposition to consumption, nor any of those diseases which a factory life might otherwise bring upon me. I do not expect all the comforts which are common to country farmers; but I am not afraid of starving—for cousin Esther said, that she had an excellent boarding place, and plenty to eat and drink, and that which was good enough for any body. But if they do not give us good meat, I will eat vegetables alone; and when we have bad butter, I will eat my bread without it."

"Well," said the Deacon, "if your health is preserved, you may lose some of your limbs. I have heard a great many stories about girls who had their hands torn off by the machinery, or mangled so that they could never use them again; and a hand is not a thing to be despised, nor easily dispensed with. And then, how should you like to be ordered about, and scolded at, by a cross overseer?"

"I know there is danger," replied Susan, "among so much machinery; but those who meet with accidents are but a very small number, in proportion to the whole; and if I am careful, I need not fear any injury. I do not believe the stories we hear about bad overseers,—for such men would not be placed over so many girls; and if I have a cross one, I will give him no reason to find fault; and if he finds fault without reason, I will leave him, and work for some one else. You know that I must do something, and I have made up my mind what it shall be."

“ You are a good child, Susan,” and the Deacon looked very kind when he told her so, “ and you are a courageous, noble-minded girl. I am not afraid that *you* will learn to steal, and lie, and swear, and neglect your Bible, and the meeting-house ; but lest any thing unpleasant should happen, I will make you this offer : I will let your mother live upon the farm, and pay me what little she can, till your brother James is old enough to take it at the halves ; and if you will come here, and help my wife about the house and dairy, I will give you four and six-pence a week, and you shall be treated as a daughter—perhaps you may one day be one.”

The Deacon looked rather sly at her, and Susan blushed ; for Henry Rand, the Deacon’s youngest son, had been her play-mate in childhood, her friend at school, and her constant attendant at all the parties, and evening meetings. Her young friends all spoke of him as her lover, and even the old people had talked of it as a very fitting match, as Susan, besides good sense, good humor, and some beauty, had the health, strength and activity, which are always reckoned among the qualifications for a farmer’s wife.

Susan knew of this ; but of late, domestic trouble had kept her at home, and she knew not what his present feelings were. Still she felt that they must not influence her plans and resolutions. Delicacy forbade that she should come and be an inmate of his father’s house, and her very affection for him had prompted the desire that she should be as independent as possible of all favors from him, or his father ; and also the earnest desire that they might one day clear themselves of debt. So she thanked the Deacon for his offer, but declined accepting it, and arose to take leave.

“ I shall think a great deal about you, when you are gone,” said the Deacon, “ and will pray for you, too. I never used to think about the sailors, till my wife’s brother visited us, who had led for many years a sea-faring life ; and now I always pray for those who are exposed to the dangers of the great deep. And I will also pray for the poor factory girls, who work so hard, and suffer so much.”

“ Pray for me, Deacon,” replied Susan in a faltering voice, “ that I may have strength to keep a good resolution.”

She left the house with a sad heart ; for the very success of her hopes and wishes, had brought more vividly to mind the feel-



ing that she was really to go and leave for many years her friends and home.

She was almost glad that she had not seen Henry ; and while she was wondering what he would say and think, when told that she was going to Lowell, she heard approaching footsteps, and looking up, saw him coming towards her. The thought—no, the idea, for it had not time to form into a definite thought—flashed across her mind, that she must now rouse all her firmness, and not let Henry's persuasions shake her resolution to leave them all, and go to the factory.

But the very indifference with which he heard of her intention, was of itself sufficient to arouse her energy. He appeared surprised, but otherwise wholly unconcerned, though he expressed a hope that she would be happy and prosperous, and that her health would not suffer from the change of occupation.

If he had told her that he loved her—if he had entreated her not to leave them, or to go with the promise of returning to be his future companion through life—she could have resisted it ; for this she had resolved to do ; and the happiness attending an act of self-sacrifice would have been her reward.

She had before known sorrow, and she had borne it patiently and cheerfully ; and she knew that the life which was before her would have been rendered happier by the thought, that there was one who was deeply interested for her happiness, and who sympathized in all her trials.

When she parted from Henry it was with a sense of loneliness, of utter desolation, such as she had never before experienced. She had never before thought that he was dear to her, and that she had wished to carry in her far-off place of abode, the reflection that she was dear to him. She felt disappointed and mortified, but she blamed not him, neither did she blame herself ; she did not know that any one had been to blame. Her young affections had gone forth as naturally and as involuntarily as the vapours rise to meet the sun. But the sun which had called them forth, had now gone down, and they were returning in cold drops to the heart-springs from which they had arisen ; and Susan resolved that they should henceforth form a secret fount, whence every other feeling should derive new strength and vigor. She was now more firmly resolved that her future life should be wholly devoted to her kindred, and thought not of herself but as connected with them.

## CHAPTER III.

It was with pain that Mrs. Miller heard of Susan's plan ; but she did not oppose her. She felt that it must be so,—that she must part with her for her own good, and the benefit of the family ; and Susan hastily made preparations for her departure.

She arranged every thing in and about the house for her mother's convenience ; and the evening before she left, she spent in instructing Lydia how to take her place, as far as possible ; and told her to be always cheerful with mother, and patient with the younger ones, and to write a long letter every two months, (for she could not afford to hear oftener,) and to be sure and not forget her for a single day.

Then she went to her own room ; and when she had re-examined her trunk, band-box and basket, to see that all was right, and laid her riding dress over the great arm-chair, she sat down by the window to meditate upon her change of life.

She thought, as she looked upon the spacious, convenient chamber in which she was sitting, how hard it would be to have no place to which she could retire and be alone ; and how difficult it would be to keep her things in order in the fourth part of a small apartment ; and how possible it was that she might have unpleasant room-mates ; and how probable that every day would call into exercise all her kindness and forbearance. And then she wondered if it would be possible for her to work so long, and save so much, as to render it possible that she might one day return to that chamber and call it her own. Sometimes she wished she had not undertaken it, that she had not let the Deacon know that she hoped to be able to pay him ; she feared that she had taken a burden upon herself which she could not bear, and sighed to think, that her lot should be so different from that of most young girls.

She thought of the days when she was a little child ; when she played with Henry at the brook, or picked berries with him on the hill ; when her mother was always happy, and her father always kind ; and she wished that the time could roll back, and she could again be a careless little girl.

She felt, as we sometimes do, when we shut our eyes, and try to sleep, and get back into some pleasant dream, from which we



have been too suddenly awakened. But the dream of youth was over, and before her was the sad, waking reality, of a life of toil, separation and sorrow.

When she left home the next morning, it was the first time she had ever parted from her friends. The day was delightful, and the scenery beautiful,—a stage-ride was of itself a novelty to her, and her companions pleasant and sociable ; but she felt very sad ; and when she retired at night to sleep in a hotel, she burst into tears.

Those who see the factory girls in Lowell, little think of the sighs and heart-aches which must attend a young girl's entrance upon a life of toil and privation, among strangers.

To Susan, the first entrance into a factory boarding-house, seemed something dreadful. The rooms looked strange and comfortless, and the women cold and heartless ; and when she sat down to the supper table, where, among more than twenty girls, all but one were strangers, she could not eat a mouthful. She went with Esther to their sleeping apartment, and after arranging her clothes and baggage, she went to bed, but not to sleep.

The next morning she went into the Mill ; and at first, the sight of so many bands, and wheels, and springs, in constant motion, was very frightful. She felt afraid to touch the loom, and she was almost sure that she could never learn to weave ; the harness puzzled, and the reed perplexed her ; the shuttle flew out, and made a new bump upon her head ; and the first time she tried to spring the lathe, she broke out a quarter of the treads. It seemed as if the girls all stared at her, and the overseers watched every motion, and the day appeared as long as a month had been at home. But at last it was night ; and O, how glad was Susan to be released ! She felt weary and wretched, and retired to rest without taking a mouthful of refreshment. There was a dull pain in her head, and a sharp pain in her ankles ; every bone was aching, and there was in her ears a strange noise, as of crickets, frogs, and jews-harps, all mingling together ; and she felt gloomy and sick at heart. "But it won't seem so always," said she to herself ; and with this truly philosophical reflection, she turned her head upon a hard pillow, and went to sleep.

Susan was right ; it did not seem so always. Every succeeding day seemed shorter and pleasanter than the last ; and when she was accustomed to the work, and had become interested in it, the hours seemed shorter, and the days, weeks and months flew

more swiftly by, than they had ever done before. She was healthy, active and ambitious, and was soon able to earn even as much as her cousin, who had been a weaver several years.

Wages were then much higher than they are now ; and Susan had the pleasure of devoting the avails of her labor to a noble and cherished purpose. There was a definite aim before her, and she never lost sight of the object for which she left her home, and was happy in the prospect of fulfilling that design. And it needed all this hope of success, and all her strength of resolution, to enable her to bear up against the wearing influences of a life of unvarying toil. Though the days seemed shorter than at first, yet there was a tiresome monotony about them. Every morning the bells pealed forth the same clangor, and every night brought the same feeling of fatigue. But Susan felt, as all factory girls feel, that she could bear it for a while. There are few who look upon factory labor as a pursuit for life. It is but a temporary vocation ; and most of the girls resolve to quit the Mill when some favorite design is accomplished. Money is their object—not for itself, but for what it can perform ; and pay-days are the landmarks which cheer all hearts, by assuring them of their progress to the wished-for goal.

Susan was always very happy when she enclosed the quarterly sum to Deacon Rand, although it was hardly won, and earned by the deprivation of many little comforts, and pretty articles of dress, which her companions could procure. But the thought of home, and the future happy days which she might enjoy in it, was the talisman which ever cheered and strengthened her.

She also formed strong friendships among her factory companions, and became attached to her pastor, and their place of worship. After the first two years, she had also the pleasure of her sister's society ; and in a year or two more, another came. She did not wish them to come while very young. She thought it better that their bodies should be strengthened, and their minds educated in their country home ; and she also wished, that in their early girlhood, they should enjoy the same pleasures which had once made her own life a very happy one.

And she was happy now ; happy in the success of her noble exertions, the affection and gratitude of her relatives, the esteem of her acquaintances, and the approbation of conscience. Only once was she really disquieted. It was when her sister wrote that Henry Rand was married to one of their old school-mates.



For a moment, the colour fled from her cheek, and a quick pang went through her heart. It was but for a moment ; and then she sat down, and wrote to the newly married couple a letter, which touched their hearts by its simple, fervent wishes for their happiness, and assurances of sincere friendship.

Susan had occasionally visited home, and she longed to go, never to leave it ; but she conquered the desire, and remained in Lowell more than a year after the last dollar had been forwarded to Deacon Rand. And then, O how happy was she when she entered her chamber the first evening after her arrival, and viewed its newly painted wainscoting, and brightly colored paper-hangings, and the new furniture with which she had decorated it ; and she smiled as she thought of the sadness which had filled her heart the evening before she first went to Lowell.

She now always thinks of Lowell with pleasure ; for Lydia is married here, and she intends to visit her occasionally, and even sometimes thinks of returning for a little while to the Mills. Her brother James has married, and resides in one half of the house, which he has recently repaired ; and Eliza, though still in the factory, is engaged to a wealthy young farmer.

Susan is with her mother and younger brothers and sisters. People begin to think she will be an old maid, and she thinks herself that it will be so. The old Deacon still calls her a good child, and prays every night and morning for the factory girls.

F. G. A.

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### CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

To the young, especially to females, is this a subject fraught with interest. A yearning of the heart for the sympathy which none but friends can impart, is among the first principles of our nature. The scenes of our childhood, and the friends with whom we passed the bright and sunny hours of earliest life, leave an impression on the memory which time cannot obliterate. Nought but death, that stern destroyer, can sever the holy tie which binds us to our kindred.

But even in life, we are often separated from the tried and faithful friends, to whom we have been accustomed to look with a

confidence which has never been abused ; and we are thrown upon the untried scenes of the world, where temptation awaits us on every side.

It is indeed a fearful thing, to be thus launched upon the tempestuous sea of life, without some kind friend to point out the rocks and shoals, upon which so many have been wrecked. Such has been, and is now, the degeneracy of the times, that vice, in many of its hideous forms, be it but arrayed in the garb of custom, is received into the most fashionable society—and I regret to say, encouraged by the courtesy extended to it, even by females ; whose influence should be exerted for its overthrow.

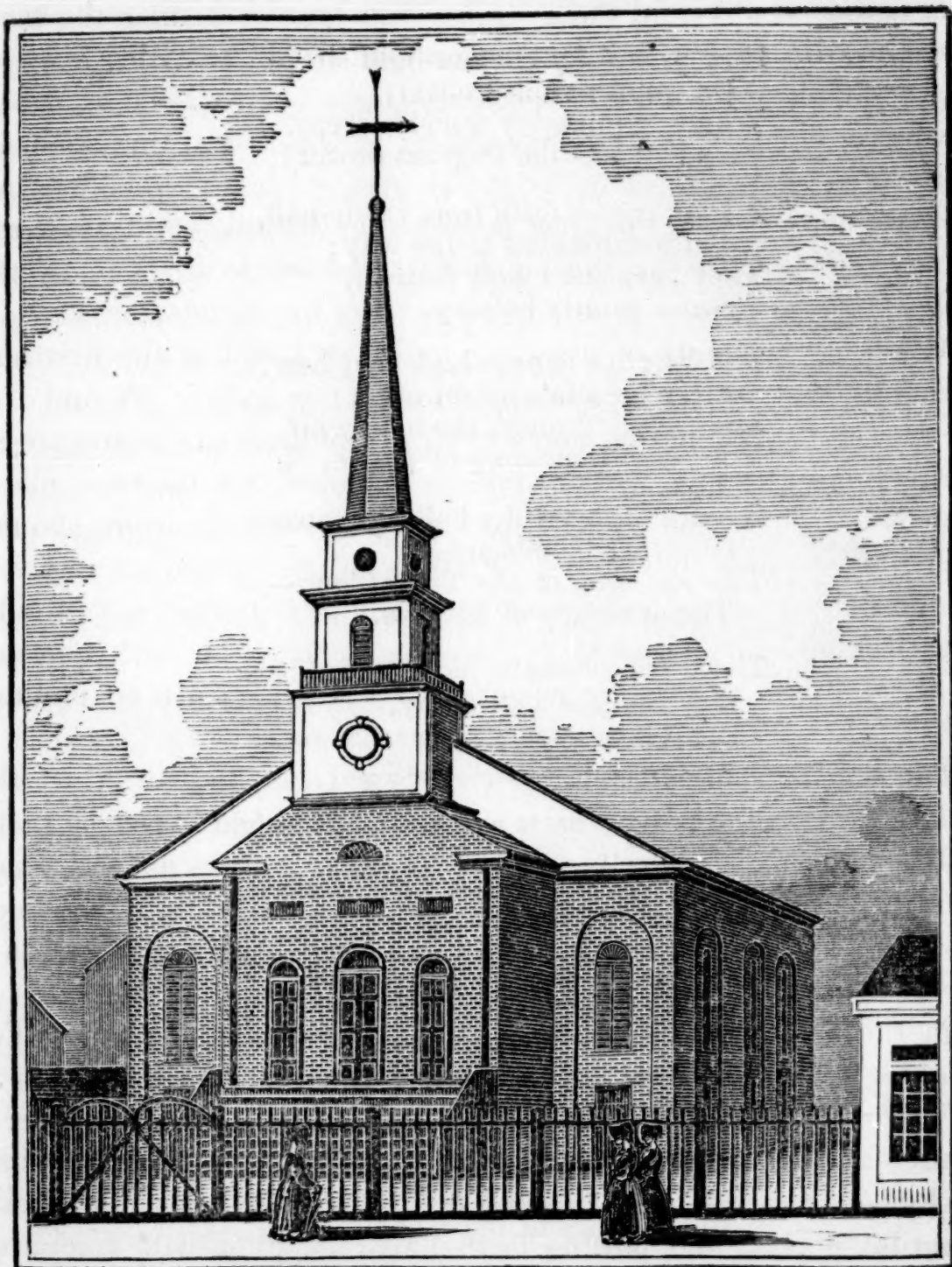
While such a state of manners exists, is it not of the first importance, that we make a happy choice of friends ? Would we escape the contaminating touch of vice, and have our hearts pure, our feelings elevated, and our minds expanded, we must associate with those possessed of qualities we are most desirous should embellish our own characters. Virtue, with her attendant graces, should be considered indispensable ; and next to this, a well cultivated mind—one capable of blending instruction with amusement, and thus awakening in our own souls a desire to imitate the virtues we so much admire in others.

The time is fast approaching, when moral and intellectual worth will be the criterions by which we shall be judged. Let us then endeavor to make ourselves worthy of such society as will tend to our improvement ; for we shall most assuredly be influenced thereby. A new era has already commenced with those who labor in the Mills. We are not now, as formerly, quite obscured from the world by the dark veil of prejudice. No ; truth's bright sun has sent forth its enlivening rays, and where we have been wont to behold nought but a few scattered plants, with perchance a solitary flower here and there, withering and dying with neglect—we now see the bright buds of promise unfolding their beautiful petals, and putting forth blossoms, that will compare with many of longer and more cherished growth.

Does any one ask the cause of this great and happy change ? I answer, the influence of " a friend " hath wrought it. Can we better evince our gratitude, than by improving the privileges thus placed before us ? not forgetting that much of our present and future happiness, depends greatly on those with whom we associate.

CAROLINE.





FIRST CONGREGATIONALIST CHURCH, LOWELL.

## ALBUM TRIBUTES. No. 1.

## THE CASTLE.

How peacefully the sun-light sleeps  
 On yonder ruined tower,  
 Where twining ivy thickly creeps,  
 And blooms the fragrant flower!

A train comes forth from castle-hall,  
 Thick thronging in the way;  
 They keep some holy festival,  
 Some saintly holiday.

The Virgin's banner high they bear,  
 Amid the sun's bright rays;  
 And clearly through the balmy air,  
 Ascends their song of praise.

O, once from yonder hall and tower  
 Far other sounds arose;  
 The war-song of the Troubadour—  
 The death-cry of his foes.

Those arched vaults have echoed back  
 The clang of battle fray,  
 The dinning sounds of martial sack,  
 The charger's dying neigh.

And many a stout and armoured knight  
 Has passed that vaulted gate,  
 With helm and corslet glittering bright,  
 In pride of battle state.

And many a tale of pomp is told  
 Of that old castle-hall,  
 Where ladies fair, and princes bold,  
 Oft held their festive ball.

How different far the bands which now  
 The castle-ground have trod!  
 This day they gathered there to bow  
 In reverence of our God!

Far better is the voice of prayer,  
 Than clang of martial arms;  
 And better far the quiet there,  
 Than warfare's loud alarms.

Soon may the sword to plough-share turn,  
 As prophecied of yore,  
 And nations study peace, and learn  
 The battle-strife no more.

HLENA.



## MEMORY AND HOPE.

"Shadow not forth, O thou land of dreams,  
The past, as it fled by my own blue streams!  
Make not my spirit within me burn  
For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er return."

It was a bright morning in June. The sun melted away the thin vapors that hung upon the bosom of his beautiful aurora, and lifted his brazen forehead above the blue waters of the noble Merrimac, which sparkled with diamond lustre amid his beams—moved by the gentle breeze, that, like the breath of a spirit, passed over them—waking the tiny billow from its mirror-sleep, and bidding it roll as if in worship of the king of day.

It was on a morning like the one I have described, that I seated myself on a large gray stone, partly shaded with trees, on the banks of the river; but I heeded not the dancing waters, nor the rustling leaves, for my thoughts were far, far away, in the sunny home of my childhood. Again had I wandered over the old mansion-house, where so many happy hours had been spent; and again had I seated myself beneath the spreading branches of the elm trees, that shaded the front of the house. Surely, any one would have loved those old trees, beautiful in their summer greenness; nor would they be loved the less, on a cold winter's night. The snow having fallen on their broad spreading branches, you might see them twining lovingly with their fleecy burthen, as if the white-winged clouds had been caught in their arms, and rested there—or, when, as sometimes, they were encased in an icy panoply, all glittering in the silver sheen, like a row of steel-clad knights of olden times.

There I sat for a while, and richly enjoyed that state of feeling,

When one would soar—if ever—  
To the high homes of thought and soul;  
When life's degrading ties would sever,  
And the freed spirit spurn control.  
"My gladdened soul was gushing love,  
And longing for its home above."

But I was soon aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen, by the approach of two figures. They were both fair, but unlike in their beauty. One was a slender, fairy-like form, so light and buoyant, that it seemed as if it could rest on a sunbeam. There was a profusion of dark curls shading the brow; and ever

and anon, a laughing blue eye could be seen, as the wind in passing, tossed back the curls from her forehead. She was busily engaged in twining a garland of flowers ; and surely it seemed meet employment for one so angel-like. The other, though not less fair, seemed to have the reflection of age, without its wrinkles. She seldom smiled ; her natural look was so sadly sweet, that a smile could not heighten her beauty. She, too, had flowers ; but they were withered and dry—though in those dry leaves there was much of fragrance.

As they drew near, I recognized my worthy friends, HOPE and MEMORY. I gladly welcomed them to my shady retreat. Hope was the first to address me. In a soft, musical voice she thus commenced : “Why do I find you here alone, when there is so much gaiety in this beautiful world of ours ? why not join the levee that is to be given this evening, by one of your intimate friends ? or if you do not wish to mingle amid mirth and fashion, see ! I have woven for you a garland that only needs to be placed on that brow to secure you an entrance into the intellectual banquet-hall, where you have so long wished to be ; and there you may stand, the highest with the daughters of fame.”

Oh how my heart beat, as she held the garland of fame high above my head ! Surely, thought I, happiness is yet in store for me ; for fame had been the day-dream of my life. Eagerly was my hand stretched forth to receive the proffered boon ; but it was suddenly arrested—and the laurels that a moment before were within my grasp, fell to the ground. I turned hastily to see who had dared to step between me and the idol I had worshipped for years. Ah ! it was Memory ; and a smile lighted her sad countenance, and it seemed sweeter for the reason that her smiles were “like angels’ visits, few and far between.” I needed but one of her kind looks to reprove me for my foolish ambition.

She seated herself by my side, and thus addressed me, as she held the faded flowers before me : “You remember these ; they were cultivated by your own hands. But see ! they are withered ; and did you ever nurse any thing with peculiar care, but it languished and died ? A bird, a flower, or even a pet lamb, that would come at your bidding, all are gone, and numbered with the things that are not. Your kindred and friends—where are *they* ? A voice answers, gone, gone ! Nevertheless, there are many bright thoughts connected with the past—days of uninter-



rupted happiness, when you would ask no greater blessing from your Creator, than that He would lengthen out your days of joy. But those are now numbered with the dreams of the past. 'Think not,' she continued, "that the meed of fame will make you happy ; but rather seek again the path of science, where you always found a never-failing spring of knowledge ; and let the bubble, fame, pass away. It would rest but heavily on your brow—though Hope often whispers in your ear, that it would be exalting to stand amid the truly great of your native land."

She ceased speaking ; and I then thought I could almost fall down and worship her, for bringing so many past scenes to my remembrance—for I love to think of the past, though the reflection be accompanied with sadness.

I was about to address her, when Hope, with her bright hues, again joined us. I turned to admonish her for her want of sincerity ; and in so doing, the sun fell in golden showers upon my eyes. The exhalation from the green things around, was floating in the atmosphere ; and I awoke. Alas ! it was nought but a dream.

But it is one that will be remembered—for it taught me not to follow the brilliant images that Hope is continually placing in my pathway. I shall profit by the advice of Memory, and never again covet the garland of fame ; but endeavor, by deeds of benevolence, to make myself more useful to my fellow-creatures, and more acceptable to "the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

ELLEN.

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## THE WHORTLEBERRY EXCURSION.

### A TRUE NARRATIVE.

About a dozen of us, lads and lasses, had promised friend H. that on the first lowery day we would meet him and his family, on the top of Moose Mountain, for the purpose of picking whortleberries, and of taking a view of the country around. We had provided the customary complement of baskets, pails, dippers, &c. ; and one morning, which promised a suitable day for our

excursion, we piled ourselves into a couple of wagons, and rode to the foot of the mountain, and commenced climbing it on foot. A beaten path and spotted trees were our guides. A toilsome way we found it—some places being so steep that we were obliged to hold by the twigs, to prevent us from falling.

Three-quarters of an hour after we left our horses, we found ourselves on the whortleberry ground—some of us singing, some chatting, and all trying to see who could pick the most berries. Friend H. went from place to place among the young people, and with his social conversation gave new life to the party—while his chubby boys and rosy girls, by their nimbleness plainly told that they did not intend that any one should beat them in picking berries.

Towards noon, friend H. conducted us to a spring, where we made some lemonade, having taken care to bring plenty of lemons and sugar with us, and also bread and cheese for a lunch. Seated beneath a wide-spreading oak, we partook of our homely repast ; and never in princely hall were the choicest viands eaten with a keener relish. After resting awhile, we recommenced picking berries, and in a brief space our pails and baskets were all full.

About this time, the clouds cleared away, the sun shone out in all the splendour imaginable, and bright and beautiful was the prospect. Far as the eye could reach, in a north and north-easterly direction, were to be seen fields of corn and grain, with new-mown grass-land, and potatoe plats, farm-houses, barns, and orchards—together with a suitable proportion of wood-land, all beautifully interspersed ; and a number of ponds of water, in different places, and of different forms and sizes—some of them containing small islands, which added to the beauty of the scenery. The little village at Wakefield corner, which was about three miles distant, seemed to be almost under our feet ; and with friend H.'s spy-glass, we could see the people at work in their gardens, weeding vegetables, picking cherries, gathering flowers, &c. But not one of our number had the faculty that the old lady possessed, who, in the time of the Revolution, in looking through a spy-glass at the French fleet, brought the French-men so near, that she could hear them chatter ; so we had to be content with ignorance of their conversation.



South-westerly might be seen Cropple-crown Mountain ; and beyond it, Merry-meeting Pond, where, I have been told, Elder Randall, the father of the Free-will Baptist denomination, first administered the ordinance of baptism. West, might be seen Tumble-down-dick Mountain ; and north, the Ossipee Mountains ; and far north, might be seen the White Mountains of New-Hampshire, whose snow-crowned summits seemed to reach the very skies.

The prospect in the other directions, was not so grand, although it was beautiful—so I will leave it, and take the shortest route, with my companions, with their baskets and pails of berries, to the house of friend H. On our way, we stopped to view the lot of rock maples, which, with some little labor, afforded a sufficient supply of sugar for the family of friend H., and we promised that, in the season of sugar-making the next spring, we would make it convenient to visit the place, and witness the process of making maple sugar.

Our descent from the mountain was by a different path—our friends having assured us, that although our route would be farther, we should find it more pleasant ; and truly we did—for the path-way was not so rough as the one in which we travelled in the morning. And besides, we had the pleasure of walking over the farm of the good Quaker, and of hearing from his own lips many interesting circumstances of his life.

The country, he told us, was quite a wilderness when he first took up his abode on the mountain ; and bears, he said, were as plenty as woodchucks, and destroyed much of his corn. He was a bachelor, and lived alone for a number of years after he first engaged in clearing his land. His habitation was between two huge rocks, at about seventy rods from the place where he afterwards built his house. He showed us this ancient abode of his ; it was in the midst of an old orchard. It appeared as if the rocks had been originally one ; but by some convulsion of nature it had been sundered, mid-way, from top to bottom. The back part of this dwelling, was a rock wall, in which there was a fire-place and an oven. The front was built of logs, with an aperture for a door-way ; and the roof was made of saplings and bark. In this rude dwelling, friend H. dressed his food, and ate it ; and here, on a bed of straw, he spent his lonely nights. A small

window in the rock wall, admitted the light, by day ; and by night, his solitary dwelling was illuminated with a pitch-pine torch.

On being interrogated respecting the cause of his living alone so long as he did, he made answer, by giving us to understand, that if he was called "the bear," he was not so much of a brute as to marry until he could give his wife a comfortable maintenance ; "and moreover, I was resolved," said he, "that Hannah should never have the least cause to repent of the ready decision which she made in my favor." "Then," said one of our company, "your wife was not afraid to trust herself with the bear ?" "She did not hesitate in the least," said friend H. ; "for when I 'popped the question,' by saying, 'Hannah, will thee have me ?' she readily answered, 'Yes, To —— ;' she would have said, 'Tobias, I will ;' but the words died on her lips, and her face, which blushed like the rose, became deadly pale ; and she would have fallen on the floor, had I not caught her in my arms. After Hannah got over her faintness, I told her that we had better not marry, until I was in a better way of living ; to which she also agreed. And," said he, "before I brought home my bird, I had built yonder cage ;" pointing to his house ; "and now, neighbors, let us hasten to it ; for Hannah will have her tea ready, by the time we get there." When we arrived at the house, we found that tea was ready ; and the amiable Mrs. H., the wife of the good Quaker, was waiting for us, with all imaginable patience.

The room in which we took tea, was remarkably neat. The white floor was nicely sanded, and the fire-place, filled with pine tops and rose-bushes ; and vases of roses were standing on the mantel-piece. The table was covered with a cloth of snowy whiteness, and loaded with delicacies ; and here and there stood a little China vase, filled with white and damask roses.

"So-ho !" said the saucy Henry L., upon entering the room ; "I thought that you Quakers were averse to every species of decoration ; but see ! here is a whole flower garden !" Friend H. smiled and said, "the rose is a favorite with Hannah ; and then it is like her, with one exception." "And what is that exception ?" said Henry. "Oh," said our friend, "Hannah has no thorns to wound." Mrs. H's heightened color and smile, plainly told us, that praise from her husband was "music to her ear." After tea, we had the pleasure of promenading through the house ;



and Mrs. H. showed us many articles of domestic manufacture, being the work of her own, and her daughters' hands. The articles consisted of sheets, pillow-cases, bed-quilts, coverlets of various colors, and woven in different patterns,—such as charriot wheels, rose-of-sharon, ladies'-delight, federal constitution—and other patterns, the names of which I have forgotten. The white bed-spreads and the table covers, which were inspected by us, were equal, if not superior to those of English manufacture ; in short, all that we saw, proclaimed that order and industry had an abiding place in the house of friend H.

Mrs. H. and myself seated ourselves by a window, which overlooked a young and thrifty orchard. A flock of sheep were grazing among the trees, and their lambs were gamboling from place to place. "This orchard is more beautiful than your other," said I ; "but I do not suppose it contains any thing so dear to the memory of friend H., as is his old habitation." She pointed to a knoll, where was a small enclosure, and which I had not before observed. "There," said she, "is a spot more dear to Tobias ; for there sleep our children." "Your cup has then been mingled with sorrow ?" said I. "But," replied she, "we do not sorrow without hope ; for their departure was calm as the setting of yonder sun, which is just sinking from sight ; and we trust that we shall meet them in a fairer world, never to part." A tear trickled down the cheek of Mrs. H., but she hastily wiped it away, and changed the conversation. Friend H. came and took a seat beside us, and joined in the conversation, which, with his assistance, became animated and amusing.

Here, thought I, dwell a couple, happily united. Friend H., though rough in his exterior, nevertheless possesses a kindly, affectionate heart ; and he has a wife, whose price is above rubies.

The saucy Henry soon came to the door, and bawled out, "The stage is ready." We obeyed the summons, and found that Henry and friend H.'s son had been for our vehicles. We were again piled into the wagons—pails, baskets, whortleberries, and all ; and with many hearty shakes of the hand, and many kind farewells, we bade adieu to the family of friend H.—but not without renewing the promise, that, in the next sugar-making season, we would re-visit Moose Mountain.

JEMIMA.

## LESSONS OF FLOWERS.

"O flowers! on which the angels smiled,  
 Ere sought in garden or in wild!  
 Your bloom, as seen by Flora's eye,  
 Shall breathe us lessons from on high."

Much has been said and written about flowers, of their properties and beauties; but there is still room for more, and ample space for the free exercise of imagination. Far has fancy roamed already—having invested them with spirits as bright and beautiful as their own fair forms and hues; and to them has been assigned a language which speaks of hope and heaven. A language of purity is theirs; and although it does not vibrate on the outward ear, it breathes in the air around, and floats on every breeze, and is none the less prized for its unheard ministries.

Flowers possess a softening influence over our feelings; a cheering and hallowing influence,—for who is there that has communed with these teachers, and not felt in his inmost soul that there is in them a redeeming power? They are welcomed with joy, and greeted with smiles, by old and young, by rich and poor; and the attention bestowed on the cultivation of them, proves that they are universal favorites.

I love them for their beauty and fragrance; for their being so emblematical of our own frail existence; and for their many lessons, so deeply fraught with instruction,—for much of wisdom can be gleaned from these fair spirit-shrines.

In how many points do we resemble flowers? Their life is transient—so also is ours; and although they wither and die at the approach of the chill winds and biting frosts of autumn, yet they revive with the gentle breath and softly-falling rains of spring. And in some degree are they like human flowers—these perish and fade from earth; and although they do not again come forth, and greet us with the returning seasons of opening buds; yet we feel the assurance that they will not always be so enchained. In the immortal spring-time, they will be arrayed in celestial purity, and in a beauty unknown to earth.

They also speak to us of trustfulness in the Guardian of all earth's fair creation; and of gratitude to the Being who has thus



profusely showered blessings around us. For do not the flowers, as they drink the evening dew, and prepare as twilight approaches for the still deeper shades of night, close their eyes in happy security? And at the dawn, with hearts enlarged by grateful feelings, do they not throw open their dewy petals to welcome the first beams of the morning sun, and shed abroad their sweet fragrance, which seems to rise as an offering of incense from the altar of nature? Surrounded by so many thousand sources of happiness, can we not learn of the lowly blossom to be thankful, and to trust in the goodness of which we behold so many powerful evidences?

Many of the cultivated and transplanted flowers of other climes, require daily care and attention. If neglected, they soon fade and die. Thus is it with some affections of the heart. The sacred plant of friendship, if rightly cultivated, will bloom in perennial brightness, bearing the fruit of unity and peace; but if slighted, it will droop, to bloom no more. Then how carefully should we cherish this priceless germ from a holy clime, that it may be preserved fresh and fadeless, to cheer and gladden us with its charms!

Flowers are beautiful and frail. Easily destroyed are they, by slight causes. So is a good reputation—it is easily sullied. As the frost has power to blight the fairest bud, so the breath of slander can dim and even destroy the brightest character, which might otherwise have been a brilliant ornament of society. Both are silent and unseen in their work of destruction, and therefore the more fatal. How many a heart has been wrung with anguish, by the dark shadows which have been cast over a once fair name, without being able to trace the cause or the author of the mischief? May we not learn from this, to guard well the character of others as we would our own?

Each flower can teach us a different lesson; and I would that we paid more attention to their instructions. May we give heed to their voiceless thoughts. And whenever we become distrustful of Providence, may we “consider the lilies of the field how they grow,” and cease our murmurs; for He who clothes the earth with beauty, and fills the air with perfume, will much more watch over those whom He created in his own image.

E. E. T.

## BEAUTY.

“Who hath not proved how feebly words essay  
 To fix one spark of beauty’s heavenly ray ?  
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight  
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,  
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart, confess  
 The might — the majesty of loveliness ?”—BYRON.

What is beauty ? an ideal picture, a mere vision of fancy, as evanescent as it is lovely ? Nay ; beauty exists, and will find its way to the human heart. It has a language that speaks with irresistible eloquence—a language which has won the favor and admiration of thousands in past ages, and will but increase its power in ages to come. The wise and good, the worthiest and best, ever have been, and ever will be, beauty’s admirers. And it is right ; for the Creator has so ordered it. He has kindly and wisely given the faculty for perceiving beauty ; he has also bestowed countless millions of bright and beautiful objects, a contemplation of which shall make that faculty a source of pleasure and delight to its possessor.

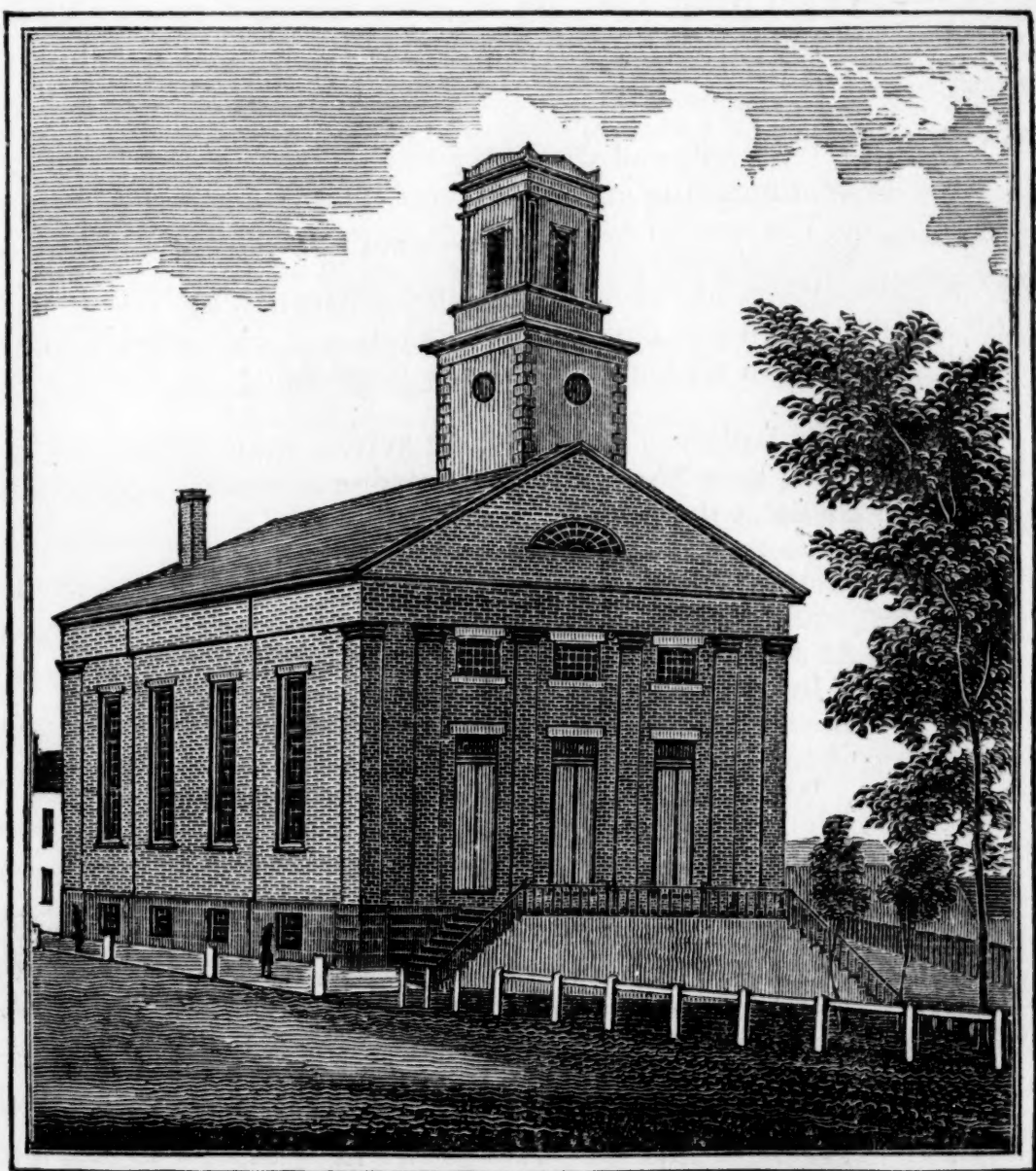
Who can gaze upon the smiling face which nature wears, when fair Spring has unveiled her every mild and lovely attraction, and resist the persuasive influence of so much beauty ? And as more joyous Summer succeeds the milder reign of spring, nature appears in all her brilliant charms—the pride of glorious, dazzling beauty, in gay profusion, displaying numberless stores of inestimable worth—with lavish hand, scattering richest, choicest treasures on every side. And as the many objects of exquisite beauty and loveliness crowd before the eyes, inspiring the heart with blessed hopes—the smile of cheerfulness which every where greets the beholder, awakens the most pleasing reflections, and high and exalted conceptions of the great Author and Giver.

Whether we look abroad upon this beauteous earth, so varied in form, and so full of beauty of outline, and so clothed in the pleasing, universal robe of green, and so adorned with every hue ; or gaze upon the illimitable expanse above, contrasting the bright beams of day with the pale beauty of evening, we can but feel the beneficial effects of the delightful view. It calls us to more devotional feelings to the great Source of infinite perfection, from



whom all blessings flow. It should do more ; for there is not only enough beauty in all the works of God to elevate the affections to the all-wise Giver, but sufficient to kindle our love into a glowing flame, and awaken the liveliest, holiest desire, more faithfully to discharge every duty incumbent upon us as moral, religious, social and accountable beings. E.

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METHODIST CHURCH, HURD ST., LOWELL.

## LOWELL CEMETERY.

CONSECRATED SABBATH EVENING, JUNE 20, 1841.

'Tis hallowed ground! that forest wild  
 Seems almost like a spot enchanted—  
 No more by reckless foot defiled,  
 No more by thoughtless visions haunted.  
 'Tis hallowed ground; let not the sound  
 Of mirth or revelry come near it.  
 'Tis hallowed ground; and far around  
 Let all the people now revere it.

To strains of eloquence and song,  
 The trees and shrubbery have listened—  
 While gazing on the gathered throng,  
 The tearful eye of nature glistened.  
 With gladdened ear, she paused to hear,  
 From her own temple-shrine ascending,  
 In open air, the voice of prayer,  
 With all her many voices blending.

'Tis hallowed ground! that sylvan spot,  
 On holy Sabbath consecrated—  
 Be ne'er the solemn hour forgot,  
 To that sad purpose dedicated.  
 Methinks 'twere blest, by nature drest  
 So beautiful a cemetery;  
 At death's behest, who could not rest  
 In nature's very sanctuary?

'Tis hallowed: 'tis a burial-place,  
 Where dust to dust must soon be treasured.  
 Whose ashes first the spot shall grace?  
 Whose grave shall first of all be measured?  
 Shall mother weep, in anguish deep,  
 For prattling first-born early taken?  
 Or infant creep, to watch the sleep  
 Of mother who may ne'er awaken?

'Tis hallowed ground! the bright blue sky,  
 Like guardian angel, bends above it;  
 The streamlet murmurs gently by—  
 The smiling flowers bend down and love it.  
 When I am dead, O may my head  
 Repose upon that turfy pillow;  
 And o'er my bed, the dew be shed  
 On fragrant rose and weeping willow.



The forest oak, with outstretched arms,  
Invites to peaceful shades the weary ;  
The evergreen displays its charms,  
Lest even winter should be dreary.  
And flowrets bloom, in wild perfume,  
And whisper to the broken hearted,  
To love the tomb, nor dread the gloom,  
That shrouds the home of the departed.

And did I wish I there might lie,  
When death's cold, chilly arms embrace me ?  
O yes—if 'tis my lot to die  
Where strangers in the grave must place me.  
If strangers may ask for their clay,  
So soft, so sweet a couch of slumber—  
Then I would pray of them to lay  
My form among that favored number.

But at the thought of dying here,  
A sense of sadness o'er me stealing,  
Impels the melancholy tear,  
Upspringing from the fount of feeling.  
Those dear to me, I fain would see,  
When death's dark waves are o'er me swelling,  
I'd gladly be beneath the tree  
That shades my early childhood's dwelling.

There is a spot away at home,  
Where those I highly prized are sleeping—  
Where kindred love sometimes to roam,  
And spend the twilight hours in weeping.  
The sky is fair and glowing there,  
And soft distil the genial showers ;  
The balmy air, with kindly care,  
Breathes music through the leafy bowers.

'Tis there——ah no ! thy home is where  
Thy Maker's providence shall call thee ;  
Thy life is measured by His care,  
And naught without Him can befall thee.  
Vain heart, be still ! and do His will—  
So shall sweet peace, till life has ended,  
Thy bosom thrill, and transport fill—  
Thy grave by angels' visits tended.

That place of burial is replete  
With images for calm reflection,  
Where faith beyond the tomb may greet  
The morning of the resurrection.  
There let me stray, oft as I may,  
To muse amid such solemn beauty,  
And learn the way to realms of day—  
For death shall teach of life and duty.

ADELAIDE.

## A WEAVER'S REVERIE.

NO FICTION.

It was a sunny day, and I left for a few moments, the circumscribed spot which is my appointed place of labor, that I might look from an adjoining window upon the bright loveliness of nature. Yes, it was a sunny day ; but for many days before, the sky had been veiled in gloomy clouds ; and joyous indeed was it to look up into that blue vault, and see it unobscured by its sombre screen ; and my heart fluttered, like a prisoned bird, with its painful longings for an unchecked flight amidst the beautiful creation around me.

Why is it, said a friend to me one day, that the factory girls write so much about the beauties of nature ?

Oh ! why is it, (thought I, when the query afterwards recurred to me,) why is it that visions of thrilling loveliness so often bless the sightless orbs of those whose eyes have once been blessed with the power of vision ?

Why is it that the delirious dreams of the famine-stricken, are of tables loaded with the richest viands, or groves, whose pendant boughs droop with their delicious burdens of luscious fruit ?

Why is it that haunting tones of sweetest melody come to us in the deep stillness of midnight, when the thousand tongues of man and nature are for a season mute ?

Why is that the desert-traveler looks forward upon the burning, boundless waste, and sees pictured before his aching eyes, some verdant oasis, with its murmuring streams, its gushing founts, and shadowy groves—but as he presses on with faltering step, the bright *mirage* recedes, until he lies down to die of weariness upon the scorching sands, with that isle of loveliness before him ?

Oh tell me why is this, and I will tell why the factory girl sits in the hour of meditation, and thinks—not of the crowded, clattering mill, nor of the noisy tenement which is her home, nor of the thronged and busy street which she may sometimes tread,—but of the still and lovely scenes which, in by-gone hours, have sent their pure and elevating influence with a thrilling sweep across the strings of the spirit-harp, and then awakened its sweet-



est, loftiest notes ; and ever as she sits in silence and seclusion, endeavoring to draw from that many-toned instrument a strain which may be meet for another's ear, that music comes to the eager listener like the sound with which the sea-shell echoes the roar of what was once its watery home. All her best and holiest thoughts are linked with those bright pictures which called them forth, and when she would embody them for the instruction of others, she does it by a delineation of those scenes which have quickened and purified her own mind.

It was this love of nature's beauties, and a yearning for the pure, hallowed feelings which those beauties had been wont to call up from their hidden springs in the depths of the soul, to bear away upon their swelling tide the corruption which had gathered, and I feared might settle there,—it was this love, and longing, and fear, which made my heart throb quickly, as I sent forth a momentary glance from the factory window.

I think I said there was a cloudless sky ; but it was not so. It was clear, and soft, and its beauteous hue was of "the hyacinth's deep blue"—but there was one bright, solitary cloud, far up in the cerulean vault ; and I wished that it might for once be in my power to lie down upon that white, fleecy couch, and there, away and alone, to dream of all things holy, calm, and beautiful. Methought that better feelings, and clearer thoughts than are often wont to visit me, would there take undisturbed possession of my soul.

And might I not be there, and send my unobstructed glance into the depths of ether above me, and forget for a little while that I had ever been a foolish, wayward, guilty child of earth ? Could I not then cast aside the burden of error and sin which must ever depress me here, and with the maturity of womanhood, feel also the innocence of infancy ? And with that sense of purity and perfection, there would necessarily be mingled a feeling of sweet, uncloying bliss—such as imagination may conceive, but which seldom pervades and sanctifies the earthly heart. Might I not look down from my ærial position, and view this little world, and its hills, valleys, plains, and streamlets, and its thousands of busy inhabitants, and see how puerile and unsatisfactory it would look to one so totally disconnected from it ? Yes, there, upon that soft, snowy cloud could I sit, and gaze

upon my native earth, and feel how empty and "vain are all things here below."

But not motionless would I stay upon that ærial couch. I would call upon the breezes to waft me away, over the broad, blue ocean, and with nought but the clear, bright ether above me, have nought but a boundless, sparkling, watery expanse below me. Then I would look down upon the vessels pursuing their different courses across the bright waters; and as I watched their toilsome progress, I should feel how blessed a thing it is to be where no impediment of wind or wave might obstruct my onward way.

But when the beams of a mid-day sun had ceased to flash from the foaming sea, I should wish my cloud to bear away to the western sky, and divesting itself of its snowy whiteness, stand there, arrayed in the brilliant hues of the setting sun. Yes, well should I love to be stationed there, and see it catch those parting rays, and, transforming them to dyes of purple and crimson, shine forth in its evening vestment, with a border of brightest gold. Then could I watch the king of day as he sinks into his watery bed, leaving behind a line of crimson light to mark the path which led him to his place of rest.

Yet once, O only once, should I love to have that cloud pass on—on—on—among the myriads of stars; and leaving them all behind, go far away into the empty void of space beyond. I should love, for once, to be *alone*. Alone! where *could* I be alone? But I would fain be where there is no other, save the INVISIBLE, and there, where not even one distant star should send its feeble rays to tell of a universe beyond, there would I rest upon that soft, light cloud, and with a fathomless depth below me, and a measureless waste above and around me, there would I —

"Your looms are going without filling," said a loud voice at my elbow; so I ran as fast as possible, and changed my shuttles.

ELLA.

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## A NEW SOCIETY.

"Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes ;  
 When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes :  
 Compounds a medley of disjointed things,  
 A court of cobblers, and a mob of kings.  
 Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad ;  
 Both are the reasonable soul run mad :—  
 And many forms and things in sleep we see,  
 That neither were, nor are—but haply yet may be."

It was Saturday night. The toils of the week were at an end ; and, seated at the table with my book, I was feasting upon the treasures of knowledge which it contained. One by one my companions had left me, until I was alone. How long I continued to read I know not ; but I had closed my book, and sat ruminating upon the many changes and events which are continually taking place in this transitory world of ours. My reverie was disturbed by the opening of the door, and a little boy entered the room, who, handing me a paper, retired without speaking. I unfolded the paper, and the first article which caught my eye was headed, "Annual Meeting of the Society for the promotion of Industry, Virtue and Knowledge." It read as follows : "At the annual meeting of this society, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

"1. *Resolved*, That every father of a family who neglects to give his daughters the same advantages for an education which he gives his sons, shall be expelled from this society, and be considered a heathen."

"2. *Resolved*, That no member of this society shall exact more than eight hours of labour, out of every twenty-four, of any person in his or her employment."

"3. *Resolved*, That, as the laborer is worthy of his hire, the price for labor shall be sufficient to enable the working-people to pay a proper attention to scientific and literary pursuits."

"4. *Resolved*, That the wages of females shall be equal to the wages of males, that they may be enabled to maintain proper independence of character, and virtuous deportment."

"5. *Resolved*, That no young gentleman of this society shall be allowed to be of age, or to transact business for himself, until

he shall have a good knowledge of the English language, understand book-keeping, both by single and double entry, and be capable of transacting all town business."

"6. *Resolved*, That no young lady belonging to this society shall be considered marriageable, who does not understand how to manage the affairs of the kitchen, and who does not, each month, write at least enough to fill one page of imperial octavo."

"7. *Resolved*, That we will not patronize the writings of any person who does not spend at least three hours in each day, when health will permit, either in manual labor, or in some employment which will be a public benefit, and which shall not appertain to literary pursuits."

"8. *Resolved*, That each member of this society shall spend three hours in each day in the cultivation of the mental faculties, or forfeit membership, extraordinaries excepted."

"9. *Resolved*, That industry, virtue and knowledge, (not wealth and titles,) shall be the standard of respectability for this society."

I stopped at the ninth resolution, to ponder upon what I had read ; and I thought it was remarkably strange that I had not before heard of this society. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a gentleman entered the room, with a modest request for subscribers to a new periodical which was about to be issued from the press. I showed him what I had been reading. He glanced his eyes upon it, and exclaimed, "Oh happy America ! Thrice happy land of Freedom ! Thy example shall yet free all nations from the galling chains of mental bondage ; and teach to earth's remotest ends, in what true happiness consists !"

By reading the remainder of the article, I learned that this society, and its auxiliaries, already numbered more than two-thirds of the population of the United States, and was rapidly increasing ; but the date puzzled me extremely ; it was April 1, 1860.

The agent for the new periodical reminded me of his business. I ran up stairs to ascertain if any of our girls would become subscribers ; but before reaching the chambers, I stumbled, and awoke.

TABITHA.



## JOAN OF ARC.

When, in the perusal of history, I meet with the names of females whom circumstances, or their own inclinations, have brought thus openly before the public eye, I can seldom repress the desire to know more of them. Was it choice, or necessity, which led them to the battle-field, or council hall? Had the woman's heart been crushed within their breasts? or did it struggle with the sterner feelings which had then found entrance there? Were they recreant to their own sex? or were the deeds which claim the historian's notice but the necessary results of the situations in which they had been placed?

These are questions which I often ask, and yet I love not in old and musty records to meet with names which long ere this should have perished with the hearts upon which love had written them; for happier, surely, is woman, when in *one* manly heart she has been "shrined a queen," than when upon some powerful throne she sits with an untrembling form, and an unquailing eye, to receive the homage, and command the services of loyal thousands. I love not to read of woman transformed in all, save outward form, into one of the sterner sex; and when I see, in the memorials of the past, that this has apparently been done, I would fain overleap the barriers of by-gone time, and know how it has been effected. Imagination goes back to the scenes which must have been witnessed then, and perhaps unaided portrays the minuter features of the sketch, of which history has preserved merely the outlines.

But I sometimes read of woman, when I would *not* know more of the places where she has rendered herself conspicuous; when there is something so noble and so bright in the character I have given her, that I fear a better knowledge of trivial incidents might break the spell which leads me to love and admire her; where, perhaps, the picture which my fancy has painted, glows in colors so brilliant, that a sketch by Truth would seem beside it but a sombre shadow.

JOAN OF ARC is one of those heroines of history, who can not fail to excite an interest in all who love to contemplate the female character. From the gloom of that dark age, when woman was but a play-thing and a slave, she stands in bold relief, its most

conspicuous personage. Not, indeed, as a queen, but as more than a queen, even the preserver of her nation's king ; not as a conqueror, but as the saviour of her country ; not as a man, urged in his proud career by mad ambition's stirring energies, but as a woman, guided in her brilliant course by woman's noblest impulses,—so does she appear in that lofty station which for herself she won.

Though high and dazzling was the eminence to which she rose, yet “ ’twas not thus, oh ’twas not thus, her dwelling-place was found.” Low in the vale of humble life was the maiden born and bred ; and thick as is the veil which time and distance have thrown over every passage of her life, yet that which rests upon her early days is most impenetrable. And much room is there here for the interested inquirer, and Imagination may revel almost unchecked amid the slight revelations of History.

Joan is a heroine—a woman of mighty power—wearing herself the habiliments of man, and guiding armies to battle and to victory ; yet never to my eye is “ the warrior-maid ” aught but *a woman*. The ruling passion, the spirit which nerved her arm, illumed her eye, and buoyed her heart, was woman's faith. Ay, it was *power*—and call it what ye may—say it was enthusiasm, fanaticism, madness—or call it, if ye will, what those *did* name it who burned Joan at the stake,—still it was power, the power of woman's firm, undoubting faith.

I should love to go back into Joan's humble home—that home which the historian has thought so little worthy of his notice ; and in imagination I *must* go there, even to the very cradle of her infancy, and know of all those influences which wrought the mind of Joan to that fearful pitch of wild enthusiasm, when she declared herself the inspired agent of the Almighty.

Slowly and gradually was the spirit trained to an act like this ; for though, like the volcano's fire, its instantaneous bursting forth was preceded by no prophet-herald of its coming—yet Joan of Arc was the same Joan ere she was maid of Orleans ; the same high-souled, pure and imaginative being, the creature of holy impulses, and conscious of superior energies. It must have been so ; *a superior mind may burst upon the world, but never upon itself* : there must be a feeling of sympathy with the noble and the gifted, a knowledge of innate though slumbering powers. The neglected eaglet may lie in its mountain nest, long after the



pinion is fledged; but it will fix its unquailing eye upon the dazzling sun, and feel a consciousness of strength in the untried wing; but let the mother-bird once call it forth, and far away it will soar into the deep blue heavens, or bathe and revel amidst tempest-clouds—and henceforth the eyrie is but a resting-place.

As the diamond is formed, brilliant and priceless, in the dark bowels of the earth, even so, in the gloom of poverty, obscurity and toil, was formed the mind of Joan of Arc. Circumstances were but the jeweller's cutting, which placed it where it might more readily receive the rays of light, and flash them forth with greater brilliancy.

I have said, that I must in imagination go back to the infancy of Joan, and note the incidents which shed their silent, hallowing influence upon her soul, until she stands forth an inspired being, albeit inspired by naught but her own imagination.

The basis of Joan's character is religious enthusiasm: this is the substratum, the foundation of all that wild and mighty power which made *her*, the peasant girl, the saviour of her country. But the flame must have been early fed; it was not merely an elementary portion of her nature, but it was one which was cherished in infancy, in childhood and in youth, until it became the master-passion of her being.

Joan, the child of the humble and the lowly, was also the daughter of the fervently religious. The light of faith and hope illumines their little cot; and reverence for all that is good and true, and a trust which admits no shade of fear or doubt, is early taught the gentle child. Though "faith in God's own promises" was mingled with superstitious awe of those to whom all were then indebted for a knowledge of the truth; though priestly craft had united the wild and false with the pure light of the gospel; and though Joan's religion was mingled with delusion and error,—still it comprised all that is fervent, and pure, and truthful, in the female heart. The first words her infant lips are taught to utter, are those of prayer—prayer, mayhap, to saints or virgin; but still to her *then*, and in all after time, the aspirations of a spirit which delights in communion with the Invisible.

She grows older, and still amid ignorance, and poverty, and toil, the spirit gains new light and fervour. With a mind alive to every thing that is high and holy, she goes forth into a dark and sinful world, dependent upon her daily toil for daily bread;

she lives among the thoughtless and the vile ; but like that plant which opens to nought but light and air, and shrinks from all other contact—so her mind, amid the corruptions of the world, is shut to all that is base and sinful, though open and sensitive to that which is pure and noble.

“Joan,” says the historian, “was a tender of stables in a village inn.” Such was her outward life ; but there was for her *another* life, a life within that life. While the hands perform low, menial service, the soul untrammelled is away, and revelling amidst its own creations of beauty and of bliss. She is silent and abstracted ; always alone among her fellows—for among them all she sees no kindred spirit ; she finds none who can touch the chords within her heart, or respond to their melody, when she would herself sweep its harp-strings.

Joan has no friends ; far less does she ever think of earthly lovers ; and who would love *her*, the wild and strange Joan ! thought, perhaps, the gloomy, dull and silent one : But that soul, whose very essence is fervent zeal and glowing passion, sends forth in secrecy and silence its burning love upon the unconscious things of earth. She talks to the flowers, and the stars, and the changing clouds ; and their voiceless answers come back to her soul at morn, and noon, and stilly night. Yes, Joan loves to go forth in the darkness of eve, and sit

“Beneath the radiant stars, still burning as they roll,  
And sending down their prophecies into her fervent soul ;”

but better even than this does she love to go into some high cathedral, where the “dim religious light” comes faintly through the painted windows ; and when the priests chant vesper hymns, and burning-incense goes upward from the sacred altar—and when the solemn strains and the fragrant vapor dissolve and die away in the distant aisles and lofty dome, she kneels upon the marble floor, and in ecstatic worship sends forth the tribute of a glowing heart.

And when at night she lies down upon her rude pallet, she dreams that she is with those bright and happy beings with whom her fancy has peopled heaven. She is there, among saints and angels, and even permitted high converse with the Mother of Jesus.

Yes, Joan is a dreamer ; and she dreams not only in the night but in the day ; whether at work or at rest, alone or among her



fellow men, there are angel-voices near, and spirit-wings are hovering around her, and visions of all that is pure, and bright, and beautiful, come to the mind of the lowly girl. She finds that she is a favored one ; she feels that those about her are not gifted as she has been ; she knows that their thoughts are not as her thoughts ; and then the spirit questions, Why is it thus that she should be permitted communings with unearthly ones ? Why was this ardent, aspiring mind bestowed upon *her*, one of earth's meanest ones, shackled by bonds of penury, toil, and ignorance of all that the world calls high and gifted ? Day after day goes by, night after night wears on, and still these queries will arise, and still they are unanswered.

At length the affairs of busy life, those which to Joan have heretofore been of but little moment, begin to awaken even *her* interest. Hitherto, absorbed in her own bright fancies, she has mingled in the scenes around her, like one who walketh in his sleep. They have been too tame and insipid to arouse her energies, or excite her interest ; but now there is a thrilling power in the tidings which daily meet her ears. All hearts are stirred, but none now throb like hers : her country is invaded, her king an exile from his throne ; and at length the conquerors, unopposed, are quietly boasting of their triumphs on the very soil they have polluted. And shall it be thus ? Shall the victor revel and triumph in her own loved France ? Shall her country thus tamely submit to wear the foreign yoke ? And Joan says, No ! She feels the power to arouse, to quicken, and to guide.

None now may tell whether it was first in fancies of the day, or visions of the night, that the thought came, like some lightning flash, upon her mind, that it was for this that powers unknown to others had been vouchsafed to *her* ; and that for this, even new energies should now be given. But the idea once received is not abandoned ; she cherishes it, and broods upon it, till it has mingled with every thought of day and night. If doubts at first arise, they are not harbored, and at length they vanish away.

“ Her spirit shadowed forth a dream, till it became a creed.”

All that she sees and all that she hears—the words to which she eagerly listens by day, and the spirit-whispers which come to her at night,—they all assure her of this, that she is the appointed

one. All other thoughts and feelings now crystalize in this grand scheme; and as the cloud grows darker upon her country's sky, her faith grows surer and more bright. Her countrymen have ceased to resist, have almost ceased to hope; but she alone, in her fervent joy, has "looked beyond the present clouds and seen the light beyond." The spoiler shall yet be vanquished, and *she* will do it; her country shall yet be saved, and *she* will save it; her unanointed king shall yet sit on his throne, and "Charles shall be crowned at Rheims." Such is her mission, and she goes forth in her own ardent faith to its accomplishment.

And did those who first admitted the claims of Joan as an inspired leader, themselves believe that she was an agent of the Almighty? None can now tell how much the superstition of their faith, mingling with the commanding influence of a mind firm in its own conviction of supernatural guidance, influenced those haughty ones, as they listened to the counsels, and obeyed the mandates, of the peasant girl. Perhaps they saw that she was their last hope, a frail reed upon which they might lean, yet one that might not break. Her zeal and faith might be an instrument to effect the end which she had declared herself destined to accomplish. Worldly policy and religious credulity might mingle in their admission of her claims; but however this might be, the peasant girl of Arc soon rides at her monarch's side, with helmet on her head, and armor on her frame, the time-hallowed sword girt to her side, and the consecrated banner in her hand; and with the lightning of inspiration in her eye, and words of dauntless courage on her lips, she guides them on to battle and to victory.

Ay, there she is, the low-born maid of Arc! there, with the noble and the brave, amid the clangor of trumpets, the waving of banners, the tramp of the war-horse, and the shouts of warriors; and there she is more at home than in those humble scenes in which she has been wont to bear a part. Now for once she is herself; now may she put forth all her hidden energy, and with a mind which rises at each new demand upon its powers, she is gaining for herself a name even greater than that of queen. And now does the light beam brightly from her eye, and the blood course quickly through her veins—for her task is ended, her mission accomplished, and "Charles is crowned at Rheims."



This is the moment of Joan's glory,—and what is before her now ? To stand in courts, a favored and flattered one ? to revel in the soft luxuries and enervating pleasures of a princely life ? Oh this was not for one like her. To return to obscurity and loneliness, and there to let the over-wrought mind sink back with nought to occupy and support it, till it feeds and drivels on the remembrance of the past,—this is what she would do ; but there is for her what is better far, even the glorious death of a martyr.

Little does Joan deem, in her moment of triumph, that this is before her ; but when she has seen her mission ended, and her king the anointed ruler of a liberated people, the sacred sword and standard are cast aside ; and throwing herself at her monarch's feet, and watering them with tears of joy, she begs permission to return to her humble home. She has now done all for which that power was bestowed ; her work has been accomplished, and she claims no longer the special commission of an inspired leader. But Dunois says, No ! The English are not yet entirely expelled the kingdom, and the French general would avail himself of that name, and that presence, which have infused new courage into his armies, and struck terror to their enemies. He knows that Joan will no longer be sustained by the belief that she is an agent of heaven ; but she will be with them, and that alone must benefit their cause. He would have her again assume the standard, sword and armour ; he would have her still retain the title of "Messenger of God," though she believes that her mission goes no farther.

It probably was not the first time, and it certainly was not the last, when woman's holiest feelings have been made the instruments of man's ambition, or agents for the completion of his designs. Joan is now but a woman, poor, weak and yielding woman ; and overpowered by their entreaties, she consents to try again her influence. But the power of that faith is gone, the light of inspiration is no more given, and she is attacked, conquered, and delivered to her enemies. They place her in low dungeons, then bring her before tribunals ; they wring and torture that noble spirit, and endeavor to obtain from it a confession of imposture, or connivance with the "evil one ;" but she still persists in the declaration that her claims to a heavenly guidance were but true.

Once only was she false to herself. Weary and dispirited ;

deserted by her friends, and tormented by her foes,—she yields to their assertions, and admits that she did deceive her countrymen. Perhaps in that hour of trial and darkness, when all hope of deliverance from without, or from above, had died away,—when she saw herself powerless in the merciless hands of her enemies, the conviction might steal upon her own mind, that she had been self-deceived ; that phantasies of the brain had been received as visions from on high,—but though her confession was true in the abstract, yet Joan was surely untrue to herself.

Still it avails her little ; she is again remanded to the dungeon, and there awaits her doom.

At length they bring her the panoply of war, the armoured suit in which she went forth at her king's right hand to fight their battle-hosts. Her heart thrills, and her eye flashes, as she looks upon it—for it tells of glorious days. Once more she dons those fatal garments, and they find her arrayed in the habiliments of war. It is enough for those who wished but an excuse to take her life, and the Maid of Orleans is condemned to die.

They led Joan to the martyr-stake. Proudly and nobly went she forth, for it was a fitting death for one like *her*. Once more the spirit may rouse its noblest energies ; and with brightened eye, and firm, undaunted step, she goes where banners wave, and trumpets sound, and martial hosts appear in proud array. And the sons of England weep as they see her, the calm and tearless one, come forth to meet her fate. They bind her to the stake ; they light the fire ; and upward borne on wreaths of soaring flame, the soul of the martyred Joan ascends to heaven.

ELLA.

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### TEARS.

The human heart, in its deep tones and ever-varying imagery, with its limited power of expression, has been justly compared to a “ musician, driven to play infinitely varied music on an organ which has but few notes.” Who has not felt the truth of this, at times, when some power has struck the “ electric chain where-with we are darkly bound,” awaking tones whose music thrills



the inmost depths of our being—yet can find no utterance in words ! As well might we attempt to gather up all the streams which water this broad land, and bid them flow through one narrow channel, as to measure the soul's depths by *any* language, and least of all, the feeble one of words.

And yet, often do the strong and pure feelings of the heart find expression and relief in the silent tear. I know full well the derision which this subject meets from many who pride themselves upon their spiritual strength and independence. "Tears are unmanly," say they, "fit expressions only for woman's weakness and folly." Call them so, if you will. I have seen the great, the strong and brave man, shedding tears over the moral degradation of his fallen brother ; and never, in all his glory, did he seem so pure, so god-like. I have seen, too, that fallen one, who for long years had been buried in sin and wretchedness, aroused by that tear of pitying love, to know, to feel himself a man ; and from that hour, the darkness which had so long obscured the image of the Divinity in his soul, passed away, and forever.

Again : I have seen the rough and hardy sailor, who, it would seem, from long companionship with the rude elements in their stern conflicts, had become as stern and unpitying as they—yet I have seen him when on shore, stopping to listen to the mournful story of a poor old man ; and as he drew from his purse the last of his hard earnings, and gave to the wretched one, I saw him turn and brush a tear from his sunburnt cheek ! It was the seal of Heaven. No longer did he seem the coarse, rude sailor, but the child of God ; and I longed to offer him my hand, and kindly call him brother.

This subject recalls an incident with which I met long since, and which I must give in my own language, having forgotten that of the writer, and therefore may not do it justice.

The scene was an humble cottage, half hidden by the thick foliage of the trees and clustering vines, in one of our New England hamlets, where had gathered, in the rustic little parlour, a few of the villagers, to witness the baptism of a child. At length came the venerable Pastor, whose countenance bore the impress of a spiritual baptism in meekness and holy love. The door of an inner apartment opened, and the young mother, with her babe, was led by her husband into the midst of the little band. She

seemed so angel-like in her plain white robe, and with a countenance of such touching sweetness and purity, that each eye was dimmed, and each lip quivered, as they looked on her. But she saw it not, for she was blind ! The minister arose, and was about to take from her arms the little one she had brought to dedicate to God, when a shower of tears fell from her sightless eyes upon its sweet face ; and immediately was heard the tremulous voice of the pastor pronouncing the benediction ; and then turning to her, he said, “ Young mother, thy tears have consecrated thy child.” Weakness if it be, I thank God that he has not so closed the avenues of our hearts, that we can look on scenes like these with indifference.

We are told that Washington, when parting with the oft-tried companions of his suffering and his glory, was seen shedding tears with “ woman’s weakness.” Shall *he*, the firm, undaunted battler for a nation’s freedom, the disinterested and self-sacrificing Washington, be called weak, because his heart filled to overflowing with gratitude and love for those noble spirits who had so long suffered with and for him ? Was it not rather such meekness and benevolence that made him truly great, the revered, the honored and beloved of his country and the world ?

Yet again ; behold a greater than Washington, even the greatest and purest being earth has ever known, weeping sympathising tears with the sisters of Bethany, for the death of their brother ! And listen to the touching lamentation which, with bitter tears, flowed from his pitying heart, in anticipation of terrible calamities that were to fall upon the devoted city of Jerusalem ! Look upon these examples, and say if tears are weak and unmanly ?

MARY.

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### RURAL STANZAS.

’Tis sweet to roam in summer time, o’er nature’s wide domain,  
To range the valley, hill, and grove, and wide-extended plain !  
Then earth is full of poetry ; ’tis in each passing breeze,  
The ever-flowing mountain stream, and ’mid the forest trees.

I love to ramble in the grove, in nature’s fairest bowers,  
Through which the little streamlet flows, amid the forest flowers ;  
To sit upon its shady bank, beneath the tall oak trees,  
While on the boughs the summer-birds pour forth their harmonies.



Oft have I sat and listened to their merry, merry lays,  
As they so sweetly warbled forth their great Creator's praise;  
I love the clear, wild melody of their enchanting song,  
Which rises from each bush and spray, and gladly floats along.

We see where'er we chance to go—whene'er we look around,  
An impress of our Father's love, on every foot of ground;  
In every tender blade of grass, in every shrub and flower,  
Which, but for His protecting care, could not exist an hour.

The merry songsters of the grove, the fly, the ant, and bee,  
And squirrel that so nimbly skips around from tree to tree,  
Are all fed from His bounteous hand—His love is over all—  
'Without the notice of His eye shall not a sparrow fall.'

Distrustful one! I would that thou the lesson taught might see,  
That He, who careth thus for *them*, will also care for *thee*;  
His guardian love is over all, and we this love may trust—  
May rise to shout His praise on high, when dust returns to dust.

O then in view of so much love, let all their voices raise,  
To Him who is so worthy of our highest notes of praise;  
We'll praise Him with our mortal tongues, till life and death are o'er,  
And then we'll join the angel-choir, to praise Him evermore.

R. C. T.

### LA BRAINARD.

Early in the afternoon of a beautiful summer day, the children of the lower school district in South W. were assembled at the house of an opulent farmer, to celebrate the birth-day of little Frances.

"Issadore," said Frances, speaking to her elder sister, who was ever ready to assist the little ones in their pastimes, "will you make us some wreaths for our heads, if we will gather the roses? Mama's rose-bush is in full bloom, and I know that she is willing for us to have the roses."

"Don't be so sure of that, my little sister," said Issadore, "for I heard your mama say that she intended to make some rose-water this season. But I will tell you what you can do. You can gather your roses from the long string of wild rose-bushes, the other side of the orchard; and you can find plenty of violets near by the rose-bushes; and I will make you as many wreaths as you want."

Away ran the children in high glee, to gather their wild flow-

ers. But Frances soon returned. "Oh, Issadore," said she, "will you not come out with us, and sit on the bench under the great oak, to make our wreaths? La Brainard is coming over yonder hill, and the children say that they shall not be afraid if you are with us." Issadore took her sister by the hand, and they hastened to the oak.

La Brainard was a harmless mad-man, who had been for nearly forty years promenading round Lake Winnipisiogee, and through the towns in the neighborhood of the lake, subsisting all the while upon charity. Many were the stories respecting the cause of La Brainard's mental derangement, but nothing was known for a certainty. It was evident that he had been liberally educated; and at times his manners told that he had been conversant with refined society. The father of Issadore had taught his children to be kind to the "unfortunate;" and at his house, La Brainard was always sure of a welcome reception. But there were many who treated him with contempt; and "Old Brainard" was the bug-bear with which they frightened their children to obedience.

La Brainard drew near, and when opposite the rose-bushes he stopped, gazed at the children, and appeared to be quite delighted. After a few minutes spent in looking at the children, he took down the bars, and came into the field, bending his steps toward the oak.

"Monsieur La Brainard," said Issadore, "I am glad to see you. Have you found any dinner to-day?"

"Yes," said he, "I have had a good dinner."

"So much the better," said Issadore, "for now you have nothing to do, but to sit down by me, and help wreathe some garlands for these children; and tell me the story which you have so many times promised."

La Brainard took up his cane, and counted the notches.— "See!" said he, "I have commenced upon the last week of the last month of the fortieth year of my wanderings. Yes, I will tell you the story,—I may not have another chance.

"You will find," said La Brainard, "that I am the hero of the story which I have promised you. But I shall be brief with the narrative of my early days. Suffice it to say, that the first twenty years of my life were spent under the immediate eye of my parents, and a private tutor. At the age of twenty, I was sent to Paris, to complete my education. My father had an estate of



two thousand louis d'ors per annum. He resided in a chateau, a few miles from Marseilles. My mother was an English lady ; and the day before I left home for Paris, she sailed for England. The voyage was prescribed by her physician—her health having been on the decline for some time previously. She died at Portsmouth about eight months after, as she was on the point of sailing for France. After this, my father took up his residence in a convent of Capuchins at Marseilles.

“ I had been in Paris nearly two years, when a circumstance took place, which made it absolutely necessary that I should not only quit Paris, but also France, with all possible despatch. I had become attached to, or to tell the truth, I was deeply in love with mademoiselle Le Rose, the daughter of a shop-keeper in the Rue St. Dennis. All my leisure time was devoted to the lovely Marie. I often hired a hackney coach, and took Marie with me to Nanterre. Here we would alight, and spend an hour in promenading around the quarries. One day, as we were sauntering along the road, happening to be several rods behind Marie, a man rushed out from one of the openings, and seizing her around the waist, was dragging her into the opening, when I rushed to her rescue, and plunging a dagger into his breast, laid him dead upon the spot. As he fell, he looked me in the face, and faintly articulated, ‘ Oh, La Brainard, you have murdered your friend !’ Words cannot express my astonishment in beholding de Montesson, my bosom friend, dead at my feet,—murdered by my own hand !

“ There was no time to reflect. Quick as thought, I dragged the dead body into the opening, and then bore Marie, fainting, to the coach. It was well for me that it was twilight ; otherwise the coachman might have suspected some foul play. It was dark and had begun to rain, before we reached the Rue St. Dennis. I dismissed the coach, and by an unfrequented route, sought the convent of Carmelites. The Prior was my father’s brother. I told him my sad story, and he advised me to leave France, as de Montesson belonged to a powerful family, and a discovery would bring me to a disgraceful death. My uncle provided me with a mask ; it had a shorn crown, and a long white beard. In this disguise, and habited like a Carmelite, I walked to Marseilles. My father gave me three thousand louis d'ors, and a promise of more, when he had an opportunity.

## THE BOWER OF PRAYER.

1. To leave my dear friends, and from kindred to part, And go from my home, it affects not my heart, Like the tho't of absenting my-self for a

2. Sweet bow'r, where the pine and the poplar have spread, And woven their branches a roof o'er my head! How oft have I knelt on the ev-ergreen

day From that blest re-treat I have chosen to pray, I have chosen to pray.

there, And pour'd out my soul to my Savior in prayer, To my Savior in prayer.

3  
How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,  
The ivy, and balsam, and sweet eglantine!  
But they in their sweetness could never compare,  
With joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

4  
For Jesus my Savior oft deigned there to meet,  
And bless with his pleasure my humble retreat,  
And filled me with rapture and blessedness there;  
Inditing with heaven's own language my prayer.

5  
Dear bower, I must leave thee, and bid thee adieu,  
And pay my devotions in parts that are new;  
Well knowing my Savior resides every where,  
And can in all places give answer to prayer.



“A few days after, I went on board a merchant vessel bound to America. Marie accompanied me, having first given me a husband's right to protect her. It was not long after my arrival in America, before I purchased a farm, in a beautifully sequestered place ; and had come to the resolution of spending my days in the New World. After the Declaration of Independence, (my heart being on the side of the Americans,) I enlisted in the cause of liberty ; and I continued in the service, until the taking of Fort Griswold by the British.

“You will find, by reading the narrative of that event, that after the fort was carried, Col. Ledyard had his sword plunged into his own bosom, by the British officer to whom he presented it ; and also that there was a general massacre, not only of those who resisted, but also of those who surrendered, which continued until all the garrison were either killed or wounded. I was among the wounded. A blow on the head from a sword, deprived me of sense. How long I remained in this situation, I know not ; but the first that I remember, a surgeon was dressing my head. After I had, in a measure, recovered from my wounds, I was discharged on parole. I returned to the place which I had chosen for my future home. It was late at night when I arrived at my journey's end ; and where I expected to rest from the toils of war, and in the sweet society of my Marie, find that peace, which only could be an antidote for the past. Warily did I enter the dwelling, intending not to disturb its sleeping inhabitants, or have my arrival known until morning. A candle was burning in the room where Marie used to sleep ; the door was ajar ; I entered the room, when, oh horrid to relate ! I found Marie not only locked in the embraces of sleep, but also in the arms of a rival. This sight overcame me. I gave a scream, and fell senseless on the floor.

“Weeks, and months, I was confined to the bed of sickness ; and when I did at length recover from sickness, I left my home in despair. How long I wandered, I know not. But stopping one night, by the side of the Winnipisiogee, I fell asleep. De Montesson haunted my dreams ; he stood before me ; the blood was streaming from the wound in his breast. ‘See,’ said he, ‘the work of thy hand. This was done to avenge a perfidious woman. To expiate thy crime, for forty years shalt thou be a

wanderer around this lake ; and I will be thy constant companion.'

"When I awoke, the phantom was by my side ; and summer or winter, it has ever been with me ; and though I know it to be but the effect of a disordered imagination, I cannot drive it from me. Last night I again dreamed of conversing with it. At the close of our conversation, de Montesson said, 'La Brainard, thy crime is expiated ; thy pilgrimage will soon be ended, and I forgive thee.' To-day I have felt calm ; for the phantom no longer frowns upon me ; but on the contrary, he smiles, and we have walked arm in arm, as we used to do in the public gardens of Paris."

La Brainard here ended his narrative, and expressed a wish to take a nap under the oak ; "for," said he, "the moon will rise a little past eight, and then I must continue my journey."

Issadore ran to the house, and brought a pillow to put under the old man's head, bidding him when he awoke, to come to the house for his supper ; and then taking his provision sack to replenish, left him to repose.

Early in the evening, while Issadore and her father were conversing about La Brainard, the old man entered the room. He appeared quite rational, and conversed with great affability for nearly an hour. After partaking of supper, which had been delayed on his account, La Brainard rose to depart. Issadore brought him his provision sack ; he slung it around his neck, and raised his hands to invoke a blessing upon the head of Issadore, who, crossing her arms upon her breast, knelt before him—a thing which she often did, because it gratified La Brainard ; and his invocations, being rather of a ludicrous character, afforded a fund of amusement for her father. "Holy Virgin," said La Brainard, "let thy blessings descend upon St. Issadore ; and when she has no home but the wide world, may she find friends who will treat her with that kindness which she has ever manifested toward La Brainard ; and, O God, do Thou protect the orphan."

After this ceremony, La Brainard took his cane in his right hand, and reached out his left, as if in the act of taking some one by the hand, at the same time saying, "let us go," he took his departure.



“Well,” said Issadore’s father, “La Brainard is as crazy as ever ; the poor man’s imagination has only taken another turn ; but, as my Issadore is canonized, as completely as if the business had been done by the pope, I hope she will be our guardian to-night, by seeing that the fire is safe, the lights put out, and the doors closed. Good night, St. Issadore.”

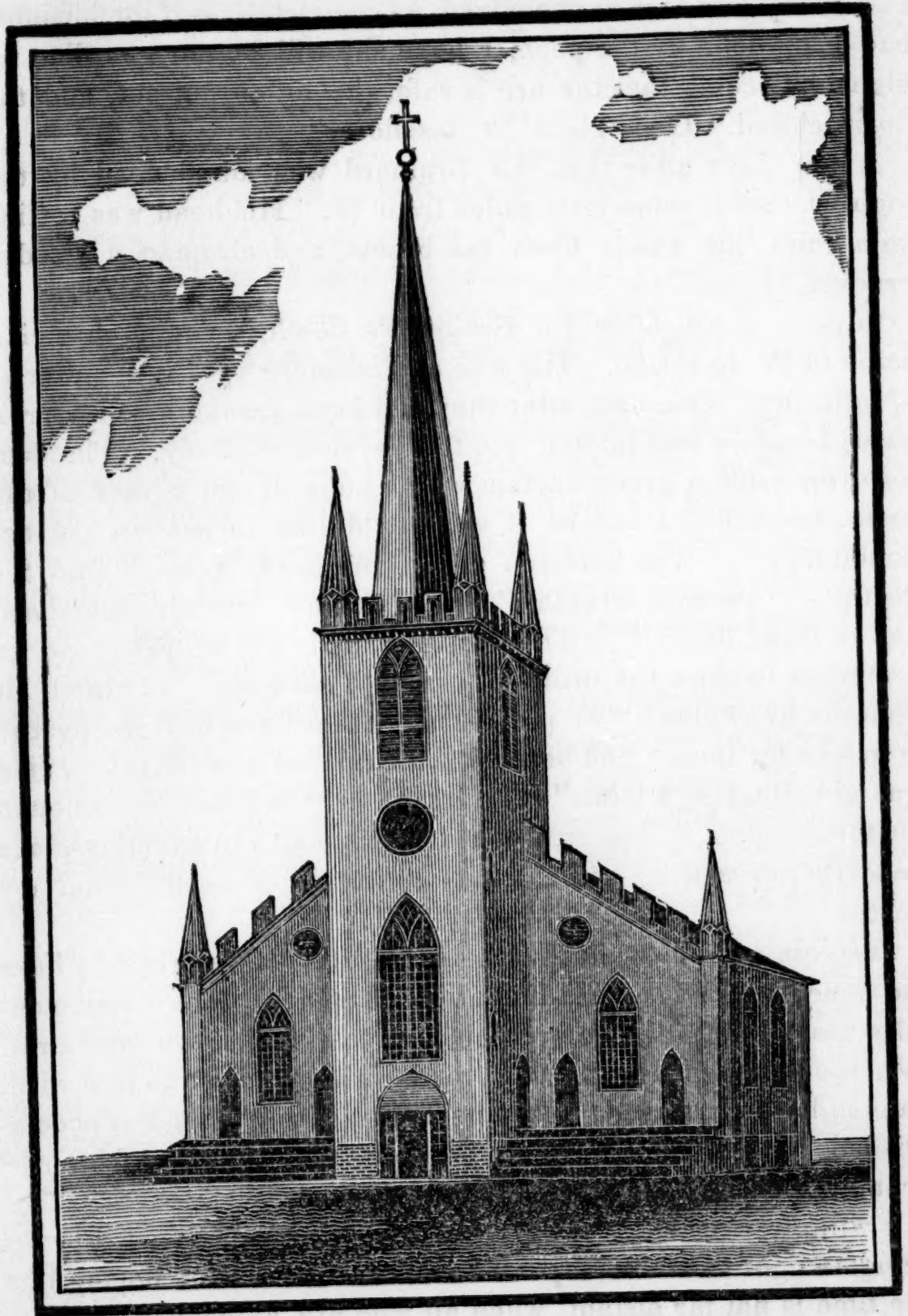
A few days after this, La Brainard was found dead by the high-way side, some forty miles from W. His head was resting on a knoll, his hands upon his breast, and clasping a wooden crucifix.

Several years after La Brainard’s death, a young physician came to W. to reside. His wife and Issadore were soon on terms of intimacy. One day, after they had been speaking of La Brainard, Issadore was invited into the physician’s study. The doctor drew aside a green curtain which hung in one corner of the room, and asked Issadore, if she would like to see an old acquaintance. “The skeleton of La Brainard, ladies,” said the doctor. “Impious wretch !” said Issadore, “what right have you to those bones ?” The doctor smiled, and entered into an argument to show the utility of having a skeleton ; he closed his remarks by saying, “we prefer having those who have no friends to grieve for them ; and besides, La Brainard was crazy.” “He was nevertheless a man,” said Issadore, “and suffered enough for the freedom of America, to entitle his bones to a resting-place beneath her soil.” “But it is otherwise decreed,” said the doctor.

Issadore was silent, but not convinced that it was right to have the bones of La Brainard thus rudely handled. She even mentally wished that the doctor might live to feel his own bones rot. Whether the Scottish gift of second sight gave rise to this wish, cannot be ascertained. But the doctor lived to find it accomplished, for his bones were so defected, that several of his ribs crumbled to pieces before his death.

I will close my story by expressing a wish, that science may yet bring to light some remedy for diseases of the brain ; hoping that the time is not far distant, when all who are afflicted with mental derangement will meet with the sympathy which was due to the unfortunate La Brainard.

TABITHA.



ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.....LOWELL.



## THE DEATH OF EMMA.

He came—the fell spoiler of all that is fair—  
 'Mid earth's brightest treasures he sought for his prey;  
 He chose a loved victim, and carried her, where  
 The proudest and humblest is laid to decay.  
 Not bidding the weary and earth-worn begone,  
 Nor aiming his dart at the palsy of age,  
 Nor hushing to slumber the sad and forlorn—  
 But blotting a star out from youth's early page.

He came not where kindred all gather around,  
 Where social life blesses, and joys overflow,  
 Where antidotes soothing to sorrow are found,  
 And the Eden of home pours a balm on each woe:  
 He came to the land of the stranger, apart  
 From home's kind embraces, and friendship's best deeds;  
 He smote—and the sister's lone, desolate heart,  
 Received the deep wound, and in solitude bleeds.

He came, as he e'er comes, to sever the ties  
 That bound an immortal to this earthly clod;  
 He came, as we trust, to send home to the skies  
 The blood-ransomed spirit to dwell with its God.  
 Her sister and friend—it was theirs to stand by  
 The bed of the dying, and gaze on her there;  
 To watch every smile, and to catch every sigh,  
 And join their petitions to Emma's last prayer.

We mourn that for Emma so early he came,  
 While absent ones weep that she died far away;  
 And parents, and kindred, who cherished her name,  
 Were denied the sad boon of beholding her clay:  
 His coming, methinks, was to tell us a tale,  
 To bid us be ready to yield up our breath;  
 For *we* must lie down, all exhausted and pale,  
 And wait the approach of the angel of death!

He came like a victor, exulting and bold—  
 He triumphs the world o'er; for sin hath been here;  
 The tale of his victory—how soon it is told!  
 For sheathed will his sword be, and broken his spear!  
 The conqueror's conquered! ONE, mighty to save,  
 Hath loosened the captive, hath fought the last foe;  
 The victor is vanquished, and death and the grave,  
 Their work being finished, to chaos must go!

For He, the All-potent, the King over all,  
 The sure in compassion, beheld our lost race,  
 And sent to deliver from sin and its thrall,  
 And open the fountain of mercy and grace.  
 Then, thanks to our Saviour! we never can die,  
 For death to the Christian is but a sweet sleep;  
 That glorified spirit, we trust, is on high,  
 And looking from heaven, forbids us to weep.    ADELAIDE.

## MOVING INTO THE NEW HOUSE.

Perhaps a brief sketch of the old house might not be altogether uninteresting, before entering on the claims of the new one.

First, of its locality and external appearance. It stood on a little eminence, about half a mile distant from Lake Winnipisiogee. It could not consistently be called either palace or cottage. It was among the first built after the settlement of that portion of the country, and it might not be expected to be of very modern style or finish. It had neither paint nor plaister, without or within. It had three rooms on the first floor—namely, a parlour, which served also for a sitting and bed-room; the kitchen, which was used for a cook-room and work-room,—that is, for two or three spinning wheels and the old hand-loom; and the other was a bed-room.

“Well, husband,” said Mrs. Ashton, “I have been waiting a long time to hear you say something about building a new house. You know how we are crowded in this dwelling. It is too small for our family, and is literally crammed full, from cellar to garret.”

Mr. Ashton paused a moment, and replied, “After tea we will talk over this matter, and see to what conclusion we can come. You know building is expensive; and we must make some arrangements for materials this winter, if we determine to build in the spring, and avoid unnecessary expense.”

Tea was on the table forthwith, and so soon as the repast was ended and the dishes removed, all were ready to take their seats in the sitting-room; and when Mrs. Ashton entered, she found Mr. Ashton and her mother waiting to receive her and her two daughters. Mr. Ashton was seated in the great arm-chair that had been previously occupied by his father and grand-father, who had left it as a memorial of the olden time. The little round table stood in the centre of the room, around which were seated the old lady and her two grandsons—one, a lad of seven or eight years; the other, a young man of about twenty, with his slate and arithmetic.

After Mrs. Ashton and her two daughters were seated with their knitting-work, Mr. Ashton introduced the subject that had been anticipated as the business of the evening. After some re-



marks from each, (for all were invited to express an opinion,) it was decided that the necessary preparation should be commenced forthwith, and a house be erected the next spring.

The two daughters sat with their fingers busily engaged in knitting. The eldest seemed pleased with the idea of a new house ; and Sophia, with her usual sweetness, said, "Pa, how smiling Susan looks about the new house ! You know 'Squire Harper's son has come home from singing school with her two or three times ; and she do'n't like to invite him into the kitchen. She is fond of instrumental music, and being withal somewhat absent-minded, she is afraid she will give him an accompaniment on the old hand-loom." "Well, well, Susan," said Mr. Ashton, "these things shall all be attended to ; for, if my memory serves me right, I was young once."

That night Susan had pleasant dreams of the new house ; the parlour was filled with a merry company, and the 'Squire's son was one of the number ; but the morning dawned, and Susan found herself still in the old house, with the usual occupants.

Preparations were soon made for the erection of a new house, as the timber was seen in all directions near the spot where it was to be erected. It was decided that the house should stand at a sufficient distance from the street to admit a flower garden in front ; and as no house was near to range with it, there was no objection. The eldest son and daughter drew a plan and presented it to their father ; and after giving him some explanation as to the use of the rooms separately, he told them he did not know that any of the rooms they had mentioned could well be dispensed with, and that he would consult Mrs. Ashton, and then settle the question.

After some deliberation, a query arose, why it was necessary to have a library-room ; "for," said Mr. Ashton, "the secretary will hold all the books we have or may need for the present ; and that will claim a place in the sitting-room, of course."

"In the sitting-room, father ?" said Susan. "I hope you don't intend to take that old-fashioned thing into the new house !" Mr. Ashton looked her steadily in the face, and inquired if she wished every thing excluded from the new house, that had become defaced by time ; "for," continued he, "you might lose the society of your father and mother, if you do."

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On a pleasant morning in October, Mr. Ashton informed the family that he had fixed on that day to take leave of the old house, and they might make all proper arrangements for such a change.

Every thing was shortly removed and arranged, the secretary and old arm-chair excepted. They had been left intentionally by Mr. Ashton, but without any intimation of his design ; all the books and papers having been carefully arranged and locked up in the secretary.

After the toils of the day were ended, and the family seated in the sitting-room, Mr. Ashton had been accustomed to hear some of his children read aloud by his side, while he was seated in the great arm-chair ; but on the first evening of their residence in the new house, they had neither book nor paper. The secretary contained all. Even Thomas' slate and arithmetic had been left in their former place in the secretary ; for Mrs. Ashton was one of those who have "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place."

After a few moments' conversation, a long silence ensued, which was broken by the rosy-cheeked Sophia. She went and stood by her father's side, and said, "Father, I am sorry you built this new house ; for I would rather live in the old one, than not have the great chair for you to sit in while we read. Will you let me go and get a book, and the great chair ?" Mr. Ashton had determined to have no books in the new house, till he had accomplished his design. Susan had not even dreamed that the lesson was intended for her ; but expected that the next day would restore the secretary, the great chair, and the little round table to their society. But her father was not to be defeated in his plan. He had seen so strong a propensity to vanity, that he had determined to subdue it, and had fixed on the time when the lesson might be most needed.

The next day arrived, and was employed in arranging curtains, and the numberless *et ceteras* of a new house. Mr. Ashton had sent a new secretary from the furniture store, and had it placed in the 'library room,' as it was called. He gave the key to Susan, saying he intended it for her. She was much pleased with its beautiful style. She looked at its green curtains again and again, not perceiving that her father observed her.

Evening arrived, beautiful, serene evening, that nothing might disturb but consciousness of having done wrong. A fire had



been kindled in the parlor, by the request of Mr. Ashton, and he and his mother had taken seats there, before the bustle of tea-dishes had ceased in the kitchen. After the work of the kitchen was ended, Mrs. Ashton and her two daughters went to the sitting-room, where they were met by the elder brother, with a request from his father that they should take seats in the parlour for the evening.

The daughters supposed some friend had called ; but on entering, found no one but the family around the centre-table, upon which was nought but the centre lamp, brightly burning. Susan surveyed her beautiful face as she passed a large mirror, and took a seat at the table. Thomas sat near his father, with a look of discontent, and folded arms. All was silence. The shadow passed over the buoyant heart of Sophia, and she was ready to question the propriety of so much sadness. "Why," said she, "what makes you all look so cross ? have we got to look so sober all the time, because we live in the new house ? Just look at Thomas ; his face is as long as his arm, as he used to say of old Deacon Cawley. I wish he would take his slate ; I would rather see him look as wise as he does when he is doing a hard sum, than look on the carpet an hour at a time. Why don't you speak, Thomas ? what are you so sober about ? I should think you had lost all your cheerfulness and good nature."

The feeling of discontent was contagious. Charley, the younger brother, went out and caught his favorite cat, and returned. Puss did not feel at home, and soon scratched on the door for leave to go out. Sophia opened the door, and as she closed it, said, "I don't blame puss for not liking the new house. I wish we were all back again, and you were in the great chair reading a story, and grandma was peeping out over her specs, laughing ; and then we should be happy,—should n't we, father ?"

Susan looked up and spoke for the first time during the evening, and inquired of Thomas what time it was. Thomas answered, half past eight. "Look again, will you ? I think you must have made a mistake." Thomas looked again : "No ; it is but half past eight." "What a long evening ! don't you think so, father ?" said Susan. Mr. Ashton replied, "I do not know that the evening is any longer than usual ; only we have not so much to occupy our time."

"Father," said Susan, "may not I bring the books, and put

them in my new secretary tomorrow ? so that we can have something to read." Mr. Ashton answered with his usual decision, "No; certainly not: the books are as old as the secretary; *some* of them are, at least. The one I prize most, is ; and if the new house cannot be burdened with one, neither must it be with the other. Pray, cannot all this new furniture, and this new house, make us happy, without the old-fashioned secretary and its contents ?"

Thus a week passed, and the feeling of discontent preyed upon their minds. A general sadness prevailed ; and what was to be done ? Susan felt conscious that her vanity had been the cause of all their disquiet, and would gladly have given her new and beautiful secretary, if the old one could have taken its place. She found it much more difficult to correct her wrong than to do it ; but she determined to make an effort.

She went immediately to her father, and told him that she wished him most sincerely to forgive her folly, and restore the old secretary and arm-chair to the sitting-room. "But can you find a place for them ?" said Mr. Ashton. "Most certainly," replied Susan ; "let them stand directly before the door by which we pass when in the kitchen, that I may see them every time I turn my eyes that way ; for I have learned a lesson from them that I wish to remember."

That day, the secretary and old arm-chair took their places in the sitting-room ; and the little round table stood in the centre of the room, with the usual number of books and papers upon it, that evening, as all the family gathered around it. "Father," said Sophia, "will you read us a story ? I want to hear grandma laugh." Mr. Ashton complied with the request of Sophia, and read a very amusing story that he had selected ; and they made the new house ring with their peals of laughter, for the first time.

Thus, by that simple method, was Susan made to feel that happiness does not consist in splendor, nor in outward appearances. And herein lies the moral of my story. And the lesson was most effectual. A few years after, Susan gave her hand to the 'Squire's son, and though she possessed abundant means, she remembered the lesson taught by her father, that happiness must spring from other sources than outward circumstances.

S. G. B.



## FAMILIAR SKETCHES, No. 3.

## THE CONTRAST.

"No, I cannot marry Capt. Endicot," said Grace Emery to her sister, as the tears fell fast upon a letter that lay open before her ; and while she is re-perusing it, we will speak of her early life.

Henrietta and Grace were the daughters of Mr. Emery, who had formerly resided in Maine, but had recently removed to the city of New York—as Mr. Emery thought his business could be pursued to greater advantage there than in his native State, he being an engraver, besides keeping a fashionable boarding-house.

Among the many transient boarders, was Capt. Endicot. He was master and part owner of an East Indiaman. He had been engaged in this employment from his boy-hood, and had accumulated a large fortune ; and now that the frost of forty winters was upon his brow, he had just bethought him of seeking a wife. He had often met with Grace Emery, the younger of the sisters, at her father's house. She had not yet numbered fifteen summers—a gay, wild, fascinating child—yet was she all the woman in the depth and fervour of her feelings. She respected Capt. Endicot, and she knew not that there was any other feeling in *his* heart, than that of friendship for her ; and for hours would she sit by his side, and listen to the tales of other lands ; for it never entered her young heart that an old man could be in love with *her*. He had made her many valuable presents, and they had been received by her with as much pleasure as if they had been from her own father. But these gifts were not offered by him with the intention of purchasing her love ; for he well knew, from the purity and beauty of her character, that it was neither to be bought nor sold ; and that might be one reason why his heart bowed still more profoundly in homage before her.

Time rolled on, and his love for that young being bordered almost on idolatry ; and she had learned to love *him*, or at least she thought so. Happy were the hours spent then, and he thought a prize indeed would be his for the long years of toil he had spent on the troubled ocean. And glad was he that fortune had smiled on him, for her sake. Some unsettled business ren-

dered it necessary for him to make one voyage more, before he claimed Grace Emery as his bride.

It was a calm summer evening, with the rich masses of radiant clouds just tinged by the parting sunbeam, that Capt. Endicot was seated by the side of one, who was dearer to him than life. Pleasantly did the bright hours dance along with the lovers, and the shadows of night had fallen, ere they thought an hour could have passed—so much had they to say before he bade her adieu again to cross the ocean. But the last moment had approached. In haste he arose, and throwing a chain of gold about her neck, said, “You will wear this for my sake, will you not? and give me one smile to say you do not reject it. And,” he continued, playfully taking her hand, “remember, *this* is to be mine when I return.” He bent gently, kissed the blushing cheek, and hurried from the house. The tears called forth by affection are sweet, thought Capt. Endicot, and the sunny smile of a friend will tint with rainbow hues the passing shower, and the sky will be gladdened with a summer brightness.

One year had passed, and Grace thought there was a change in her feelings towards one she had promised to marry; and there was a doubt in her own mind, whether it was right for one so young to marry a man who was even older than her father. She had not viewed the subject in that light before he left, as every one was so loud in his praise; and then her father would say, “Surely, Grace, a few years can make no difference; and then he is so rich.” But she had now decided that it was better to break her promise, than to deceive him with the idea that she loved him, whereas she felt for him no deeper sentiment than that of respect. She well knew that her friends would raise much opposition to her childish fancy, as they called it; but it was her own happiness that was at stake, and not theirs; “and I will do what I think is right,” she would say; “yes, I will do by him, as I should wish him to do by me, under similar circumstances; and certainly I should not wish to marry him, if he were indifferent to me.”

“Grace, my dear,” said her father, as he entered the breakfast room one morning, “I have brought you a letter. It bears a foreign post mark—probably it is from —— but I will make no comments. Here it is; you can see for yourself.” She took



the letter, kindly thanked him, and hurried to her own room. Silently she broke the seal, and it was not until the last line had been read, that she exclaimed, "No, I cannot marry Capt. Endicot."

"Why not?" inquired Henrietta. "O I know what you will say; it will be because you do not love him; but I wish he would offer himself to *me*. I know *I* could love him, because he is rich; and I should much rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave. And then, to be the wife of Capt. Endicot, and have a carriage of my own, to go and come when I please! Really, you are very ungrateful to reject him, after he has made you so many presents. Would that I were in your place."

"You cannot be in earnest," replied Grace, as she brushed the tears from her cheek. "You would not marry him, merely because he has wealth. Did you, my dear sister, never hear of riches taking to themselves wings, and flying away?"

"Fie," said Henrietta, laughing, "there is no danger of *his* fortune taking wings," and she hastily left the room.

Henrietta was unlike her sister. Wealth and fashion were her idols; she thought that to be rich was to be happy. She was very handsome, and as selfish as she was fair. But time only will show how happy wealth will make her.

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Three years! how quickly had they passed. It was an evening in the month of October, of all others the most beautiful. The air was soft and balmy, and although there had been one or two frosts, Nature's handmaidens decked the woods and forests in their gayest holiday suits. A summer sun still shone, a summer breeze still stirred the trees, as if delighted to linger amid the splendor which had fallen like magic upon all around—like a transient guest, playing amid the bright draperies of scarlet and of gold. A large company had assembled at the house of Mr. Emery. Wealth, fashion, and beauty were there, and many happy hearts, and probably as many sad ones; for it was the wedding party of Henrietta and Grace Emery.

Well had Henrietta succeeded in winning her sister's rejected lover, and she thought she now possessed the "open sesame,"

to all of earthly happiness. Presently the doors were thrown open, and the bridal party appeared ; but Oh, what a contrast !

The first was Capt. E., with his intended bride ; and surely we should have taken her for the sultana of an eastern monarch, so elegantly was she attired ; and had we not known her well, we might have thought she resembled the angels in Heaven, her countenance was so placid and serene. Then came Grace, in all her childish beauty, leaning on the arm of a young man, of respectable bearing—a tradesman, with a small property—but it was sufficient for the supply of their wants. The ceremony was soon over, and after spending a pleasant evening with their friends, they took leave of their father's house, and departed for their new residences. \* \* \* \*

Many years have passed away, since the young bride entered her splendid home. For a time she was quite happy, but it could not last always—though her husband was kind, even kinder than she could wish ; for she often thought if he was not so studiously attentive to her wishes, she should have some cause of complaint ; but as her unhappiness proceeded from her undisciplined feelings, it was buried in her own heart.

On a bright May morning, the Alabama, Capt. Douglas, arrived in the harbor of New York. He had formerly been acquainted with the Emery family of Maine—with Henrietta in particular. He had heard of their marriages, and thought he would improve the present opportunity to call and renew his former acquaintance.

He first directed his steps to a large mansion in Broadway, that had the name of Capt. Endicot on the door. He was ushered into a drawing-room, that wanted nothing of splendor that money could purchase. At a piano, brought from a foreign land, was seated a lady, and as he entered, she was singing,

“ All that is dear to me is wanting,  
Sad and cheerless here I roam.”

Hearing the door close, she turned, and saw Capt. Douglas. She soon recognized him, and burst into tears—for she had formerly loved him, as much as she was capable of loving any one. But she was altered, since he had last met her. The rose had faded from her cheek, and her eyes had lost much of their former brilliancy. He approached her, and spoke kindly, but in



vain—he could not calm her grief. At last he said, “Henrietta, what mean those tears? I have always been told that you were very happy; and certainly I see no sufficient reason why you should not be. You have everything that the most extravagant wishes could ask; your house is a palace, and you have a devoted husband, who is ever ready to promote your happiness.”

“Oh, William,” she replied, “I know all this; but,” she continued, pressing her hand against her heart that it might cease its throbbing, “I have a guilty conscience; I never loved my husband; I married him for his wealth, and for the consequence it would confer upon me. But I have learned a lesson, though it may be that my experience has been dearly purchased, that happiness does not consist in wealth.”

After spending an hour with her, he bade her good morning, promising to call again before leaving New York. He then called upon Grace. She met him at the door, with a smile and a cordial pressure of the hand; and invited him to enter her parlor. It was neatly furnished, but there were no superfluities in it. A little of this world’s wealth, with the chosen of her heart, made her happy.

“Well, Grace,” said he, “what occupations and interests do you find for the long days, when your husband is absent from home? there is no source of amusement here, no music” — Before he had finished the sentence, she tripped across the entry as lightly as a fawn; but she soon returned, bearing in her arms an infant, four or five months old. “Do you think I should want for amusement, or music either, so long as I have this to furnish me with a constant subject of interest?”

“No, no,” he replied; “I find you are as happy as I could wish.” He arose, kissed the child and took leave. And as he wended his way back to the hotel, he thought he had never seen so striking a contrast,—the one of splendid misery, the other of almost perfect bliss. “How true it is,” he exclaimed, “that wealth does not constitute happiness.”

IONE.

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## HOPE AND DESPAIR.

"Beware of desperate steps ; the darkest day,  
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

"Go," said I sternly to a beautiful figure, with laughing eyes and sunny brow, who was endeavoring to cheer me by the sweet melodies which he awakened from a harp he held in his hand, and ever and anon accompanied by the thrilling strains which gushed from his lips. "Go, Hope, thou deceiver, and let me never again hear thy false words and beguiling tones ; they have already betrayed me to ruin ; and now leave me, that I may at least see clearly the gulf into which I have been led."

But Hope still lingered, and his merry laugh rang in my ears till I stopped them against that sound of mockery, and again bade the false one leave me to myself.

"When I am gone, you are deserted by your best friend," was the reply of Hope.

"But not by a *true* one," I added bitterly ; "how often in by-gone hours have you painted to my eager eyes some picture of brightest beauty, and told me then that it was but a shadow of those scenes of happiness in which I should yet bear a part ; but the phantasm would quickly fade away, only to be renewed by others as beautiful and false. But I can no longer be deluded ; my eyes are now opened to thy hollow treachery, and I can never again be the dupe of thy artfulness. Do not stay, for I will neither listen to thy voice, nor gaze upon thy face."

Hope looked wistfully at me for a moment, and his fingers moved as if to sweep his harp-strings—but I bade him desist ; and, wrapping his bright mantle about him, he unfolded his white pinions and fled away. One burst of farewell music fell on the stilly air, then slowly died away, and I was left alone.

"You are mine," said a hoarse deep voice ; and turning, I beheld the lank form and cadaverous visage of Despair, who, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile," again added, "you are mine. I have long been waiting for the time when, weary of Hope's delusions, you should banish him from your presence ; for not till then might I venture to approach you. We cannot live together, and the votaries of one have nought to fear from



the other. You have found that Hope is false; his syren words beguile but to betray; but mine are those of fearful truth. Come with *me*, then, thou ruined one; for truth, alas! you sought too late."

"Nay, nay," said I, in supplicating dread—for there was an appalling influence in the cold, stern gaze and hollow voice of Despair, which took from me all power to command him to depart; "I have banished Hope, but not because I would be with *thee*; for surely, truth may yet be found without the aid of cold Despair."

"But not by thee," and his words fell like an ice-bolt on my heart; "you have followed Hope, and trusted him, and guided your every action by his whimsical counsels, until you have found yourself in the gulf of ruin."

"Nay, tell me not of utter ruin; I have friends to aid me, and a long life still in view; I have banished the deceiver, and past errors may yet be retrieved."

"Too late! too late!" was the stern reply of Despair. "You listened too eagerly, confidingly, and long, to my rival. He has left you in obedience to your own commands, and now you are wholly in my power. You spake of friends; but would those who think themselves your friends, be such, if they knew all your wickedness, all your miserable folly and credulity? It is not you whom they love, but that which you have seemed to them. You know that I speak the words of truth;" and I clasped my hands upon my aching brow, for I dared not gainsay the words of Despair. "You spake of life," continued he; "come with me, and I will show you where your future life is to be spent."

I passively followed my ghastly guide, till he brought me to the bank of a deep, sluggish stream. Its black waters flowed on in a stillness unbroken by nought but the yells and moans of those who, on the opposite bank, were dragging out a wretched existence in the dark regions of Despair. "You must plunge into this stream," said my guide, in a tone of command; "yonder is your future home, and those are to be your companions."

"It is the river of death," said I; "and none may cross its waves save at His bidding, who is mightier than thou."

"Speak not of HIM," replied my grim companion. "Said I not that you are mine, and my commands must be obeyed? He heeds you not; He deserted you when you banished Hope; there

is nought for you here, and where those wretched beings wail forth their tones of agony, there shall you go."

He raised his fleshless arm to thrust me in the stream, when a flash of brilliant light burst over the gloomy waters ; a strain of richest harmony came floating on the wind, and then a sound, "like the faint shiver of a wing," attracted my upward gaze. I looked, and there "he, the departed, stood." Hope had again returned, and once more his cheering words fell sweetly on my ears. "Burst from him," said he, "and I will again be with thee." New strength came like electric fire through my frame, as I listened once more to the voice of Hope. With one earnest effort I released myself from the grasp of Despair ; and bounding from him, I cast myself at the feet of my former companion. One fearful yell rang through the murky air, and Despair had passed away.

"And wilt thou again listen to me," said Hope, "and believe and obey me?"

"Not," said I, "as I once did ; then I believed too easily, and trusted too fondly, and too far ; yet better are even thy false words, than the stern, heart-breaking truths of Despair. Truths, did I say ? Nay, he is as false as thou hast been, and far more unwelcome. Yet I will not wholly forget all he has told me, nor too credulously believe in thee. Sing again thy sweet melodies, but let them tell of the joys of the spirit-land. Picture again thy bright visions, but lay the scenes in another world. Brighten again my earthly path, but let the light come down from above ; and when thou shalt again depart from earth, may it be 'but to fold thy wings in heaven.'"

"Despair has gone," said Hope, in a sweet, mild tone ; "but his influence is still upon thy soul ; there is joy for thee even here, though a purer bliss awaits thee in that better land ;" and Hope struck his harp, and again I listened to its melody.

I was cheered and invigorated ; I returned again to my former haunts, and mingled in the busy scenes of life. And though I never again would yield to the sweet delusions of Hope, and permitted him no more to sing those strains of visionary joy,—neither would I entirely banish him from my presence—being convinced that he alone could save me from the visits of Despair.

FRANCES.



## THE SUGAR-MAKING EXCURSION.

It was on a beautiful morning in the month of March, (one of those mornings so exhilarating that they make even age and decrepitude long for a ramble,) that friend H. called to invite me to visit his sugar-lot—as he called it—in company with the party which, in the preceding summer, visited Moose Mountain upon the whortleberry excursion. It was with the pleasure generally experienced in revisiting former scenes, in quest of novelty and to revive impressions and friendships, that our party set out for this second visit to Moose Mountain.

A pleasant sleigh-ride of four or five miles brought us safely to the domicile of friend H., who had reached home an hour previously, and was prepared to pilot us to his sugar camp. “Before we go,” said he, “you must one and all step within doors, and warm your stomachs with some gingered cider.” We complied with his request, and after a little social chat with Mrs. H., who welcomed us with a cordiality not to be surpassed, and expressed many a kind wish that we might spend the day agreeably, we made for the sugar camp, preceded by friend H., who walked by the side of his sleigh, which appeared to be well loaded, and which he steadied with the greatest care at every uneven place in the path.

Arrived at the camp, we found two huge iron kettles suspended on a pole, which was supported by crotched stakes driven in the ground, and each half full of boiling syrup. This was made by boiling down the sap, which was gathered from troughs that were placed under spouts which were driven into rock-maple trees, an incision being first made in the tree with an auger. Friend H. told us that it had taken more than two barrels of sap to make what syrup each kettle contained. A steady fire of oak bark was burning underneath the kettles, and the boys and girls, friend H.’s sons and daughters, were busily engaged in stirring the syrup, replenishing the fire, &c.

Abigail, the eldest daughter, went to her father’s sleigh, and taking out a large rundlet, which might contain two or three gallons, poured the contents into a couple of pails. This we per-

ceived was milk, and as she raised one of the pails to empty the contents into the kettles, her father called out, "Ho, Abigail! has thee strained the milk?" "Yes, father," said Abigail.

"Well," said friend H., with a chuckle, "Abigail understands what she is about, as well as her mother would; and I'll warrant Hannah to make better maple sugar than any other woman in New England, or in the whole United States—and you will agree with me in that, after that sugar is turned off and cooled." Abigail turned to her work, emptied her milk into the kettles, and then stirred their contents well together, and put some bark on the fire.

"Come, Jemima," said Henry L., "let us try to assist Abigail a little, and perhaps we shall learn to make sugar ourselves; and who knows but what she will give us a 'gob' to carry home, as a specimen to show our friends; and besides, it is possible that we may have to make sugar ourselves at some time or other; and even if we do not, it will never do us any harm to know how the thing is done." Abigail furnished us each with a large brass scummer, and instructed us to take off the scum as it arose, and put it into the pails; and Henry called two others of our party to come and hold the pails.

"But tell me, Abigail," said Henry, with a roguish leer, "was that milk really intended for whitening the sugar?"

"Yes," said Abigail, with all the simplicity of a Quakeress, "for thee must know that the milk will all rise in a scum, and with it every particle of dirt or dust which may have found its way into the kettles."

Abigail made a second visit to her father's sleigh, accompanied by her little brother, and brought from thence a large tin baker, and placed it before the fire. Her brother brought a peck measure two-thirds full of potatoes, which Abigail put into the baker, and leaving them to their fate, returned to the sleigh, and with her brother's assistance carried several parcels, neatly done up in white napkins, into a little log hut of some fifteen feet square, with a shed roof made of slabs. We began to fancy that we were to have an Irish lunch. Henry took a sly peep into the hut when we first arrived, and he declared that there was nothing inside, save some squared logs, which were placed back against the walls, and which he supposed were intended for seats. But



he was mistaken in thinking that seats were every convenience which the building contained,—as will presently be shown.

Abigail and her brother had been absent something like half an hour, and friend H. had in the mean time busied himself in gathering sap, and putting it in some barrels hard by. The kettles were clear from scum, and their contents were bubbling like soap. The fire was burning cheerfully, the company all chatting merrily, and a peep into the baker told that the potatoes were cooked.

Abigail and her brother came and taking up the baker carried it inside the building, but soon returned, and placed it again before the fire. Then she called to her father, who came and invited us to go and take dinner.

We obeyed the summons ; but how were we surprised, when we saw how neatly arranged was every thing. The walls of the building were ceiled around with boards, and side tables fastened to them, which could be raised or let down at pleasure, being but pieces of boards fastened with leather hinges and a prop underneath. The tables were covered with napkins, white as the driven snow, and loaded with cold ham, neat's tongue, pickles, bread, apple-sauce, preserves, dough-nuts, butter, cheese, and *potatoes*—without which a yankee dinner is never complete. For beverage, there was chocolate, which was made over a fire in the building—there being a rock chimney in one corner. “Now, neighbors,” said friend H., “if you will but seat yourselves on these squared logs, and put up with these rude accommodations, you will do me a favor. We might have had our dinner at the house, but I thought that it would be a novelty, and afford more amusement to have it in this little hut, which I built to shelter us from what stormy weather we might have in the season of making sugar.”

We arranged ourselves around the room, and right merry were we, for friend H.'s lively chat did not suffer us to be otherwise. He recapitulated to us the manner of his life while a bachelor ; the many bear-fights which he had had ; told us how many bears he had killed ; how a she-bear denned in his rock-dwelling the first winter after he commenced clearing his land—he having returned home to his father's to attend school ; how, when he returned in the spring, he killed her two cubs, and afterwards the

old bear, and made his Hannah a present of their skins to make a muff and tippet ; also his courtship, marriage, &c.

In the midst of dinner, Abigail came in with some hot mince pies, which had been heating in the baker before the fire out of doors, and which said much in praise of Mrs. H.'s cookery.

We had finished eating, and were chatting as merrily as might be, when one of the little boys called from without, "Father, the sugar has grained." We immediately went out, and found one of the boys stirring some sugar in a bowl, to cool it. The fire was raked from beneath the kettles, and Abigail and her eldest brother were stirring their contents with all haste. Friend H. put a pole within the bail of one of the kettles, and raised it up, which enabled two of the company to take the other down, and having placed it in the snow, they assisted friend H. to take down the other ; and while we lent a helping hand to stir and cool the sugar, friend H.'s children ate their dinners, cleared away the tables, put what fragments were left into their father's sleigh, together with the dinner dishes, tin baker, rundlet, and the pails of scum, which were to be carried home for the swine. A firkin was also put into the sleigh ; and after the sugar was sufficiently cool, it was put into the firkin, and covered up with great care.

After this we spent a short time promenading around the rock-maple grove, if leafless trees can be called a grove. A large sap-trough, which was very neatly made, struck my fancy, and friend H. said he would make me a present of it for a cradle. This afforded a subject for mirth. Friend H. said that we must not ridicule the idea of having sap-troughs for cradles ; for that was touching quality, as his eldest child had been rocked many an hour in a sap-trough, beneath the shade of a tree, while his wife sat beside it knitting, and he was hard by, hoeing corn.

Soon we were on our way to friend H.'s house, which we all reached in safety ; and where we spent an agreeable evening, eating maple sugar, apples, beech-nuts, &c. We also had tea about eight o'clock, which was accompanied by every desirable luxury—after which we started for home.

As we were about taking leave, Abigail made each of us a present of a cake of sugar, which was cooled in a tin heart.—  
"Heigh ho!" said Henry L., "how lucky! We have had an



agreeable visit, a bountiful feast—have learned how to make sugar, and have all got sweet-hearts !”

We went home, blessing our stars and the hospitality of our Quaker friends.

I cannot close without telling the reader, that the sugar which was that day made, was nearly as white as loaf-sugar, and tasted much better.

JEMIMA.

## ALBUM TRIBUTES. No. 2.

### TO A FRIEND.

I have seen a cloud in the eastern sky,  
When tinged with the morning's glowing red ;  
It appeared in beauty afar on high,  
And over the heavens its glory spread.

And I've watched it often at high noon-day,  
As along it sailed in the blue expanse,  
And lightly and pure, in its merry play,  
It joyously seemed in the ether to dance.

And I've viewed its course as the eve came on,  
And brightly it shone with the sun in the west,  
Ere its day of glad triumph was over and gone,  
For it gleamed in a golden and purple vest.

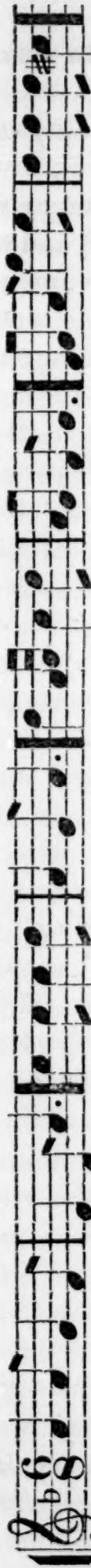
And I've seen it, too, when no sun-beam shone  
Across its lowering and awful form,  
When the quick, forked glare of the lightning alone  
Illumined its folds in the mid-night storm.

As the cloud appears in its morning brightness,  
As it dances at noon in its airy lightness ;  
As it gaily glows in its pride at even,  
The glory of earth and a symbol of heaven ;  
So calmly and beauteous evermore be  
The pathway by Heaven allotted to thee.

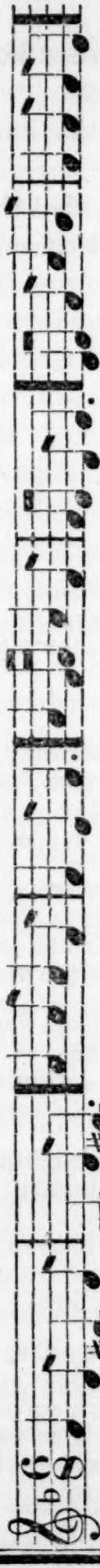
But never may night-robe of sadness arise,  
Divesting life's cloud of its glorious dyes,  
And thy path-way o'ershading with sorrow ;  
Or should there be darkness around thee awhile,  
May the gloom that has gathered be viewed with a smile,  
In the hope of a brilliant to-morrow.

ILENA.

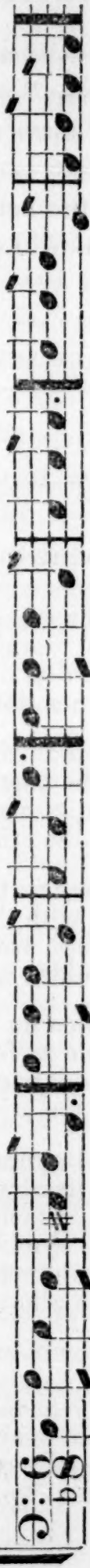
## A SONG OF FAREWELL.



1. When shall we all meet a-gain? When shall we all meet a-gain? Oft may glowing hope ex-pire, Oft may wearied love re-tire,



2. Though in dis-tant lands we sigh, Parch'd beneath a burn-ing sky; Tho' the deep be-tween us rolls, Friendship shall u-nite our souls;



Oft may death and sor-row reign, Ere we all shall meet a-gain.



And in fan-cy's bright do-main, Oft may we all meet a-gain.



3  
Oft have we together met,  
And we part with fond regret.  
Sundered from each other far,  
Love shall be our guiding star;  
And while life and thought remain,  
We will hope to meet again.

4  
When the dreams of life are fled;  
When its wasted lamps are dead  
When in cold oblivion's shade,  
Beauty, fame and power are laid,  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There may we all meet again.



## SHADE TREES.

The late report of the School Committee of Lowell, recommended that shade trees be planted around the school-houses.

This is an excellent thought, and I am surprised that our distinguished philanthropists every where have not given more attention to this subject ; that in their ardent desire to promote the interests of education and create in the youthful mind a love of knowledge, they should have neglected one of the best means for accomplishing their object. I have travelled little, excepting between my native town and Lowell ; nevertheless, I have seen enough to satisfy me, that our people generally have woefully neglected the location and surrounding comforts of school-houses. Very often are they built on waste, sterile land, by the way-side, with not a tree or bush near to shade them from the scorching rays of a summer's sun, or protect them in any way from the rude and merciless blasts of winter—presenting more the appearance of desolate and forsaken buildings, than those to which the young resort to receive their first lessons of wisdom, and to acquire the knowledge which is essential to their success in life.

I am well aware that there are many persons who deem this subject of little importance, and who seem to consider that the only thing requisite for the prosperity of any school, is an able and well-informed teacher ; and that if such an one can be obtained, it matters not whether the place of instruction be surrounded by a delightful prospect, in the midst of the beautiful in nature ; or, whether it be on a wild and barren spot, with nothing to relieve the dull monotony of the scenery around.

From my own experience I have been led to think differently. Well do I remember the old-fashioned school-house in my native place, where I first attended school. A more desolate looking spot, can scarcely be imagined than the one it occupied. It was situated on the only piece of ground in the place, which, from its sterility, was deemed unfit for cultivation. All around was desolate in the extreme. Above, the only object that met the eye was a lofty ledge of rocks, while a low, dismal swamp was the most conspicuous in the scenery below. As it stood on an elevated place, we were obliged to ascend a steep hill, ere we reached the spot where it was situated ; and often has it seemed

to me, that the hill of science, of which I had often heard, could not be more difficult to ascend. There is nothing of pleasure mingled with the recollection of the hours I spent there. True, the teacher was always kind and pleasant, and did all in her power to make the school interesting, but still it possessed no charm for me. The hours slowly flitted by, and the last day was always welcomed with the most delightful emotions.

In this place were spent the first twelve years of my life, when a change in my father's circumstances rendered it necessary for him to remove to a distant part of the State.

Well do I remember the remark he made to me as we approached our future residence. "I hope," said he, "you will be better pleased with the school here, than you were with the one you formerly attended; for see," he continued, "what a nice little school-house they have!" pointing at the same time to a small but neat looking building, thickly shaded by rows of trees, which had been tastefully ranged around it. A small distance behind, and a little ascending from it, was a beautiful grove of maples, while the opposite side of the road was lined with fruit trees. I was delighted with the appearance of it, yet wondered that so charming a spot should have been reserved for a school-house, and thought I should derive much pleasure in attending school there.

Nor was I disappointed. There were spent some of my happiest hours; and often does memory bring before my mind the instructions there received. I always loved the trees and flowers, which a kind Father has so bountifully scattered over the earth; but here it was I first learned the beautiful lessons of instruction they are capable of imparting.

When the renovating breath of Spring had passed over the earth, imparting new life and vigour to every object, and clothing the trees, which had been despoiled of their beauty by the rude hand of Winter, in the gayest attire, we were taught to regard that season as emblematic of youth; and that although we were now in the bloom of life, with the flowers of hope and pleasure thickly strewn around us, it would not be long ere the winter of age would come, and take from us all the joys and pleasures of childhood—thus teaching us wisely to improve the present moments, in the spring-time of our existence, that in riper years we might reap an abundant harvest.



Merrily did the hours pass on ; and with joy did I hail each returning morning, when, with my young companions, I could again be beneath the shade of the lofty elm-trees that overshadowed the school-house ; and often did I ask myself, What has wrought this change ? It surely could not be because we had a more learned or talented instructress ; for superiority in this respect would have been awarded to my former teacher. But I have always believed that the peculiar beauty of the spot, together with the shade trees placed so neatly around it, was the principal cause.

Many years have passed since I gazed on those scenes with which so many pleasing associations are connected, but in the eye of memory they are still fresh and green ; and having since that time had an opportunity of knowing something with regard to school-houses in other places, I have been surprised to find, that in very few cases only, has that wisdom which led the people of New England to erect so many buildings for the instruction of youth, extended far enough to place shade trees around them. It was therefore with great pleasure that I learned, from the report of the School Committee of Lowell, that this plan had been recommended respecting the school-houses in this place.

I have also been much gratified to see the interest manifested in these emblems of taste and purity, in all parts of this city. Within a short time, shade trees have been placed around the different Corporations ; and along some of the canals, even double rows of trees have been placed, forming a cool and delightful retreat. Many pleasant hours have I passed beneath their shade ; and often while thus situated, have my thoughts wandered back to my "far-away home," and I would almost fancy myself there again, seated beneath some favorite tree on that loved spot.

Notwithstanding all that has yet been done, there is still great room for improvement. This world in which we live, although now very beautiful, might be made still more so, if those beings whom God has made masters of it would but cultivate and bring into action the finer feelings of their natures, and seek to place these beautiful ornaments from nature's garden, not only around their own dwellings and along the public streets, but even along the common roads. And if, perchance, there were benevolence enough, they might place fruit trees there, so that the weary traveller might not only rest his wearied limbs beneath their cooling

shade, but refresh himself with the fruit thereof, and thus be enabled to pursue his journey with new life and vigor.

May the time soon come when this subject shall receive the attention of every enlightened community. Then shall "the desert places be made glad, and the wilderness blossom as the rose."

M.

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### RAMBLE OF IMAGINATION.

From a lovely valley I ascended by a zigzag path to the summit of a lofty range of hills, which were covered with a carpet of living green, beautifully interspersed with large fragments of broken granite. I wandered along, ever and anon stopping to admire the scenery in the valley which I had just left. At length I approached a forest, where the meandering rivulet, the "deep tangled wild-wood," and the rugged cliff, all conspired to excite in my mind a love of the beautiful and sublime. On turning the sharp angle of a rock, my attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a human voice. I turned my eyes, and beheld a youth of unusual beauty standing before me. I listened attentively to catch another sound of that rich and musical voice—but the space was short, for he immediately clasped his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven, in a clear but subdued tone of voice, repeated the "Lord's Prayer," and thus continued ;

"Holy Father, I thank Thee for the gracious assurance, that Thou wilt bestow wisdom on those who ask it, feeling their need of this inestimable blessing ; and now I present myself before Thee, desiring even a greater boon than Solomon—for he only prayed for wisdom to rule a great nation, while I pray for wisdom to govern myself ; for wisdom to direct me in that path where I shall most effectually promote the happiness of those around me, my own highest interest, and the honor of that holy religion which Thou hast given me."

Immediately, a being of celestial beauty stood before him. "Young man," said she, "I am commissioned from the high courts of Heaven to assure you that your prayer is heard ; and if you will but rightly exercise the wisdom which you already pos-



ness, in selecting your guiding principles for life, you shall be blessed with the knowledge that your prayer is not only heard, but answered." And immediately she vanished.

While the astonished youth was gazing after the departed vision, a female, gorgeously appareled, approached him, bearing in her hand a banner with this inscription : "The Leader of the Votaries of Pleasure,"—and thus addressed him : "Son of sadness, why do you remain here a prey to your own gloomy reflections ? Come, join my company, and be happy." "Nay," replied Beeri Locke, for by this name I have chosen to introduce my hero ; "first tell me, are your people really happy?" "That you shall see for yourself," said she. Then waving her banner onward, they passed around him. First came the children : some were at play, when they should have been at school ; others were robbing birds' nests and killing the old birds, when they should have been at meeting. Then followed the young men and maidens, who were displaying all their gallantry and coquetry at every place of public amusement—while pride, envy, and chagrin alternately possessed their minds, evidently showing that they were strangers to happiness. Old age brought up the rear, but instead of happiness, either moral or intellectual, gambling, drinking, and ill humor, occupied their time. Nevertheless they managed to keep up an appearance of cheerfulness, ay, even of merriment. The leader finally re-appeared, and demanded his decision. "Madam," said Beeri, "I prefer the solitude of this lonely forest to society like yours." With the rapidity of thought, the whole conclave passed from sight.

Soon another fairy-like being appeared. The inscription on her banner was, "Fashion." "Noble youth," said she, "do off that unseemly garb ; array yourself more gracefully, join us, and be happy." "Is the happiness which you promise enduring ?" replied the youth. "Become acquainted with my followers, and decide for yourself," said she. He passed through their midst, and the result of his investigation was as follows : Her people were all in the prime of life. Amongst all the follies which prevailed, none seemed more disgusting than the filthy habit of smoking and chewing tobacco, which every man seemed to think an indispensable accomplishment. The ladies were constantly deforming themselves by their endeavors to improve the works of the great Creator. The rose which their Maker had implanted

upon their cheeks, they had effaced by dissipation, and afterwards endeavored to replace it by corroding and poisonous paints. The frequent and frivolous change in dress, was a source of continual anxiety and vexation. Taken altogether, the scene wore a very uninviting appearance in Beerî's view ; and he resolved to refuse the alliance.

Fashion and her votaries passed away, and were succeeded by a grave looking matron, bearing a banner wheron was inscribed, "Seeking Wealth." "Sir," said she, "I congratulate you on your safe escape from those fascinating and dangerous beings who preceded me. Come, give me your name, and wealth untold may yet be yours." "Madam," replied Beerî, "I fear yours is not the imperishable wealth ; for I see those who have their heads silvered over with age, just as eager to obtain more, as those who commenced but yesterday. Moreover, your people are not happy ; they know not the pleasures of social life ; every thought and feeling seems to concentrate in self ; the kindly influences of benevolence, with their holy and sanctifying power, are unknown among you. And your people toil all of the time for that, of which they might obtain a competency with half the labor, which renders them morose, unsocial and ignorant. For these reasons, I shall decline accepting your invitation."

Again the young man stood alone, and again were seen approaching three beings of angelic loveliness, each bearing a banner with an appropriate inscription. These were, "Temperance," "Benevolence," and "Truth." They were sisters, and each led her peculiar band. Nevertheless, they acted in concert, for the ties of consanguinity were too strong to admit of a separation. Truth being the eldest was selected to invite the stranger to join their company, which she did in the following manner :

"Young brother, will you exchange the solitude of this charming forest, for the more extensive pleasures of social life ?"— "Wherein, fair sylph, shall I improve my condition?" said Beerî ; "here I can sing with the birds in the air, or gambol with the fishes in the water." "True," replied she, "but you have higher sentiments implanted in your nature, which cannot have their free and natural exercise in this place ; for instance, here you can never know the holy joy of administering to the necessities of a fellow-being in distress. Neither can you know the felicity of communion of heart, with those whose feelings have been



chastened and elevated by the principles of *temperance, modesty, and love*. You cannot know the happiness of contributing to the enjoyment of those around you, and ever living for the good of others. And with whom, young man, will you bow in social worship before the 'Father of spirits'?"

"Hold," cried Beeri, "I am convinced; evermore permit me to be thy favorite, and the favored of thy sisters, and I will spend my life in endeavoring to promote the welfare of thy people, and therefrom will draw my chief happiness."

Gentle reader, if you have not already selected your "guiding principles for life," permit me to pray you to make as judicious a selection as did Beeri Locke.

H. J.

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### STRAY THOUGHTS.

"True, indeed, it is,  
That they whom death has hidden from our sight,  
Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with them  
The future cannot contradict the past—  
Mortality's last exercise and proof  
Is undergone."

It is not in the ball-room, where all is gayety and mirth—nor at parties of pleasure, where beauty and fashion sit enthroned—neither is it in the noise and bustle of a city's crowded mart, that I hold communion with choice spirits who have gone to dwell with the saints above. No; but it is when I enter the abode of sickness, that memory, stealing over me like a sad dream, presents her to my view who was ever ready, in word and action, to relieve suffering humanity.

And oh! what a change have a few miserable years wrought, that I can pass unheeded all her precepts, notwithstanding the book of nature is ever present, written over with the lessons she taught me! At times, my thoughts wander back to the death-bed scene. It was a calm evening in June; the silver wings of night were gathering over me, as one by one I culled the flowers from their frail stalks, and arranged them in a bouquet to present my mother—for she was passionately fond of flowers. Our venerable pastor entered the garden, to hasten my return to the sick

room. Though I was a mere child, not numbering more than ten summers, one glance at his face told me all I could ask.

We entered the chamber together, and oh, what a change ! The white curtains were raised at the head of the bed, and disclosed a face, white as the pillows upon which she reposed. She was sleeping so calmly, so sweetly, that it seemed a foretaste of that sleep "which knows no waking." Presently her lips moved, as if she were speaking, and she slowly opened her eyes and motioned for me to draw near ; and as she laid that thin, transparent hand, almost wet with the dews of death, on my head, she invoked the blessing of God to rest on her child, and keep her in the paths of virtue and truth. She ceased, and for a while all was silent. Then a low, sweet voice, soft as the spirit-tones of a heavenly dream, went forth in the still evening, praying that we, like the stars of night, might rise in heaven, there to tread a living path of light and glory through all eternity. The words died on her lips ; the spirit had gone to a happier sphere, and truly did our beloved pastor say, that "another angel had joined the choir in heaven."

I knew not then what a loss was mine. After the grave had closed over her, I asked permission to strew it with the flowers she loved. The villagers would often accompany me ; and as we drew near the spot, they would step softly, and speak gently, as if the very ground was holy. There they planted the willow, that in after years, when they were wasted and worn by age, they could look from their cottage windows, and far in the distance, see the green branches waving to and fro, as if to guard the grave of one who had been mindful of their happiness.

Many years have passed away since my eyes have rested on that loved spot. Rank weeds may have taken the place of the rose, and the briar may have supplanted the honeysuckle and jessamine. And I, too, am changed. From a warm-hearted, confiding child, I have learned to be cold and callous, from mingling with a world full of deception and guile. But in my better moments I am as a child again, and feel that my mother's spirit is present with me ; and then I kneel, and pour forth her fervent prayer, that virtue and truth may ever be mine. I never think of her amid strife and confusion ; but at the still evening hour, beneath a moonlit sky, by the sea shore, or on the dewy hills, it is then I hear her voice in the passing breeze, as sweet and soft



as when it last fell upon my ear, telling the goodness of Him, who has filled the heavens with beauty, and garnished the earth like a bride for our pleasure, if we will but enjoy these glorious scenes aright.

Her voice comes to me in the rustling leaves and gliding streams, and in the wild flowers that bloom by the water's edge; for these were the scenes she loved; yes, she loved to be alone with nature and nature's God.

I think of her on the holy Sabbath, when we assemble at the house of worship, and the low, fervent prayer ascends to the throne of heaven; for there she taught my footsteps to enter, and to be humble before my Maker. And now my prayer is, that my future life may be so ordered, that when the angel of death shall call the spirit from this world, where all things are "passing away," I shall meet my mother in that better land, where there is no more weeping, nor sorrow, nor temptation.

"RETURN, my thoughts, come home!  
Ye wild and winged, what do ye o'er the deep!  
And wherefore thus th' abyss of time o'ersweep,  
As birds the ocean foam!

Return, my thoughts, return!  
Cares wait your presence in life's daily track,  
And voices, not of music, call you back—  
Harsh voices, cold and stern!"

REBECCA.

## EVENING BEFORE PAY-DAY.

### CHAPTER I.

'To-morrow is pay-day; are you not glad, Rosina, and Lucy? Dorcas is, I know; for she always loves to see the money. Don't I speak truth *now*, Miss Dorcas Tilton?'

'I wish you would stop your clack, Miss Noisy Impudence; for I never heard you speak anything that was worth an answer. Let me alone, for I have not yet been able to obtain a moment's time to read my tract.'

'“My tract”—how came it “my tract,” Miss Stingy Old-maid?—for I can call names as fast as you,' was the reply of Elizabeth Walters. 'Not because you bought it, or paid for it,

or gave a thank'ee to those who did ; but because you lay your clutches upon every thing you can get without down-right stealing.'

'Well,' replied Dorcas, 'I do not think I have clutched anything now which was much coveted by any one else.'

'You are right, Dorcas,' said Rosina Alden, lifting her mild blue eye for the first time towards the speakers ; 'the tracts left here by the monthly distributors are thrown about, and trampled under foot, even by those who most approve the sentiments which they contain. I have not seen any one take them up to read but yourself.'

'She likes them,' interrupted the vivacious Elizabeth, 'because she gets them for nothing. They come to her as cheap as the light of the sun, or the dews of heaven ; and thus they are rendered quite as valuable in her eyes.'

'And that very cheapness, that freedom from exertion and expense by which they are obtained, is, I believe, the reason why they are generally so little valued,' added Rosina. 'People are apt to think things worthless which come to them so easily. They believe them cheap, if they are offered cheap. Now I think, without saying one word against those tracts, that they would be more valued, more perused, and exert far more influence, if they were only to be obtained by payment for them. If they do good now, it is to the publishers only ; for I do not think the community in general is influenced by them in the slightest degree. If Dorcas feels more interested in them because she procures them gratuitously, it is because she is an exception to the general rule.'

'I like sometimes,' said Dorcas, 'to see the voice of instruction, of warning, of encouragement, and reproof, coming to the thoughtless, ignorant, poor, and sinful, as it did from him who said to those whom he sent to inculcate its truths, *Freely ye have received, freely give*. The gospel is an expensive luxury now, and those only who can afford to pay their four, or six, or more, dollars a year, can hear its truths from the successors of him who lifted his voice upon the lonely mountain, and opened his lips for counsel at the table of the despised publican, or under the humble roof of the Magdalen.'

'Do not speak harshly, Dorcas,' was Rosina's reply ; 'times have indeed changed, since the Saviour went about with not a



shelter for his head, dispensing the bread of life to all who would but reach forth their hands and take it ; but circumstances have also changed since then. It is true, we must lay down our money for almost every thing we have ; but money is much more easily obtained than it was then. It is true, we cannot procure a year's seat in one of our most expensive churches for less than your present week's wages ; and if you really wish for the benefits of regular gospel instruction, you must make for it as much of an exertion as was made by the woman who went on her toilsome errand to the deep well of Samaria, little aware that she was there to receive the waters of eternal life. Do not say that it was by no effort, no self-denial, that the gospel was received by those who followed the great Teacher to the lonely sea-side, or even to the desert, where, weary and famished, they remained day after day, beneath the heat of a burning sun, and were relieved from hunger but by a miracle. And who so poor now, or so utterly helpless, that they cannot easily obtain the record of those words which fell so freely upon the ears of the listening multitudes of Judea ? If there *are* such, there are societies which will cheerfully relieve their wants, if application be made. And these tracts, which come to us with scarcely the trouble of stretching forth our hands for their reception, are doubtless meant for good.'

'Well, Rosina,' exclaimed Elizabeth, 'if you hold out a little longer, I think Dorcas will have no reason to complain but that she gets *her* preaching cheap enough ; but as I, for one, am entirely willing to pay for mine, you may be excused for the present ; and those who wish to hear a theological discussion, can go and listen to the very able expounders of the Baptist and Universalist faiths, who are just now holding forth in the other chamber. As Dorcas hears no preaching but that which comes *as cheap as the light of the sun*, she will probably like to go ; and do not be offended with me, Rosina, if I tell you plainly, that you are not the one to rebuke her. What sacrifice have you made ? How much have you spent ? When have you ever given any thing for the support of the gospel ?'

A tear started to Rosina's eye, and the colour deepened upon her cheek. Her lip quivered, but she remained silent.

'Well,' said Lucy to Elizabeth, 'all this difficulty is the effect of the very simple question you asked ; and I will answer

for one, that I am glad to-morrow is pay-day. Pray, what shall you get that is new, Elizabeth ?

‘Oh, I shall get one of those beautiful new damask silk shawls which are now so fashionable. How splendid it will look ! Let me see : this is a five week’s payment, and I have earned about two dollars per week ; and so have you, and Rosina ; and Dorcas has earned a great deal more, for she has extra work. Pray, what new thing shall *you* get, Dorcas ?’ added she, laughing.

‘She will get a new bank book, I suppose,’ replied Lucy. ‘She has already deposited in her own name five hundred dollars, and now she has got a book in the name of her little niece, and I do not know but she will soon procure another. She almost worships them, and Sundays she stays here reckoning up her interest, while we are at meeting.’

‘I think it is far better,’ retorted Dorcas, ‘to stay at home, than to go to meeting, as Elizabeth does, to show her fine clothes. I do not make a mockery of public worship to God.’

‘There, Lizzy, you must take that, for you deserve it,’ said Lucy to her friend. ‘You know you *do* spend almost all your money in dress.’

‘Well,’ said Elizabeth, ‘I shall sow all my wild oats now, and when I am an old maid I will be as steady, though *not quite* so stingy, as Dorcas. I will get a bank book, and trot down Mer-rimac street as often as she does, and every body will say, “What a remarkable change in Elizabeth Walters ! She used to spend all her wages as fast as they were paid her, but now she puts them in the bank. She will be quite a fortune for some one, and I have no doubt she will get married for what she *has*, if not for what she *is*.” But I cannot begin now, and I do not see how *you* can, Rosina.’

‘I have not begun,’ replied Rosina, in a low, sorrowful tone.

‘Why, yes, you have ; you are as miserly now as Dorcas herself ; and I cannot bear to think of what you may become. Now tell me if you will not get a new gown and bonnet, and go to meeting.’

‘I cannot,’ replied Rosina, decidedly.

‘Well do, if you have any mercy on us, buy a new gown to wear into the Mill, for your old one is so shabby. When calico is nine-pence a yard, I do think it is mean to wear such an old



thing as that ; besides, I should not wonder if it should soon drop off your back.'

'Will it not last me one month more ?' and Rosina began to mend the tattered dress with a very wistful countenance.

'Why, I somewhat doubt it ; but at all events, you must have another pair of shoes.'

'These are but just beginning to let in the water,' said Rosina ; 'I think they must last me till another pay-day.'

'Well, if you have a fever or consumption, Dorcas may take care of you, for *I* will not ; but what,' continued the chattering Elizabeth, 'shall you buy that is new, Lucy ?'

'Oh, a pretty new, though cheap, bonnet, and I shall also pay my quarter's pew-rent, and a year's subscription to the Lowell Offering ; and that is all that I shall spend. You have laughed much about old maids ; but it was an old maid who took care of me when I first came to Lowell, and she taught me to lay aside half of every month's wages. It is a rule from which I have never deviated, and thus I have quite a pretty sum at interest, and have never been in want of any thing.'

'Well,' said Elizabeth, 'will you go out to-night with me, and we will look at the bonnets, and also the damask silk shawls. I wish to know the prices. How I wish to-day had been pay-day, and then I need not have gone out with an empty purse.'

'Well, Lizzy, *you* know that "to-morrow is pay-day," do you not ?'

'Oh yes, and the beautiful pay-master will come in, rattling his coppers so nicely.'

'Beautiful !' exclaimed Lucy ; 'do you call our pay-master *beautiful* ?'

'Why, I do not know that he would look beautiful, if he was coming to cut my head off ; but really, that money-box makes him look delightfully.'

'Well, Lizzy, it *does* make a great difference in his appearance, I know ; but if we are going out to-night, we must be in a hurry.'

'If you go by the Post Office, do ask if there is a letter for me,' said Rosina.

'Oh, I hate to go near the Post Office in the evening ; the girls act as wild as so many Caribbee Indians. Sometimes I have to stand there an hour on the ends of my toes, stretching

my neck, and sticking out my eyes ; and when I think I have been pommelled and jostled long enough, I begin to "set up on my own hook," and I push away the heads that have been at the list as if they were committing it all to memory, and I send my elbows right and left in the most approved style, till I find myself "master of the field."

'Oh, Lizzy ! you know better ; how can you do so ?'

'Why, Lucy, pray tell me what *you* do ?'

'I go away, if there is a crowd ; or if I feel very anxious to know whether there is a letter for me, the worst that I do is to try "sliding and gliding." I dodge between folks, or slip through them, till I get waited upon. But I know that we all act worse there than any where else, and if the post-master speaks a good word for the factory girls, I think it must come against his conscience, unless he has seen them somewhere else than in the office.'

'Well, well, we must hasten along,' said Elizabeth, 'and stingy as Rosina is, I suppose she will be willing to pay for a letter ; so I will buy her one, if I can get it. Good evening, ladies,' continued she, tying her bonnet ; and she hurried after Lucy, who was already down the stairs, leaving Dorcas to read her tract at leisure, and Rosina to patch her old calico gown, with none to torment her.

## CHAPTER II.

'Two letters !' exclaimed Elizabeth, as she burst into the chamber, holding them up, as little Goody in the story-book held up her "two shoes," 'two letters ! one for *you*, Rosina, and the other is for *me*. Only look at it ! It is from a cousin of mine, who has never lived out of sight of the Green Mountains. I do believe, notwithstanding all that is said about the ignorance of the factory girls, that the letters which *go out* of Lowell, look as well as those which *come into it*. See here : up in the left hand corner, the direction commences, "Miss" ; one step lower is "Elizabeth" ; then down another step, "Walters." Another step brings us down to "Lowell" ; one more is the "City" ; and down in the right hand corner, is "Massachusetts" at full length. Quite a regular stair-case, if the steps had been all of an equal width. Miss Elizabeth Walters, Lowell City, Massachusetts,



anticipates much edification from the perusal thereof,' said she, as she broke the seal.

'Oh, I must tell you an anecdote,' said Lucy. 'While we were waiting there, I saw one girl push her face into the little aperture, and ask if there was a paper for her; and the clerk asked her if it was a transient paper. "A what?" said she. "A transient paper," he repeated. "Why, I don't know what paper it is," was the reply; "sometimes our folks send me one, and sometimes another."' '

Dorcas and Elizabeth laughed, and the latter exclaimed, 'Girls, I am not so selfish as to be unwilling that you should share my felicity. Should you not like to see my letter?' and she held it up before them. 'It is quite a contrast to our Rosina's delicate Italian penmanship, although she is a factory girl.'

"Dear Cousin: I write this to let you know that I am well, and hope you are enjoying the same great blessing. Father and Mother are well too. Uncle Joshua is sick with the information of the brain. We think he will die, but he says that he shall live his days out. We have not had a letter from you since you went to Lowell. I send this by Mary Twining, an old friend of mine. She works upon the Appletown Corporation. She will put this in the Post Office, because we do not know where you work. I hope you will go and see her. We have had a nice time making maple sugar this spring. I wish you had been with us. When you are married, you must come with your husband. Write to me soon, and if you don't have a chance to send it by private conveyance, drop it into the Post Office. I shall get it, for the mail-stage passes through the village twice a week.

I want to see you more I think  
Than I can write with pen and ink;  
But when I shall, I cannot tell—  
At present I must wish you well.

Your loving cousin, JUDITH WALTERS."

'Well,' said Elizabeth, drawing a long breath, 'I do not think my *loving cousin* will ever die of the "information of the brain"; but if it should get there, I do not know what might happen.—But, Rosina, from whom is *your* letter?'

'My mother,' said Rosina; and she seated herself at the little light-stand, with a sheet of paper, pen, and ink-stand.

'Why, you do not intend to answer it to-night.'

'I must commence it to-night,' replied Rosina, 'and finish it

to-morrow night, and carry it to the Post Office. I cannot write a whole letter in one evening.'

'Why, what is the matter?' said Dorcas.

'My twin-sister is very sick,' replied Rosina; and the tears she could no longer restrain gushed freely forth. The girls, who had before been in high spirits over cousin Judy's letter, were subdued in an instant. Oh how quick is the influence of sympathy for grief! Not another word was spoken. The letter was put away in silence, and the girls glided noiselessly around the room, as they prepared to retire to rest.

Shall we take a peep at Rosina's letter? It may remove some false impressions respecting her character, and many are probably suffering injustice from erroneous opinions, when, if all could be known, the very conduct which has exposed them to censure would excite approbation. Her widowed mother's letter was the following:

"My Dear Child: Many thanks for your last letter, and many more for the present it contained. It was very acceptable, for it reached me when I had not even a cent in the world. I fear you deprive yourself of necessities to send me so much. But all you can easily spare will be gladly received. I have as much employment at tailoring as I can find time to do, and sometimes I sit up all night, when I cannot accomplish my self-allotted task during the day.

"I have delayed my reply to your letter, because I wished to know what the doctors really thought of your sister Marcia. They consulted to-day, and tell me *there is no hope*. The suspense is now over, but I thought I was better prepared for the worst than I am. She wished me to tell her what the doctors said. At length I yielded to her importunities. 'Oh mother,' said she, with a sweet smile, 'I am so glad they have told you, for I have known it for a long time. You must write to Rosina to come and see me before I die.' Do as you think best, my dear, about coming; you know how glad we should be to see you. But if you cannot come, do not grieve too much about it. Marcia must soon die, and you, I hope, will live many years; but the existence which you commenced together here, I feel assured will be continued in a happier world. The interruption which will now take place will be short, in comparison with the life itself which shall have no end. And yet it is hard to think that one so young, so good and lovely, is so soon to lie in the silent grave. While the blue skies of heaven are daily growing more softly beautiful, and the green things of earth are hourly putting forth a brighter



verdure, she, too, like the lovely creatures of nature, is constantly acquiring some new charm, to fit her for that world which she will so soon inhabit. Death is coming, with his severest tortures, but she arrays her person in bright loveliness at his approach, and her spirit is robed in graces which well may fit her for that angel-band, which she is so soon to join.

"I am now writing by her bed-side. She is sleeping soundly now, but there is a heavy dew upon the cheek, brow and neck of the tranquil sleeper. A rose—it is one of *your* roses, Rosina—is clasped in her transparent hand; and one rosy petal has somehow dropped upon her temple. It breaks the line which the blue vein has so distinctly traced on the clear white brow. I will take it away, and enclose it in the letter. When you see it, perhaps it will bring more vividly to memory the days when you and Marcia frolicked together among the wild rose-bushes.—Those which you transplanted to the front of the house, have grown astonishingly. Marcia took care of them as long as she could go out of doors; for she wished to do something to show her gratitude to you. Now that she can go among them no longer, she watches them through the window, and the little boys bring her every morning the most beautiful blossoms. She enjoys their beauty and fragrance as she does every thing which is reserved for her enjoyment. There is but one thought which casts a shade upon that tranquil spirit, and it is that she is such a helpless burden upon us. The last time that she received a compensation for some slight article which she had exerted herself to complete, she took the money and sent Willy for some salt. 'Now, mother,' said she, with the arch smile which so often illuminated her countenance in the days of health, 'Now, mother, you cannot say that I do not earn my salt.'

"But I must soon close, for in a short time she will awaken, and suffer for hours from her agonizing cough. No one need tell me now, that a consumption makes an easy path to the grave. I watched too long by your father's bed-side, and have witnessed too minutely all of Marcia's sufferings, to be persuaded of this.

"But she breathes less softly now, and I must hasten. I have said little of the other members of the family, for I knew you would like to hear particularly about her. The little boys are well—they are obedient to me, and kind to their sister. Answer as soon as you receive this, for Marcia's sake; unless you come and visit us.

"And now, hoping that this will find you in good health, as, by the blessing of God, it leaves me, (a good, though an old-fashioned manner of closing a letter,) I remain as ever,

"Your affectionate Mother."

Rosina's reply was as follows:

"Dear Mother: I have just received your long-expected let-

ter, and have seated myself to commence an answer, for I cannot go home.

"I do wish very much to see you all, especially dear Marcia, once more ; but it is not best. I know you think so, or you would have urged my return. I think I shall feel more contented here, earning comforts for my sick sister and necessities for you, than I should be there, and unable to relieve a want. 'To-morrow is pay-day,' and my earnings, amounting to ten dollars, I shall enclose in this letter. Do not think I am suffering for any thing, for I get along very well. But I am obliged to be extremely prudent, and the girls here call me miserly. Oh mother ! it is hard to be so misunderstood ; but I cannot tell *them* all.

"But your kind letters are indeed a solace to me, for they assure me that the mother whom I have always loved and revered, approves of my conduct. I shall feel happier to-morrow night, when I enclose that bill to you, than my room-mates can be in the far different disposal of theirs.

"What a blessing it is that we can send money to our friends ; and indeed what a blessing that we can send them a letter. Last evening you was penning the lines which I have just perused, in my far-distant home ; and not twenty-four hours have elapsed since the rose-leaf before me was resting on the brow of my sister ; but it is now ten o'clock, and I must bid you good night, reserving for to-morrow evening the remainder of my epistle, which I shall address to Marcia."

It was long before Rosina slept that night ; and when she did, she was troubled at first by fearful dreams. But at length it seemed to her that she was approaching the quiet home of her childhood. She did not remember where she had been, but had a vague impression that it was in some scene of anxiety, sorrow and fatigue ; and she was longing to reach that little cot, where it appeared so still and happy. She thought the sky was very clear above it, and the yellow sunshine lay softly on the hills and fields around it. She saw her rose-bushes blooming around it, like a little wilderness of blossoms ; and while she was admiring their increased size and beauty, the door was opened, and a body, arrayed in the snowy robes of the grave, was carried beneath the rose-bushes. They bent to a slight breeze which swept above them, and a shower of snowy petals fell upon the marble face and shrouded form. It was as if nature had paid this last tribute of gratitude to one who had been one of her truest and loveliest votaries.

Rosina started forward that she might remove the fragrant covering, and imprint one last kiss upon the fair cold brow ; but a



hand was laid upon her, and a well-known voice repeated her name. And then she started, for she heard the bell ring loudly; and she opened her eyes as Dorcas again cried out, 'Rosina, the second bell is ringing.' Elizabeth and Lucy were already dressed, and they exclaimed at the same moment, 'Remember, Rosina, that *to-day is pay-day.*'

LUCINDA.

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## THE HIGH-SCHOOL HOUSE.

### THE DEDICATION.

'Tis done! This house is all thy own,  
 Queen Science! take thy new-built throne;  
 This edifice for thee, alone,

Designed.

Thy votaries have come to bring  
 To-day their free-will offering—  
 A Temple for that deathless thing,  
 THE MIND.

Thou friend of all the wise and just!  
 Ne'er wast thou recreant to thy trust;  
 This dome's thy care, till dust to dust  
 Goes home:

Then guard these doors with zeal sincere;  
 Let no intruder enter here,  
 Or aught that soils the mind come near  
 This dome.

Admit not those who, day by day,  
 Come but to while their time away,  
 And treat thy mild, unerring sway,  
 With scorn;

Or if admitted, make them feel  
 The ardor of a student's zeal:—  
 Each spirit for a nation's weal  
 Adorn.

For lo! a nation's destiny  
 Beneath thy training hand we see:  
 A nation's eyes look unto thee,  
 Fair Queen!

Bright hopes and high around thee shine;  
 To mould the intellect is thine!  
 Hand-maid of truth, almost divine  
 Thy sheen.

ADELAIDE.

## SEEKING AND SEEING.

The day was fair. The earth was glowing in all the bright beauty of a summer morn; and as I inhaled the pure air, so clear and refreshing, it seemed that morning orisons could not but rise spontaneously and gladly from every human bosom. The sun arose in majesty and splendor, gilding the earth with its rays of light and heat—with a warm smile greeting the expanding buds and blossoms, dissipating night's pearly tears, and awaking myriads of happy creatures. Not a cloud was visible in the boundless blue, to dim its glory with a shadow.

I listened to the music of wild birds, and the hum of the busy bees, as they sang their morning song, while the murmuring of the distant water-fall, blended softly with the light rustling of green leaves, and the low whispering of the gentle breeze. I listened to the harmony of sweet sounds like these, till the air seemed full of rich and floating strains of melody. It was nature's summer-note of glad and grateful praise.

The sturdy farmer was already at his work in the open field, and the mechanic in his shop; the factory bell had warned its followers of the returning hour of toil, which was soon answered by groups of persons hurrying to the mills—and all was life and activity. Children were abroad, in all the happiness of innocence and truth, chasing the butterfly, or watching the humming bird as it swiftly flitted from flower to flower. Their joyful shouts were mingling with the lively sallies and less boisterous mirth of those of riper years. Joy and gladness reigned around.

Time sped on; the morning wore away, and the sun rode proudly on his upward, dazzling course, till he reached the zenith, and his burning mid-day rays were pouring down in floods of glory. The cool breath of morn had been changed to a warm and sultry air; the birds that sang so sweetly, and soared so lightly, were silent and unseen, having sought the thick shade of some adjacent grove; the bee was still as busy and musical as ever—but the dew-drops had been chased away, and the spider's frail web, which was glittering with its coronet of circling gems like a monarch's crown, was now bereft of its borrowed lustre. How much like the external beauty and accomplishments of the young! They are beautiful and attracting while they shine in the glow of



health and happiness—but time hastens on, life's morn is soon past, with its freshness and sparkling beauty. Like the spider-web, in the noontide of life they are despoiled of their once prized radiance ; and beneath the withering, scorching skies of sorrow and disappointment, which have power to dry up the deep fountains of the heart, they droop, fade and wither, like the flowers at noon-tide hour. The wind was hushed ; even the poplar leaves were motionless ; but as the sun descended from his giddy height, it again awoke, and timidly aroused the playful leaves and kissed the sleeping water.

I looked upon the works of nature and united industry of man. The grassy lawn, gradually sloping to the brink of a graceful river, which was now sparkling beneath the rays of the setting sun : the trees on its opposite bank ; the garden ; dwelling houses ; and farther on, the lofty spires of the city, were mirrored with distinctness on its still and glassy surface. The heavens were cloudless, save here and there a fleecy form, which imagination might suppose a messenger from realms of light, to watch over us through the fast approaching hours of darkness.

I also looked upon the flowers—beautiful in all their various forms and colors, filling the air with fragrance and the earth with beauty. The orchard, plentiful with ripening fruit ; fields of corn and waving grain, all foretold a bountiful harvest.

And now the sun had taken his last farewell glance ; but long after he disappeared, could be seen the reflection of his rays in the crimson glow around the western horizon—like the departure of a Christian, the glory of whose goodness remains long after he has vanished from mortal vision.

I heard the plaintive notes of the wood-bird ; the shrill chirping of the cricket, and merry concert of the frogs. This was their hour for hymns of praise. I watched the stars as they came forth in companies, or one by one, to take their accustomed places in the bright constellations that nightly glitter in the heavens, increasing in brightness as light disappears ; and when the last faint, trembling star appeared in the deep blue vault, they all rejoiced.

But soon a larger form was seen slowly gliding up from behind the eastern hills, and the moon, in all her purity and loveliness, arose—night's chosen queen, casting far and near her mild, hea-

venly beams ; and with every thing so peaceful and happy, the earth reposing beneath her silvery light, it seemed almost a paradise.

Nor silent was mankind. Voices might be heard ascending in tones of love and gratitude to the King of kings. And where the lip was silent, far down in the secret depths of the heart, was rising the melody of a pure and thankful spirit.

E. E. T.

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### THE RETURN.

It is midnight. The bustle of the street has long since ceased. The lamp has gone out on the student's table ; the child sleeps quietly on the fond parent's bosom ; and the weary laborer has forgotten his toil. All is hushed, save the howling blast, and the dashing of old ocean's waves, as they angrily lash the shore.

All now acknowledge a season of repose, save one whose anxious eye is often raised to the cloud-mantled heavens. Anon it rests upon the angry surges of the deep. Anguish sits triumphant on every feature of his venerable face, and his full soul breaks forth in strains of pathetic sorrow. Slowly lifting his eyes to heaven, he breathes a short but fervent prayer for one who hitherto had spurned its richest blessings. Like Abraham, he prays that his erring son may yet live before God—that he may return to his friends, and in the home of paternal affection, manifest the fruits of a renewed life.

A rap is heard at the door. A tall youth enters, whose weather-beaten and burned features proclaim months of toil beneath the burning sun in a sultry clime. The emotions of his soul are portrayed in the confusion of his face. Falling at the feet of his parent, he essays to acknowledge the kindness upon which he had long trampled—for he feared even to look in the face of the father he had so deeply wounded. With rapture the venerable patriarch folded his erring child to his bosom, and gratefully exclaimed, "The Lord hath heard my prayer, and listened to my supplication : henceforth will I make mention of His loving kindness, and trust in His holy name for ever."

MARY S.



## FRIENDSHIP.

How sweet, how soothing, is the voice of friendship ! How fascinating it falls upon the ear, and with a magical influence heals the wounds of the heart ! In the hour of trial and adversity, when the thick mists of sorrow have shrouded every prospect, and when disappointment after disappointment has driven hope far, far away, and made desolate that sanctuary where the best affections of the soul are garnered : when despair, with brooding wings, settles upon the spirits, and makes even life itself hateful,—then, even then will the mild, gentle tones of friendship, in strains of sweetest melody, tranquilize the mind.

Who that has ever stood in need of the soothing language of friendship, and experienced its healing power, would not wish to be a friend to every child of sorrow ? Who would refuse the consolations of friendship, to bind up the broken heart, save *him* whose heart was never warmed with emotions of gratitude, and knows nothing of its holy influence ? Holy Father ! save me from the sin of ingratitude, and enable me always to appreciate the worth of those friends, who, in life's dark hour, bade me trust in the loving-kindness of our God, who would yet cause all things to work together for good.

C. N.

## THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

“O surely, there is no place like home !” said Francis L., one day, while conversing with a friend. “For ten years have I been travelling far and wide over the earth, and many are the scenes of beauty and splendor upon which my eyes have rested. I have been upon England's shores, and have gazed with admiration upon her beautiful scenery. I have beheld with delight the sunny hills and pleasant vales of France ; and lingered long beneath the blue skies of Italy, and examined with a curious eye some of her noblest specimens of art, and have looked upon the ruins of that once proud city, Rome, and listened with pleasure to the sweet strains of music that flowed from the lips of Italia's blue-eyed daughters. Upon the now desolate plains of Palestine

have I stood—on the very spot where, centuries ago, our blessed Savior dwelt with his disciples. Then have I retraced my steps, crossed again the wide and boundless deep, and travelled over the hills and mountains of my own native land. To the far West have I bent my steps, and feasted my eyes upon the picturesque scenery exhibited in the beautiful prairies and immense forests of the western wilds. By the banks of the noble Hudson have I wandered; and my soul has been filled with the most sublime emotions, as I have gazed upon Niagara's foaming cataract.

All these have I beheld; and yet I can say in truth, that never, in viewing all these scenes, have I experienced such pure delight as when I beheld again that lovely and sequestered spot around which were gathered the friends of home. O, how different were the emotions that swelled my breast ten years previously, when, with a light and joyous heart, I bade adieu to the shores of America, and sailed for a foreign land—vainly expecting in roaming abroad over the earth, and beholding the wonders of creation, to attain the very height of human happiness.

But I have learned from experience, that there is no place like home, and no friends like those that cluster around a father's fire-side. It is not so much when the sun of prosperity is shining brightly upon us, and the smile of health is resting upon the brow, and the hand of friendship is extended on every side to greet us, that we can rightly appreciate the blessings of home; but when the sunshine has passed away, and darkness is resting upon us—when sickness preys upon the frame, and friend after friend is fast disappearing—it is then the remembrance of her who watched with such unremitting care over our infant years, and who in all our waywardness ever manifested toward us the same strong feeling of maternal love—of a sister, who shared our youthful sports—and of friends endeared to us by all the associations that cling around the hours of childhood—remembrance comes home upon the soul, and exerts its proper influence there. It is then we feel, that however humble and lowly the place may be where the heart's dearest affections are enshrined, yet we would not exchange it for the lordly palace of an Eastern monarch, nor resign the joys of home for the uncertain pleasures which might be ours in a stranger land.

O when will the world learn that it is not amid the glare of wealth, nor in the gay circle, that the greatest amount of happiness



is enjoyed ! Nor yet in ranging far-off climes, and traversing other lands, however bright and fair—but that in our quiet and peaceful home, surrounded by loved and cherished friends ; away from the pomp of display, and that splendor which dazzles but to deceive, we may bask in the glorious sunlight of peace, and experience the purest delight that earth affords.”

Truly has the poet said,

“ If ever love, the first, the best,  
The sweetest dream to mortals given,  
One little spot of earth has dressed  
With dews, and rays, and flowers of Heaven—  
It is that spot of verdant green,  
Where virtue and her handmaids come,  
To deck with simple charms the scene,  
And bless the holy haunts of home.”

MARIA.

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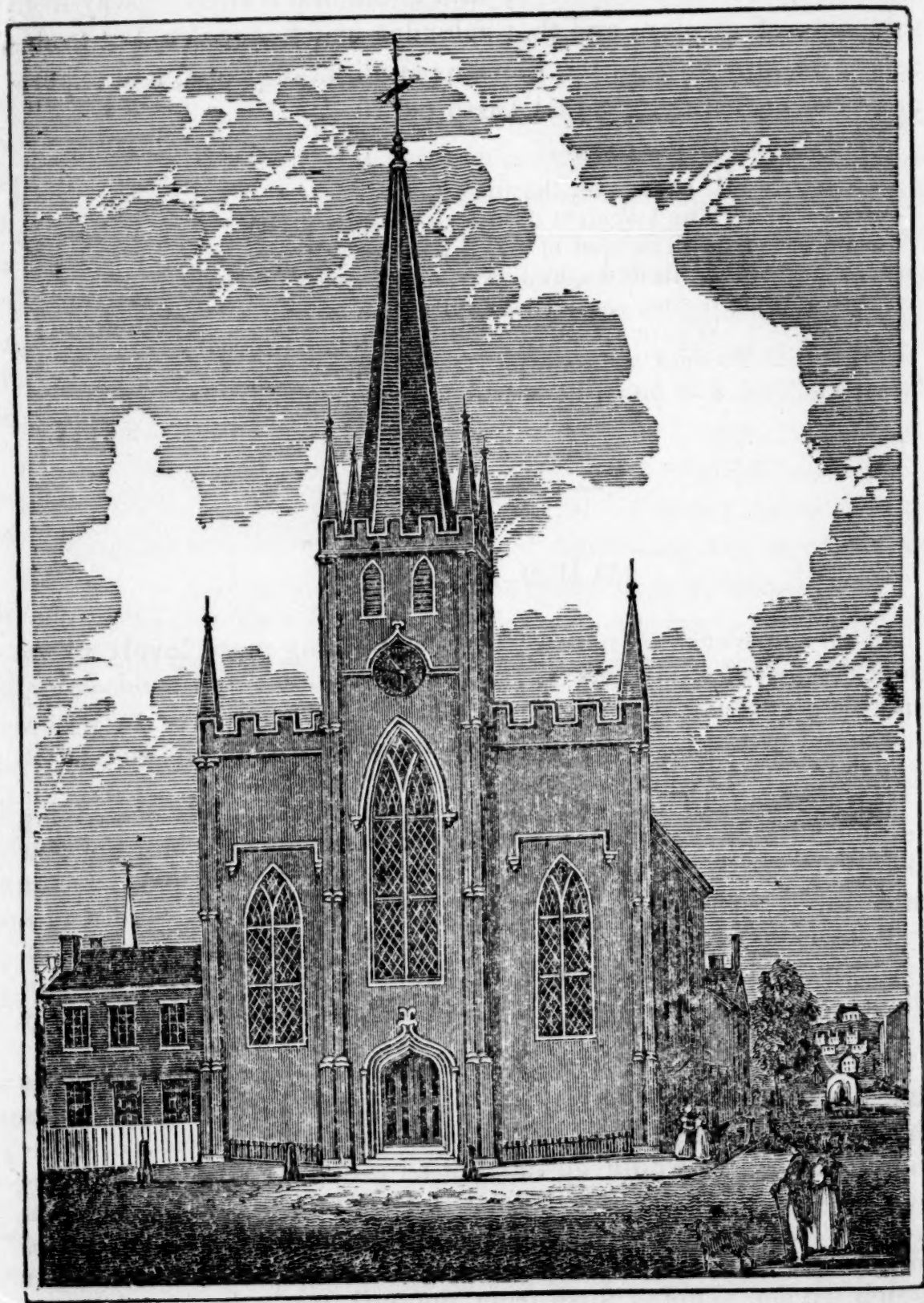
### WILD-FLOWERS.

In all the works of nature, there is nothing more lovely to me than the sweet wild-flowers. The lovely violet, the wild daisy, and the sweet-scented clover-blossoms, send forth their perfumed odor on the balmy breath of heaven, and we inhale the sweet fragrance with delight.

On a beautiful summer morning, when the sun is just rising and shedding his golden rays along the eastern sky, and the dew is still sparkling on the grass, what presents a more lovely scene than the green fields and shady groves, scattered over with a rich profusion of beautiful wild-flowers ? There they bloom in nature's wild luxuriance, without the hand of art to take care of them ; but they are more lovely for the wildness in which they grow.

There are many who think there is no beauty in the flowers that grow wild in the fields, but choose the more showy flowers that bloom in the garden. But the flowers of the field, if cultivated with care, would be thought as pretty as most of our garden flowers. I love them better in their native state,—for then we see them in their true beauty ; for the violet, if transplanted to our gardens, would no longer look like the modest flower which we see peeping forth from the tall grass beside the running brooks, and seeming to hide itself from our gaze.

When we look around us, and see the flowers of the field blooming in beauty and loveliness, should we not raise our hearts with gratitude and love to God, who is ever mindful of us ? T.



SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, LOWELL.



## FORTUNE-TELLING.

## A NARRATIVE OF SALMAGUNDI.

I will inform the reader, first of all, that I do not altogether approve of fortune-telling ; nevertheless, it may sometimes be practised with perfect propriety. The practice of turning cups after tea, in which many young ladies often indulge, might be a means of giving timely caution, for the purpose of persuading thoughtless young people to desist from practices, or to forsake company, that would be likely to lead them to ruin, without seeming to meddle with the conduct or affairs of others ; a thing which was practiced, “many a time and oft,” by an old bachelor of my acquaintance.

This bachelor had become quite notorious for fortune-telling—not that he knew any thing respecting futurity ;—no, he only judged effect from cause ; and being almost always at leisure, and of good manners—also possessing excellent conversational powers—he was a welcome guest at all convivial parties, quiltings, huskings, or any other merry-making which the good people of Salmagundi chose to make.

In this little village there lived an old lady, who, having no daughters of her own, looked upon every girl in the village with an interest amounting almost to maternal solicitude. The girls all truly loved the old lady, and were never more happy than when, seated in her neat little parlour, they listened to some legend of olden time, which Aunt Nancy (as we girls familiarly called her) would cull from the well-supplied storehouse of her cranium, for our amusement.

One autumn, Aunt Nancy made a quilting, to which all the girls were invited. We had promised ourselves much merriment at this quilting ; for we thought that Aunt Nancy, agreeably to her usual practice, would tell us some of the choicest and rarest of her stories. But she, good lady, was that afternoon afflicted with a nervous headache, and we had rather a sorry time. To make amends for this unforeseen disappointment, Aunt Nancy sent for “black Bartholomew,” as we sportively called him, to take tea with us, and tell our fortunes. This movement was highly gratifying to the most of us, and a joyous and merry time had we.

The most of us had nothing told, but what was intended for the amusement of the time present ; and as it would be uninteresting to the reader, I omit particulars. But there were two of our number whose fortunes were of a different stamp ; and the "black man" augured much of misery. The young ladies' fortunes, however, depended much upon the course of conduct which they themselves pursued ; and Bartholomew pointed out a way for them to escape the evils which hung impending over them, and threatened (as he said) to destroy their peace for time and eternity.

One of these young ladies was the natural daughter of Capt. Richard Salter, the commander of a merchant-man, that sailed from Portsmouth to Liverpool. Her mother, who had retired into the country to hide her disgrace, had by her engaging manners gained the affections of a very worthy farmer, and became his wife. And this truly benevolent man, ever bestowed upon Harriet S. the same kind care, which he did upon his own children.

Harriet grew up, a lovely and promising girl. So modest and retiring was she, that she might well be compared to the violet. It was seldom that she could be persuaded to join in any of our youthful sports ; and when she did, it was with a manner which told that she yielded to the entreaties of her companions, more from a desire to please others, than because she took any pleasure in them herself. Every mother in the village who had a wild, giddy daughter, would frequently, when reprimanding her for her follies, express a wish, that her child was but half so well behaved as Harriet S. ; and the girls themselves would sometimes wish the same ; but oftener would they bid their mothers remember that "still water runs deep."

Harriet's mother, before her marriage, had spent more than a year in my father's family, assisting my mother in her domestic affairs ; and after my mother's death was very kind to me. This brought Harriet (who was but six months my junior) and myself, as a thing in course, to become acquainted. I possessed her confidence in a good degree ; and was fully persuaded that her retiring manners were, in a great measure, owing to a too keen sensibility ; for she was feelingly alive to the shade which her mother's early misfortunes had cast upon her birth.

Harriet and Eleanor J. were the last whose fortunes were told. When Bartholomew fixed his large black eyes upon the hazel



orbs of Harriet, and with an ominous shake of the head, read off her future destiny, I felt angry with him, while every better feeling of my nature was absorbed in pity for the unfortunate Harriet. "Harriet," said the oracle, "beware! beware! Here in this cup I see sins, crimes, and a living witness of dishonour! Yes, I see—what do I see? I see a long dreary road, that leads to another kingdom! And here! yes, here in this road is a female, a lone wanderer! She is fleeing from the home of her childhood, to hide her disgrace. The road is watered with her tears! She wishes she had listened to the warning of 'black Bartholomew'; but now it is too late! more I dare not tell. Stop! I here see a way of escape. Harriet, there is a serpent that will lead you to ruin, unless you banish him from your presence. Rouse yourself! Seek your happiness in a virtuous course of conduct; your amusements, in the company of your young companions. In their youthful and innocent sports, you will find more true enjoyment, than you possibly can in the company which you have kept of late. Notwithstanding what is past, you may yet be respected and happy. This, however, depends upon yourself. If you escape-threatened evils until you are eighteen years of age, there will be but little danger in future."

Here Bartholomew stopped, and turning to Eleanor J., took her cup. He turned it round, and round; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked full in the face of Eleanor. A moment's pause, another sigh, and he re-commenced his augury.

"Eleanor," said he, "I see in this cup a female who is bowed down with premature old age. She is sitting alone; and by the light of a few embers, patching her children's clothes. The little ones are in a corner of the room, sleeping on a bed of straw. The winds are whistling through the cracks and crevices of her lowly habitation. The broken windows are stuffed with rags. It is past twelve. The stillness of the dark night is disturbed by vociferations. The door is thrown open, and a bloated wretch staggers into the room! With an uplifted cane, he approaches the trembling woman! All beyond is darkness. Eleanor," said he, after a moment's pause, "give Joseph the mitten, and escape threatened evil."

Eleanor and myself were to spend the night with Aunt Nancy, who, having recovered from her headache, sat with us until a very late hour; and many were the merry stories of by-gone

days which she rehearsed. The old clock had struck eleven, and we were about to seek repose, when a gentle tap at the door called our attention. Uncle Jonathan went to the door, where he met "black Bartholomew," who requested his assistance in leading home a young man from a neighboring grog-shop, who was a little the worse for liquor. Uncle Jonathan, who was ever ready to do a neighbor a kindness, took his lantern, (the night being very dark,) and sallied out to give his aid in leading home the inebriate. Eleanor and myself, with the curiosity common to youthful females, followed him, to ascertain who the unfortunate fool might be. But what was our surprise, when we found him to be none other than Joseph R., the beau of Eleanor; a young man who had hitherto borne an unimpeachable character! "Well," said Eleanor, "I will take up with 'blackey's' advice, although, in consequence, I may have to live a poor, despised old maid, and dry up, until I am blown away in some north-westerly gale." "That's right, my own good gal," said Aunt Nancy, who had overheard her.

What effect Bartholomew's prognostications had upon Harriet S., was not known; for she became more retiring than ever, and at length shunned all society. Her step-father had a brother living in Lower Canada, who had often written to his brother, requesting him to dispose of his property in Salmagundi, and come to reside with him in Canada. This request he complied with, sometime in the winter following the incidents which I have related; but from motives of convenience, left his family behind him, making arrangements to return for them in early sleighing in the following winter.

The next summer, many were the dark hints which were handed from one to another, respecting Harriet S. Her appearance too plainly told her situation; and at length it was rumored that she would be the means of breaking up the family of Andrew L., their nearest neighbor. About mid-summer, Harriet's step-father returned to Salmagundi, and had Andrew arrested. He was discharged upon giving notes (with good bonds as security) for the sum of several hundred dollars. After this, Harriet accompanied her step-father to Canada—thus literally fulfilling Bartholomew's prognostications; a thing which she might have avoided, had she but given heed to his warnings.



It was not till after these circumstances took place, that Bartholomew told what induced him to tell Harriet's fortune in the manner which he did. He then related, that he had frequently seen Andrew and Harriet walking by the side of Lake Winnepiogee, with no other company ; and also, had often seen them sitting together in Harriet's chamber, at late hours ; and judging what the result of such a course might be, he thought it to be his duty to give timely warning.

A number of years afterwards, a gentleman from Salmagundi, while on a visit in Canada, called upon Harriet. He found her in a miserable log hut, spinning tow, and surrounded by several ragged children—the largest of which bore no resemblance to the others, but was the living image of Andrew L.

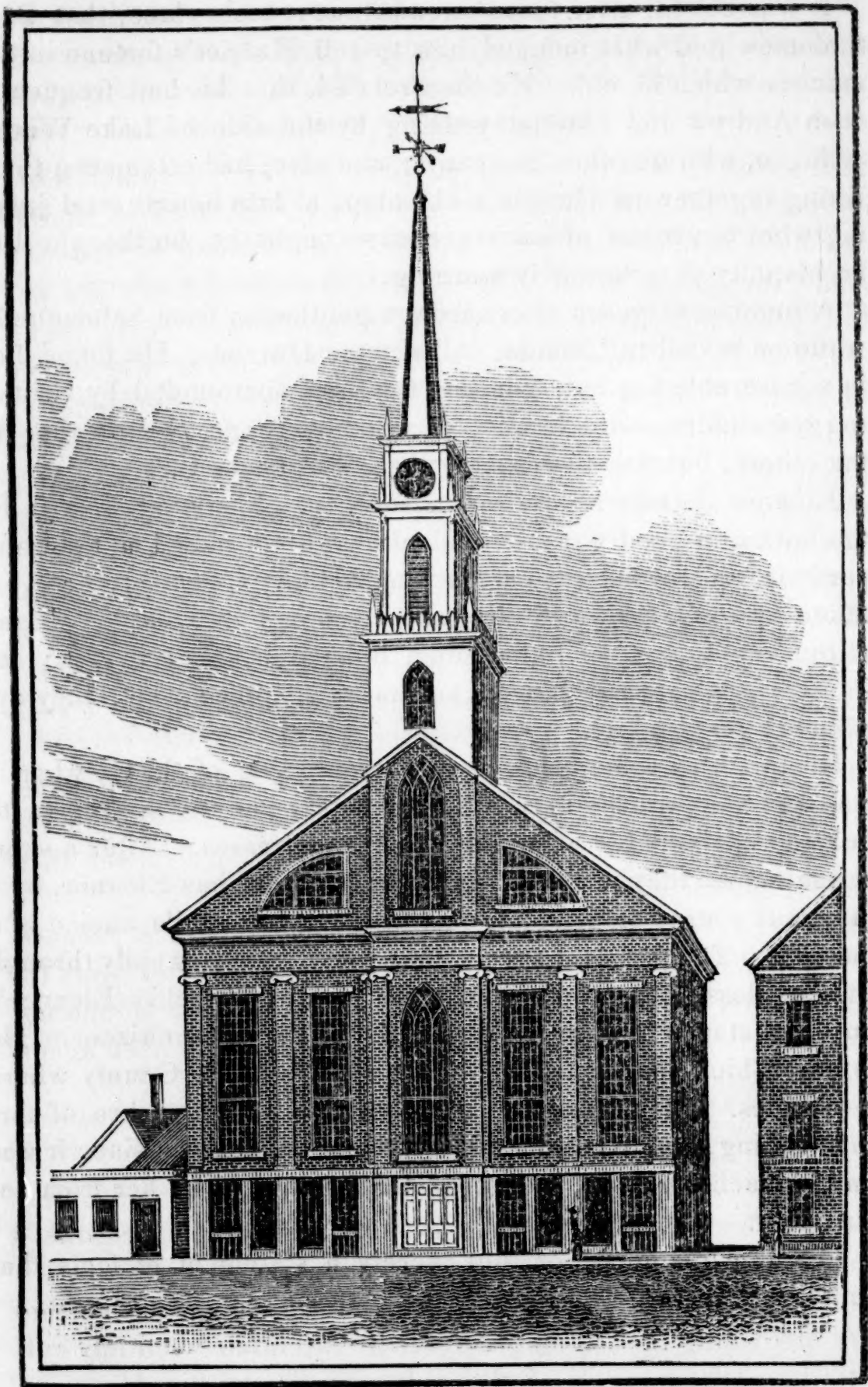
Eleanor J. adhered to her resolution. She gave Joseph R. the mitten in good earnest, and although he asked a thousand pardons, and promised, on his bended knees, never to be overtaken in a like fault in future, she remained inexorable. Many of the 'wise ones' of Salmagundi blamed Eleanor at first ; but in after years, when Joseph became a confirmed sot, they applauded her conduct.

Eleanor was some years on the wrong side of thirty, when a rich and very worthy man, who had lately had the misfortune to bury a very amiable wife, paid her his addresses. After a short acquaintance they were married ; and thus far has Eleanor, by a judicious course of conduct, justified her husband's choice of a partner. The prospect now is, that she will glide happily through life, a blessing to others, and truly blessed herself. Eleanor's husband stands high in the estimation of his fellow citizens. He is now Chief Justice of one of the Courts in the County where he resides. Eleanor says that she shall always approve of fortune-telling, and also think highly of old bachelors—since it was an old bachelor, who, by telling her fortune, saved her from destruction.

The above is no fiction, but merely a statement of facts that actually occurred.

TABITHA.

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FIRST FREEWILL BAPTIST CHURCH....LOWELL.



## TALES OF FACTORY LIFE. No. 2.

## THE ORPHAN SISTERS.

Catherine B. was the eldest of three sisters. Actual misfortune placed her parents in such an embarrassed state of affairs, as to make it necessary for Catherine and a younger sister to support themselves at an early age. They had learned the pecuniary advantages of factory life, from some of their young friends who had returned from a neighboring village, where they had been employed in a cotton mill. They earnestly requested the leave of their parents to go to Lowell to seek their fortune, as they termed such an adventure. After some deliberation, they gave their consent, but not without much solicitude for their safety.

The evening previously to their departure, the family met around the altar of devotion, where, with the faltering voice of emotion, the benediction of Heaven was invoked in behalf of the sisters, who were about to leave the paternal home for a residence among strangers.

The next morning, the sisters left their their much-loved home, to obtain a livelihood—and as they cast a wishful eye upon the friends they had left, a sadness stole unconsciously over their buoyant spirits, unknown to them before.

They arrived at their place of destination, and were successful in finding employment. But what a great contrast from the quiet country-home in the neighborhood of the White Mountains, was the City of Spindles, to the sisters ! They had been accustomed to listen only to

“ Nature’s wild, unconscious song,  
O’er thousand hills that floats along ”—

But here was confusion in all its forms ; and truly said Catherine, “ I should like to find myself alone for a brief space, that I might hold communion with my own heart undisturbed.”

Time soon rendered these scenes less annoying ; and soon were our young friends able to fix their attention upon any subject within their range of thought, with the multitude around them.

Nothing of much importance occurred during their first year’s stay in Lowell ; only they wrote often to their friends, and re-

ceived letters from them often in return, abounding in such advice as their friends thought might be useful to them, under the circumstances in which they were placed. They were requested to return in one year from the time they left, and visit their friends, and had made their arrangements to be absent a few weeks, when a message was received from their mother for them to return as soon as possible, as their father was dangerously ill.

Next morning they started, and arrived the day following. Their mother met them at the door, with the sad intelligence that their father could survive but a few hours at most. He was very weak, and could only give them a few words of advice ; and then bade them a long farewell.

Their mother was nearly exhausted with fatigue ; and constant watching had rendered her health very low. She was attacked by a like disease, and survived their father but a few weeks. The same grave opened to receive her, that had been prepared for their father, and these sisters were truly orphans.

Could this sad tale of suffering end here, the deep feelings of sympathy might be spared the reader, in a good measure ; but there are other scenes too interesting to leave without notice.—A little brother and sister are here, and what shall be done with *them*? Catherine was to take charge of them, by special request from her mother, in her last moments. But how to provide for them a home, was what most troubled her. The advice of friends was cheap : every one would bestow it gratuitously—and there were as many opinions as persons. Some gave it as their opinion, that it might be proper to throw them on the public charity ; but to this, Catherine replied, with her usual decision—“Give them into the care of strangers ! No. I will work till I die, before I will consent to such a course. If any one must suffer privation, let it fall on me, and not on these children, who have not yet learned that the cup of human existence is mixed with bitterness and sorrow.”

After having heard various opinions, they thought proper to ask advice of one who had manifested much kindness in their time of trouble—and he gave it as his opinion, that it would be well to board their little brother in a good family in the neighborhood, and take their sister with them to Lowell—to which they consented. The little furniture, and what else that remained, was disposed of, to settle some trifling debts that would unavoid-



ably be contracted under the circumstances in which they were placed ; and only a few things were reserved by them as a memorial of the past. And as they gave the last fond farewell to the home of their earliest years, how sad and dejected were the once buoyant spirits of the sisters !

A kind neighbor bade them welcome to his house as their home during their short stay, and assisted them in arranging their affairs, by procuring a boarding-place for their brother, and rendering them such other assistance as they needed. The evening previously to their departure, Catherine went to the place sacred to memory, where lay the slumbering dust of all that we claim as friends, under all circumstances. It was a lone, dreary spot. Nought but the plaintive notes of the whippoorwill, and the waving branches of the willow, were heard to break the silence of evening. She sat down upon a stone, near the quiet resting place of those loved friends, and gave full vent to the sorrowful emotions of her heart. She felt that there is a power to soothe in holding communion with the dead ; and most fervently did she pray, that she might be strengthened to fulfil the duties of a mother to those little ones, who had been left in her care by the death of her parents.

Next day, the sisters started again for Lowell ; but not with the same thoughts and feelings as when they left before. They left now with the gloomy reflection that they had no home—no friends on whom they could rely, if sick or unfortunate ; and in their care was a little sister ; and a brother still younger, whose board they were under obligation to pay, they had left behind.

They arrived safely in Lowell, and with heavy hearts ; for they thought it would be difficult for them to procure board for a child so young. They consulted a lady of their acquaintance, who very kindly offered to board her ; and look after her, during their absence in the mill. And if he that giveth a cup of cold water shall in no wise lose his reward, how abundant is the satisfaction of that kind-hearted woman, in having contributed so much to relieve the heavy burdens of those orphan sisters !

Heaven smiled upon their efforts, and good health and prosperity have attended them ; but no one can suppose, for a moment, that they have not possessed a self-sacrificing spirit.

The little sister was kept at school, until she was old enough to earn her living, with a little assistance ; and then she was

sent into the country, to reside with a friend, and go to school a part of the time. The little brother is able to earn his living six months in the year, and the sisters furnish means to keep him at school the remainder.

But let no one suppose that the care of these children has diminished the real happiness of the sisters—for they assured me it was a rich source of pleasure to review the past, and call to mind the many times when they were obliged to spend all but a few shillings, in providing for those little ones. “And,” said Catherine, “it has taught me lessons of practical benevolence ; for I have seen the time when it would cost an effort to give half a dollar, be its object ever so praise-worthy.”

The sisters have of late been able to lay by a small sum for themselves—thereby evincing the utility of perseverance in well-doing ; and though it may seem to many that their lot has been a hard one, still they are blest with sunshine and flowers ; and when next you see Catherine’s name, it shall be in the list of marriages.

S. G. B.

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### DOING GOOD.

What delightful sensations animate the bosom of the person who cheerfully lends his aid to relieve the necessities of the poor—who ministers comfort with an affectionate heart to the afflicted—who kindly sympathizes with the mourner, and who seeks by words of kindness and affection to cheer the desponding hopes of the disappointed and broken-hearted ! There is a feeling of gratification arising from deeds of charity and love towards suffering humanity, which nought else can impart.

Mankind are so constituted, that a life of benevolence and purity, can alone yield true happiness. They may bestow their goods to feed the poor, merely to receive the praises of men—but how short-lived is such happiness, compared to the bliss of that soul, who has no one to approve, save the poor he has relieved, (who with sincere hearts call upon Heaven to bless their benefactor) his conscience, and his Maker.

The command of our Saviour is, “Let thine alms be in secret”—teaching us that it is sinful to seek the applause of men, and



that we should be actuated by a purer motive, if we would enjoy the promised reward. Peace and happiness will always crown the days of the benefactor. He will be beloved by all around him, and the blessings of the relieved will be gratefully bestowed upon him.

N.

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THE FRIEND OF THE FATHERLESS.

When through the sombre shades of grief,  
With cautious steps we wend our way,  
And nought appears for our relief,  
And Earth's bright visions fade away—  
What torturing, what exquisite pain,  
Fills the wild heart, as round we throw  
Each anxious glance, and hope again  
To meet our much loved friends below.

But why those tears? See! yonder comes  
A Friend, in smiles and charms arrayed!  
In accents sweet and silver tones  
He speaks, whilst glory crowns his head.  
In my own father's house, he says,  
(Whilst love beams from his kindling eyes,)  
Are mansions, unto which I'll raise  
My weary friends, above the skies.  
Grieve not, nor fear cold Death to meet,  
Though he has robed you oft in gloom—  
Though o'er a father's grave you weep,  
And plant frail flowers around his tomb—  
Though the fair rose bloom o'er the plain,  
Where sleeps a brother, fond and dear,  
A sister, too—O much loved name!—  
Still dry each silent, falling tear.  
Weep not—for o'er their silent tombs  
Earth's soft green mantle lightly lies;  
And the young flow'ret gaily blooms,  
And o'er them arch the azure skies.  
There they in tranquil slumbers rest,  
Unconscious of Earth's cares and woes;  
No pain or anguish fills the breast,  
To break their long and calm repose.  
Their spirits, round their Father's throne,  
Strike harps of gold with heavenly choirs;  
Ecstatic bliss, delight unknown,  
Wraps them in heaven's ethereal fires.

This Friend is Jesus! how his name  
Breathes balm and peace o'er troubled souls!  
Earth's sharpest cares may strive in vain,  
Whilst his dear love the heart controls.

LEORA.

## ARISTOCRACY OF EMPLOYMENT.

As I was walking a few days since through one of our principal streets, my attention was attracted by the size and beauty of some of its principal edifices. Within a short distance were several spacious houses for public worship, and taste and wealth had been displayed in the erection of buildings of a more private character. And then I thought of the vast amount of labour which had been employed in the construction of that single street. How much of human strength had there been worn away, how many sinews there been strained to the utmost exertion, and arms been almost palsied by excess of toil.

Yet this was but one of the streets in our city, and this city but one of the smaller ones in our Union.

I thought of this, and I thought no longer of the beauty, taste, or wealth which had been manifested, but of the *labour*.

“The law of labour!” O how prolific a theme of thought, and how many the reflections to which it probably gives rise in the minds of those incapable of expressing their thoughts through the medium of the pen.

The laborer—and who is *he*? A man, made a little lower than the angels, and stamped with the impress of his heavenly Father; a man and brother to him who will not soil, with slightest manual employment, his snowy hand, or costly vestment; a man, and though too often degraded to a station but little above the brute, yet may be in some future time, the companion of angels.

I thought of this, and the beauty, taste and splendor upon which I had gazed, now led to reflections upon *him* who had created them.

The laborer—and where is he? Wherever the beauteous mansion of the rich man greets the admiring gaze of passing travellers; wherever the splendid temple’s lofty dome is reared, and its tapering spire springs upward to the sky; wherever the giant mill-wheel groans on its axle, and myriads of wheels, and springs, and bands revolve in their lesser circles, there has the laborer been. Wherever the amateur displays his costly collection of beauties, or the virtuoso the curious productions of gifted ones in other lands; wherever the artist displays the inspired creations of the pencil or the chisel; or the poet’s strains subdue



by pathos or excite to rapturous enthusiasm—there again, yes, even there, amidst that thrilling beauty, has the laborer been. Wherever some lovely paradise, some modern Garden of Eden, with its labyrinthine walks, its jutting fountains, its rare exotics, its sweet perfumes, and costly flowers, are to be seen, there also, amidst that choicest haunt of the lover of refined amusements, has the dirt-soiled laborer been. Wherever the organ's "loud-resounding notes" swell upward from the worshipping choir, or the flute's soft tones steal gently on the evening breeze, or the piano's keys vibrate beneath the touch of the favored child of Fortune, there also is the handiwork of the laborer. Not more surely is his presence indicated by the humble cot which shelters his head from the cold and the storm, or the rude couch on which he rests his weary limbs, than by the fretted dome of the vast cathedral, or the gorgeous splendor of the palace.

We cannot go where man has created beauty, splendor, or convenience, but we also find the tokens of toil. There is around us proof upon proof in attestation of that sentence pronounced upon man, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Yet men strive to evade this law; they put shackles on their brother; they place over *him* the task-master, then fold their arms and say, "There must be toil, and *thou* shalt be the laborer. *My* share and *thine* shall both be done by *thee*, and I will give thee bread, that life may not perish in thy sordid frame; and clothing, that thy limbs may not be shrunk by the cold, or parched by the heat; and peradventure I will give thee meat, that thy strength may continue the longer; and thou mayest have some mean hut, that thou mayest rear a grovelling band to toil for my offspring, as thou shalt toil for me." And when the laborer says, "Who made thee a ruler over me?" Egyptian-like, he smites him to the earth.

Yes, has it not been too often thus—the laborer, like one who struggles in some troubled sea, while he for whom each nerve is strained stands idly on the shore; and when he would leap from those dark waters, a blow is given to send him back, and the smiter smiles at his own mercy, because he did not dash his brains.

Such has been, in other times and distant places, the operation of this universal law—I say universal, for every where that man has shown himself a being of high endowments, of superior skill,

power, and sagacity, it has been by labour—yes, wherever man has been himself a creature above the brutes around him, and aspiring to a higher dwelling-place than the earth which is their home, it is because he has been there the laborer.

Employment is the lot awaiting us all, as we come forth into this busy world. The earth is to be tilled ; cities, towns and villages to be built ; strong ships are to be made, and guided across the deep sea ; there must be a ceaseless preparation of food and clothing for the unceasing demand for them ; there is ever a new generation springing up to be nurtured, and taught, and watched, and an old one to be nursed, and sheltered, and cared for, till they are laid in the house appointed for all—and the living must make that last tenement ; all this is to be done, and to be always doing, and man *must* be the laborer.

There must be ministers, also, to the desire for the grand, the holy, and the beautiful ; and the gifted ones must go forth amid the less favored crowd, and bear a light to gladden their other brethren.

And he who resists this law, who would make of himself and *his*, exceptions to this rule—he who would go through this world without conferring one benefit upon those who have ministered to his wants, and supplied his necessities, those who have cherished his infancy, and preserved his maturer life—he who would lay down a useless existence in an unhonoured grave—he who would do this, would fain believe himself a being to whom the faithful observers of Heaven's mandate should bow, and cringe, and fawn, and kneel, and thank for the listless smile, and pray for the privilege to watch and wait around him !

Such has been, and such still is, in some places, the observance of the law of labour. True, there are other spots on this wide earth where men meet, as in that long past time, but with a holier purpose, and join with one heart and tongue to build their tower, or do whatever else necessity or choice may dictate.—But ere long the aristocracy will arise ; those will spring from the mass, who would look on and see the vast machine in motion, and enjoy the benefits of its revolution, yet never put their own shoulder to the wheel ; and who think, by this disregard of the great law imposed upon all, to purchase an immunity of privileges, of which they would also deprive the laborer.

We do not see so much of this as many do. There is here



but little of the aristocracy, but few of those for whom all must be done, but who will do nothing in return ; we have but little of this aristocracy, but we have *the aristocracy of employment*. It is perhaps a new phrase, but is it not an expressive one ? We know of the aristocracy of other countries. We know that with all its evils it has some redeeming influences. We can conceive of the stimulating power which the aristocracy of birth can produce. The desire to bequeath untarnished the glorious name inherited from his ancestors, may deter from many a deed of sin and meanness the proud owner of this inheritance ; or the wish to add one other leaf to the laurel wreath which has been placed by fate upon his brow, may spur the wearer to some glorious act of bravery, of generosity, or mental exertion. All this may result from the aristocracy of birth. We have it not here : from its excusable traits, and its inexcusable principles, we are happily free.

But *we have* aristocracy. That of wealth, though more excusable here than that of birth is elsewhere, is not all we have. I say more excusable, because here wealth must be the toil-won portion of its possessor. No law of entail ensures estates to a privileged few ; but all must work, or fail to enjoy. But we have what is more tyrannical, more foolish if possible, than any other aristocracy—that of *employment*.

“What does he or she do for a living ?” is almost the first question usually asked of a person, after an introduction. Whenever the employment is indicative of superior talent, merit or industry in the operative, of whatever class, there is good reason why honour should be the willing tribute paid to the individual. Whenever “that large boon, a nation’s care,” is entrusted to the man whom his countrymen have deemed most worthy of the charge, the deference due to the station, and the merit and talent which have procured him that station, should accompany the emoluments, trials, cares and pleasures which must also be his.

There is, there ever must be, some aristocracy. Where all can never be alike, some must of course be inferior to others ; but let there be no other than this. Let superiority of talent or merit receive the deference which to these is usually accorded with pleasure ; but let not man be degraded by the necessity of doing outward homage to those whom in his inmost heart he despises or detests ; or to the still lower degradation of sincerely

honouring that which more enlightened and juster views would teach him is dishonourable ; and to admire and strive to imitate that which he would then abhor. We would that honour should be always rendered to him to whom honour is due ; but we would that those, and only those, should receive it. But there are so many false ideas of honour in the conventional relations of society, so much of respect exacted by, and accorded to, *station*, that every true principle of respect is crushed, or at least benumbed.

. He who wields the cloth-yard measure, deems himself far more worthy of respect than he who tills the ground ; he who girds himself for war, and makes it the occupation of his life to slay his brethren, thinks himself an object of far greater value than him whose days are spent in the manufacture of the necessities or conveniences of life. She who sits at ease in her parlour, would fain think herself a better and nobler being than she whose every thought, and act, and moment, is devoted to her family ; she who sits and fashions nice attire, believes herself of greater consequence than the individual who manufactured the article of which those garments are made ; and thus, through all the gradations of employment, is this aristocracy.

Is it not foolish, nay, worse than foolish, to trample upon, and jeer, and scorn those who are bound by necessity's stern laws to some harder service, some less profitable toil than ourselves ? Why should it be that those who do most, are so often thought to be deserving of the least ? The hardest working man is really the *poorest* man. He who builds a palace, must himself be content with a cottage.

But times and opinions are gradually changing. Old abuses are slowly reforming, and a juster perception of our neighbor's rights mingles with more correct ideas of our own duty. The laborer gradually rises higher. As years pass by, some portion of the burden is cast upon the shoulders of those who have hitherto been favored ones, and they dare not endeavour to cast it aside. All must share it, though each should take that part which is best adapted to his strength and capacities. If all did this, and all will some day do it, how easy would that burden be ! Nay, it would hardly be a burden. Labour, it is true, has been always thought a curse. It is in sacred writ pronounced as such ; but HE who declared that sentence, is one who has mercifully



linked it with blessings ; and those who would wholly evade it, but bring upon themselves new judgments.

But as mankind progress in knowledge and in holiness—as they approach that state of perfection which has been foretold as one of happiness and peace—the curse is gradually removed—at least all of the sentence which can be pronounced a curse ; for as new discoveries are continually made, as new inventions are constantly announced, as new complications of machinery are rapidly and faithfully assuming the laborer's office, as matter is ever becoming more surely and completely under the dominion of mind, even so is the curse removed.

Nay, I will not call it a curse. All that prevents it from being an unmingled blessing, is taken away, and man in peaceful brotherhood enjoys the bounties and obeys the mandates of his Father.

There is, as all believe, a brighter day to dawn on earth—a day when peace, equality and love shall form the grand features of the social plan ; when the laborer shall not bow to him who would bear undue authority—for all shall then be laborers ; and while ' each in his proper station moves,' all will be impelled by truth and love. There shall then be no aristocracy of rank, birth, wealth, or labour ; but all shall unite to do the will of Him who commanded us to do unto others as we would have others do unto us.

H. F.

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### THE GOOD ONLY ARE HAPPY.

Goodness and virtue are the only guides to happiness ; and if we wish for happiness, we must walk in their paths—for it is there alone that we shall find it. We may seek it in the paths of vice and folly, but our search will be in vain. A moment of pleasure may be ours, but disappointment and sorrow will be sure to follow—for the pleasures of the wicked will not last.—But the good are always happy. They seek for happiness in doing good to others, and the approbation of a good conscience is their reward, and ' the soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy ' is theirs.

Then let us take virtue as our guide, and she will lead us to

the only true fountain of happiness. The bright sun-shine of peace and joy will fill our hearts ; and should the hour of adversity come upon us, we can look to the past with pleasure, and to the future with hope. T.

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### THE COUNTRY LAWYER.

“Poetizing, upon my word !” said Alice Belmont, as she was ushered into the private parlor of Theresa Copley ; “now, do lay aside your flowers for the present. One would think that life or death depended on your placing, in that odious-looking book, every flower that is given you—as though you intended to immortalize your name, by writing scraps of poetry under each one, emblematic of the flower or the giver, or both.”

“Certainly,” exclaimed Theresa, “with pleasure would I lay aside every thing for your sweet company—for it is a luxury which I have not enjoyed much of late ; but I will excuse all, knowing as I do that Lawyer Huntley has monopolized your time for a few days past. And by the way, I spent an evening in company with him, not long since.”

“Ah, that is what I wished to speak about,” replied Alice, archly ; “for you know I consider your taste in beauty superior to mine ; and now will you tell me what you think of this country lawyer ? and pray ‘don’t rush,’ and tell all your thoughts at once.”

“First of all,” said Theresa, laughing, “I suppose you would ask if I think him handsome ? to which I answer, no, not in person. But do you not remember what Raleigh says, ‘that if thou marriest for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that, which perchance will neither last nor please thee one year ; and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all ; for the desire dieth when it is attained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied.’ But he has what is far better than beauty—intellectual worth. The high pale brow and dark expressive eye, even to the casual observer speak a mind of no ordinary cast.—And even now the great and good distinguish him as ‘a bright particular star’ in the literary constellation. He is agreeable,



and can accommodate himself to whatever society chance may cast him amidst. But notwithstanding all, I think him rather a dangerous acquaintance—for it is said of him that he is one of those favored men, who have the command of every lady's heart they meet with, while they keep their own preserved most excellently. He is very popular with his own sex, too; more than men in general are. I hope, dear Alice, he has not stolen that little treasure of yours, which you always prided yourself on keeping so securely; but I will not speak of that at present, though rides and walks beneath a starlit sky, were the order of the day—or evening, I should have said—while he remained in our 'city of spindles.' He told me, by the by, that this was his first visit here, and that he was agreeably disappointed in the appearance of the place—so much so, that he hoped this would not be his last. It is not impossible there is some particular attraction here—for he smiled as he made the last remark. Yet with all his smiles, I think he is not entirely happy, and what old bachelor is? But some spirits are so constituted, as to wreath the lips with smiles, even when their life's blood is chilled with despair. He may be one of these. Without doubt there is some good reason why he is so choice of his heart; or it may be that some fair creature has embalmed it for him, in the innermost shrine of her own. But enough: I will not seek to lift the veil that perhaps, like Mokanna's, conceals deformity; for the changes which sometimes mark an individual's lot, seem to baffle all calculations upon cause and effect. In short, I think him a polished gentleman; besides, he is a worshipper at the shrine of intellect and taste. He loves poetry; and, next to music, that is a passion with *you*, as you have often told me."

"Poetry, who does not love it?" said Alice; "surely the one who could read the poems of Mrs. Sigourney, and the sweet lays of s. c. e., and others of our own New England bards, and say they did not love poetry, would have no sympathy with *me*. And I am very glad," she continued, "that you have discovered so many good qualities in him. Even *I*, who have been acquainted with him for years, could not have sketched his character with more accuracy. But, Theresa, I wish you would never again call him by that disagreeable name, an old bachelor; for I cannot bear to have him classed with those I have always considered so cold and selfish as to want to be alone, with nothing to do but

make themselves comfortable. I even thought, formerly, they were made without hearts ; but that was a childish idea, and has long since passed away.

“ Oh ! how thoughtless,” said Alice, after a pause ; “ I have been so much interested in your description of the country lawyer, I had nearly forgotten the token of friendship he requested me to give you : see, here it is ”—(presenting her friend with a delicate orange blossom—) “ and he wished me to tell you, that he brought it far over the great waters, from the sunny shores of Italy. And what could be prettier than the bridal flower, for one of those scraps of poetry as a dedication !”

“ That is a gem, indeed !” exclaimed Theresa, “ as a memento from an old — Oh ! mon ami, excuse me—I have not spoken it. But I see through it all now ; and truly I shall be very happy to be bride’s maid. But have you thought of the subject sufficiently ? for I think it is of the utmost consequence to the felicity of wedded life, that a just and temperate estimate be formed of the character of him to whose temper you must accommodate yourself, whose caprice you must endure, whose failings you must pardon. Whether the discord burst upon you in thunder, or steal on amid harmonies which render it imperceptible, perhaps half pleasing, still they will come ; for life is not all sunshine, and men are not angels, any more than *we* are. You must not expect to find perfection in any created being. Probably he will bear you to his own happy home ; and, Alice, I hope it will be your study to make that home pleasant, for much depends on the wife ; and though I cannot accompany you, my best wishes are ever yours ; and my prayer would be, that the evening of your life might resemble the setting sun after a glorious day—sinking gradually, and reflecting back answering beauty with every expiring beam. May those you love smooth the pillow of declining age ; and when at last the vital spark shall quit its earthly mansion, may the Angel of Peace open to you the portals of eternal bliss in heaven.”

\* \* \* \* A long time has passed since the above conversation took place. And now will you look in on a scene of after life ? The country lawyer has left his mountain home, and taken up his residence in one of the most fashionable streets in Boston.

It is a bleak November evening. In a room occupied as a library and sitting-room, is seated a gentleman who may have



numbered forty winters, for the dark locks that shade his noble brow, are slightly silvered. There is an air of ease and refined taste in the appearance of the room ; for the gentleman formerly lived a bachelor, and of course was fond of such things as refinement. The fire burns cheerfully in the grate, before which is spread a Turkish rug. The floor is covered with a Wilton carpet, so thick and soft that it returns no sound to the many feet that press it. Cases filled with choice books occupy two sides of the room ; the others are ornamented with Italian paintings. The damask curtains fall in rich folds over the closed shutters ; and near the centre of the room is a marble table, scattered with periodicals, visiting cards, &c., from the midst of which a shaded lamp throws its mellow light upon the splendid furniture, reminding one of the departing sun on the evening of a summer's day, so warm and pleasant did it seem. The gentleman is reading aloud, to a lady who is seated at a work-stand, busy with her needle. By her side is a curly-headed boy, turning over the leaves of a picture-book, and ever and anon filling the room with the merry ringing laugh of childhood.

Do you ask who they are ? I will tell you : It is the country lawyer and his young wife. And he often says, that he has never had reason to regret having selected from the ' city of spindles,' a partner for life.

VETURIA.

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### ALBUM TRIBUTES. No. 3.

DELHI.

Famed city of the East ! how richly glows  
Thy glory in the noon-tide sun, which throws  
O'er thee its flood of pure and streaming light,  
And all around is beautiful and bright.

Yet over thee one cloud of darkness reigns,  
And all thy brightness with its shadow stains—  
'Tis heathen darkness, which around thee flings  
The gloomy shade of Error's wide-spread wings.

O may the Sun of Righteousness arise,  
And shine refulgent in thy moral skies ;  
May superstition in thy borders cease,  
And thou be blessed with piety and peace.

ILENA.

# TEMPERANCE ROUNDS.

## FOUR VOICES.

1 If for pleas - ure, health or treas - ure, 2

2 You seek, you seek, 3

3 Taste not of Rum! 4

4 Drink cold wa - ter, drink cold wa - ter, 1

2 You'll be stronger, and live longer, 3 We are free men, and will be men,  
 If you obey: And heed the voice:  
 Hark! hark! hark! hark! Hark! hark! hark! hark!  
 Drink cold water. Drink cold water.

## THREE VOICES.

1 Rum will bring deep woe; 2

2 Mind it will o'er throw; 3

3 Heart it will bring low. 1

Flee, O from Rum flee!  
 Let this thy pledge be,  
 Rum shall not bind me.

## FOUR VOICES.

FROM THE BOSTON SCHOOL SONG BOOK, BY PERMISSION.

Let us en - deav - or To show that who - ev - er May

choose to drink wine, We'll drink cold wa - ter for - ev - er.



## VISIT TO THE SHAKERS.

Sometime in the summer of 18—, I paid a visit to one of the Shaker villages in the State of New York. Previously to this, many times and oft had I (when tired of the noise and contention of the world, its erroneous opinions, and its wrong practices) longed for some retreat, where, with a few chosen friends, I could enjoy the present, forget the past, and be free from all anxiety respecting any future portion of time. And often had I pictured, in imagination, a state of happy society, where one common interest prevailed—where kindness and brotherly love were manifested in all of the every-day affairs of life—where liberty and equality would live, not in name, but in very deed—where idleness in no shape whatever would be tolerated—and where vice of every description would be banished, and neatness, with order, would be manifested in all things.

Actually to witness such a state of society, was a happiness which I never expected. I thought it to be only a thing among the airy castles which it has ever been my delight to build. But with this unostentatious and truly kind-hearted people, the Shakers, I found it ; and the reality, in beauty and harmony, exceeded even the picturings of imagination.

No unprejudiced mind could, for a single moment, resist the conviction that this singular people, with regard to their worldly possessions, lived in strict conformity to the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. There were men in this society who had added to the common stock thousands and tens of thousands of dollars ; they nevertheless labored, dressed, and esteemed themselves as no better and fared in all respects, like those who had never owned, neither added to the society, any wordly goods whatever. The cheerfulness with which they bore one another's burdens, made even the temporal calamities, so unavoidable among the inhabitants of the earth, to be felt but lightly.

This society numbered something like six hundred persons, who in many respects were differently educated, and who were of course in possession of a variety of prejudices ; and were of contrary dispositions and habits. Conversing with one of their Elders respecting them, he said, “ You may say that these were rude materials of which to compose a church, and speak truly :

but here (though strange it may seem) they are worked into a building, with no sound of axe or hammer. And however discordant they were in a state of nature, the square and the plumb-line have been applied to them, and they now admirably fit the places which they were designed to fill. Here the idle become industrious, the prodigal contracts habits of frugality, the parsimonious become generous and liberal, the intemperate quit the tavern and the grog-shop, the debauchee forsakes the haunts of dissipation and infamy, the swearer leaves off his habits of profanity, the liar is changed into a person of truth, the thief becomes an honest man, and the sloven becomes neat and clean."

The whole deportment of this truly singular people, together with the order and neatness which I witnessed in their houses, shops and gardens, to all of which I had free access for the five days which I remained with them, together with the conversations which I held with many of the people of both sexes, confirmed the words of the Elder. Truly, thought I, there is not another spot in the wide earth where I could be so happy as I could be here, provided the religious faith and devotional exercises of the Shakers were agreeable to my own views. Although I could not see the utility of their manner of worship, I felt not at all disposed to question that it answered the end for which spiritual worship was designed, and as such is accepted by our heavenly Father. That the Shakers have a love for the gospel exceeding that which is exhibited by professing christians in general, cannot be doubted by any one who is acquainted with them. For on no other principle could large families, to the number of fifty or sixty, live together like brethren and sisters. And a number of these families could not on any other principles save those of the gospel, form a society, and live in peace and harmony, bound together by no other bond than that of brotherly love, and take of each other's property, from day to day, and from year to year, using it indiscriminately, as every one hath need, each willing that his brother should use his property, as he uses it himself, and all this without an equivalent.

Many think that a united interest in all things temporal, is contrary to reason. But in what other light, save that of common and united interest, could the words of Christ's prophecy or promise be fulfilled? According to the testimony of Mark, Christ said, "There is no man who hath left house, or brethren,



or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions, and in the world to come eternal life." Not only in fact, but in theory, is an hundred fold of private interest out of the question. For a believer who forsook all things, could not possess an hundred fold of all things, only on the principle in which he could possess *all that* which his brethren possessed, while they also possessed the same in a united capacity.

In whatever light it may appear to others, to me it appears beautiful indeed, to see a just and an impartial equality reign, so that the rich and the poor may share an equal privilege, and have all their wants supplied. That the Shakers are in reality what they profess to be, I doubt not. Neither do I doubt that many, very many lessons of wisdom might be learned of them, by those who profess to be wiser. And to all who wish to know if "any good thing can come out of Nazareth," I would say, you had better "go and see."

C. B.

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### INTEMPERANCE.

Intemperance is one of the worst of all vices. It destroys the best feelings of the heart, and sinks those who indulge themselves in it, lower than even the brutes. It has filled this fair world of ours with misery and degradation; and desolation and distress have marched in its pathway. It has spread itself, like the si-moom of the desert, over almost every part of the habitable globe. Wherever the demon of intemperance appears, misery and sorrow follow in its train. The husband and father has been led by the influence of strong drink, to forsake his tender wife and helpless children to all the misery of poverty and distress, while he was spending his time, and perhaps all that he possessed, for the poison which was destroying not only his own happiness, but also the happiness of his family and friends. His health is undermined

by the constant use of ardent spirits, and he is fast hurrying to a drunkard's grave.

Who can look on, and behold the ruin and devastation caused by intemperance, and not shrink from the touch of the liquid poison, as from the touch of a viper? and who would not do all in his power to prevent the further progress of this dreadful evil? There has been much done to prevent its spreading, and the efforts which have been made have been in part successful. Its progress has been checked; and I hope that the time is not far distant, when intemperance, with all its evils, will be banished from the land, and peace and happiness reign in its stead. T.

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### THE WEDDING DAY.

WRITTEN ON A WEDDING OCCASION.

Take her, thy own, thy chosen one!  
 No longer twain, ye cannot part:  
 Thou who her heart, her hand, hast won,  
 Take thy young treasure to thy heart.

And cherish her—for she is thine;  
 Dear friends, sweet home, she leaves for thee,  
 The spot where long have loved to twine  
 The heart's best feelings, glad and free.

Then keep thy charge. Protect, sustain,  
 Fulfil each hope, each fear allay;  
 And may she ne'er reflect with pain,  
 On this her joyous bridal day.

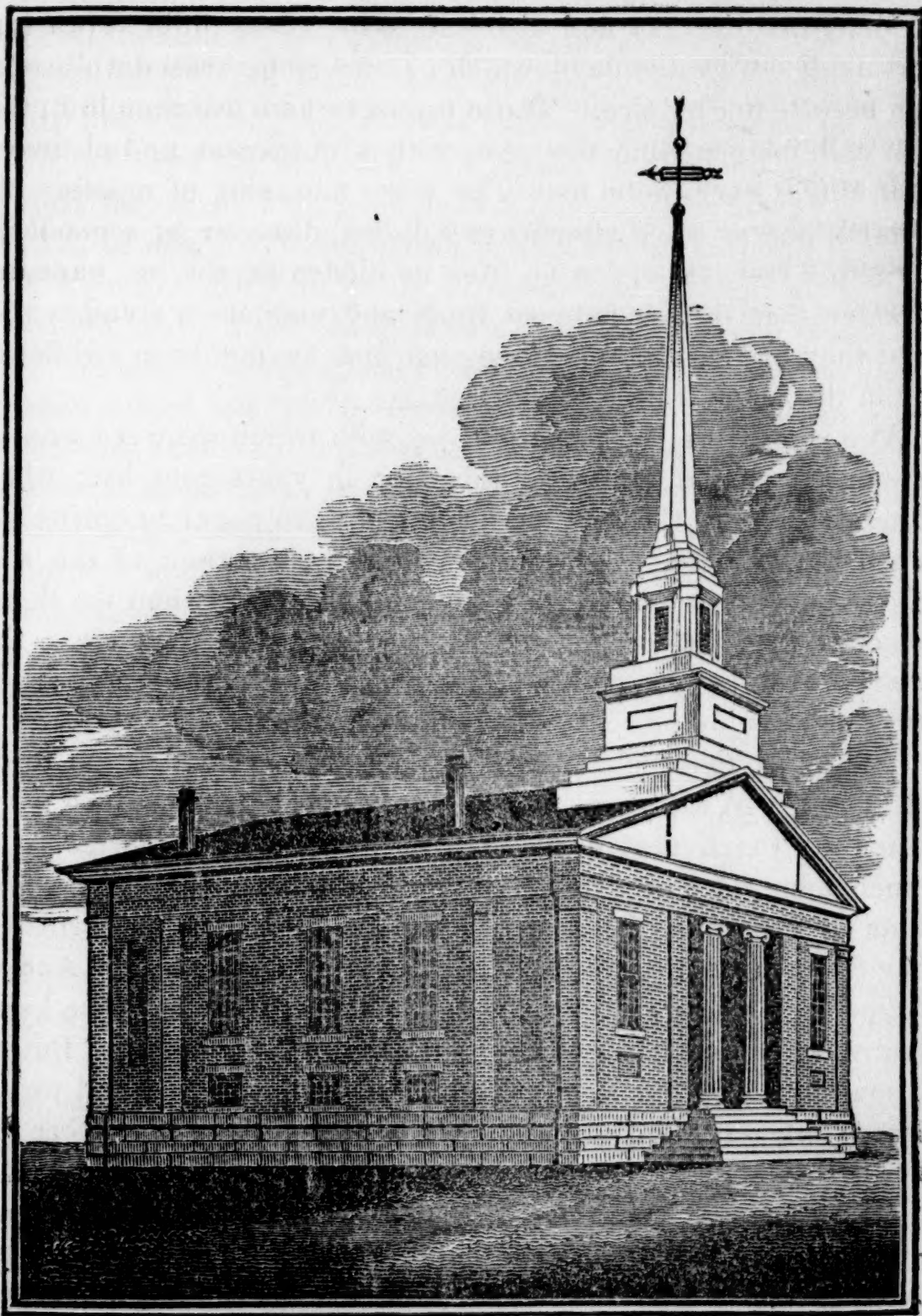
And thou, young bride! what is thy lot?  
 With cheerful toil to sweeten life,  
 With grateful love to mark the spot  
 Where thou art mistress, friend, and wife.

With woman's hand life's path to smooth;  
 With woman's patience ills to bear;  
 With woman's tenderness to soothe;  
 With woman's heart each burden share.

A Father's blessing on you now!  
 In cordial love He bids you live;  
 A Father heard that solemn vow,  
 And strength to keep it He can give.

ADELAIDE.





JOHN ST. CONGREGATIONALIST CHURCH.....LOWELL.

## MY BIRTH-DAY.

Many are the gay and also sad associations interwoven with this name—with this day—which can never be erased while reason asserts her empire. There seems to be a talisman in it, that can call images from the past, with a quickness and clearness that almost overwhelm us. The deep fountains of memory are stirred, and as wave after wave rolls on, discovering some long-forgotten treasure rising up from its hidden depths, we gaze and wonder that they remain so fresh and undimmed ; and rejoice that they are still in our possession, not having been swallowed up in the black waters of oblivion.

We remember the heart-felt joy with which we were wont to greet the annual return of this day, in years gone by ; when, free and wild as the bounding roe, we were eager to spring forward through the bright vista of years, impatient of the slow progress we were making—and imagining that when we should reach the wished-for goal of sixteen or eighteen summers, that was spread out before us in all the rainbow colors of young fancy, we should enjoy perfect, unbounded happiness.

But alas ! those childish visions are too often doomed to destruction. With years, advance care and trouble also ; and when we reach that desired period, we find the glories we so much admired are wanting. They have vanished like the rosy tints of a morning cloud ; and we exclaim, in the bitterness of our feelings, "Give us back the days of childhood." And we experience a sort of dread of advancing farther from those happy hours, and anxiously desire to stop our rapid progress. But no, it may not be. Another year is fast hastening on, and we are irresistibly impelled forward with a speed we never before sufficiently realized.

The reason of these feelings is, not because we are so much more unhappy now than then, but our anticipations were too highly colored, too glorious by far, to be ever consummated here—for we expected *nought* but happiness ; and it is this bitter disappointment of our most glowing hopes, that causes our regret. Those fairy dreams of bliss live but in memory's magic halls, where they will still be treasured as records of the past. We dislike to think we are indeed growing old—that the time is com-



ing when we shall be no longer young ; and our feelings are similar to those that naturally arise on quitting the pleasant haunts of early years : we would rather stay where we know it is pleasant, than wander forth, we know not whither, in search of others more so, though we feel obliged to make the attempt. We have received such a sad lesson, that we feel afraid to venture on—for we know not whether success shall attend our steps, or not.

Oh, who can lift the dark veil of the future, and tell what is in store for us, whether good or evil, happiness or misery ! Who can tell us how low we may sink in degradation and woe, or how high we may rise in the scale of moral and intellectual being ? Although many may pretend, there are none that can pierce the thick curtains of coming years, and gaze with unclouded vision on scenes that are yet to transpire. The present alone is unveiled—we read what *it* presents, but even what we there behold, we cannot understand. How many chapters in our own history we find strange and inexplicable ! “Mysterious are thy ways, O Lord ;” and mysterious though they are, they will ultimately be explained to our perfect understanding. Though darkly clouds may gather over us, and the fury of the wild hurricane be madly raging around, and the fierce storm-king, with voice of thunder and eye of fire, be threatening us with instant dissolution—still fearless and undismayed we will trust in the living God, who has power to still the tempest and preserve us unharmed. The clouds will soon disperse, and sunshine and gladness will again cheer and illumine our hearts.

Thus with the eye of faith and light of hope, we can perceive a Being to whom we can trust the events of life, and believe them wisely ordered. May this faith, this hope, ever be ours ; and in all the workings of Providence, may we behold a father’s hand, a father’s love. And as we advance in years and knowledge, may we realize the true value of time, and rightly improve it. If vain repinings and useless regrets arise over the days that are past—even over childhood’s happiness and the beautiful but faded prospects of youth—may we have strength to check and destroy them, learning to be content with our lot, whatever it may be.

E. E. T.

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## ON KINDNESS.

“True and genuine kindness of heart,” says Mrs. Child, “is a substitute for politeness ;” and from actual observation, I am led to believe her correct, especially as respects the female portion of society. When a female is wanting in a kind and tender feeling, she is deficient in the most amiable trait of woman. Our brothers, indeed, and our fathers may be rough and stern : their stations in life have a tendency to make them so ; we will not complain, if they are sometimes severe ; but woman should be ever gentle. Formed for retirement, destined to preside over the domestic circles of home, to soothe and alleviate the pains of the sick and dying, to support the aged, to assuage the anguish of the distressed,—should she not be gentle, kind and benevolent ? Yes, she should be gentle and mild, in whatever situation she is placed. O how pleasant the sweet smile, the kind look, or the tender expression ! Who can tell how often the sad heart has been revived, the drooping spirits reanimated, by a kind look ! (and pleasant looks cost us nothing.)

When we look around in nature, we see that the Creator was not morose and unfeeling, when he strewed our path with flowers, and shed sun-light and beauty around us. When we inhale the sweet odor of the lovely rose, and feast our eyes with its glowing beauties, we see at once that the lovely flower is dispensing her sweets to please those around her. When we look on those with whom we associate, we love to see true kindness and benevolence beaming from those windows of the soul, the eyes, which less often deceive us than words. When we converse with our fellow-females, we love to receive both kind words and actions ; then, in return, should we practice what we desire to see in others—especially since it is quite as easy to be pleasant, as it is to be rough and unkind.

When a stranger-girl enters a circle of females, far from her home and its dear delights, how quickly, how very quickly, she detects those sweet marks of kindness which she will find in some, and equally as soon will she see the want of genuine kindness in others. No matter how gifted, nor how shining the talents and parts, I consider that lady defective in her education, who can willingly inflict pain and suffering upon a fellow female ; and



she who is kind and willing to relieve the wants even of a stranger, I consider in a degree accomplished, though her education should be rather limited.

HARRIET.

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## THE LIFE OF A POCKET TESTAMENT.

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

“The first place of which I have a distinct recollection, is a book-bindery. It was a room of large dimensions, lined on one side with shelves. These were packed with stock, imperfection, and books ; on another side, the folding tables and sewing frames were located ; then came the book-press and shavings-box.

Of the folding, I have a very confused idea ; yet the process seemed to be perfectly well understood by the bright-eyed girl who handled the folding stick—for she arranged the signatures so nicely, that every leaf followed in its proper order. Being folded, I was placed on another table to be ‘gathered up.’ I had reason to regret this change, for I was looked upon with less complacency, and my precepts were more seldom studied, than by my former friend. ‘Gathering up,’ was but the work of a moment ; then came Jeremiah with his press board, and arranged some of my brethren and myself to be pressed. I then passed through the sewing frame, where every ‘signature’ was firmly fastened with strong twine. Jeremiah again appeared, and after shaving off my rough edges, carried me to another room, where I was put in possession of the house, or cover, which I now occupy. The hammering and pressing, ruling and pasting, polishing and gilding, being finished, I was placed, with many of my kindred, upon a shelf for sale.

After remaining a considerable time in this situation, a book-merchant entered the shop, for the purpose of procuring a new lot of books. With many others, I was snugly packed in a dark box, and carried far away over hill and dale, and placed in the care of a pedlar.

Being now frequently exposed for sale, I had opportunity to note the variety of disposition manifested among mankind ; and I now take occasion to say, that no person of refined feelings and

cultivated mind, will so far neglect my precepts, as to treat a pedlar uncourteously.

I now approached a new era in my life. I was purchased by a young lady of serious deportment, who expressed much joy in being able to possess me. I was placed upon the table in a chamber, of which my owner was the sole occupant. She was a stranger in the place, and I was her principal friend and confidant. Often when sadness and despondency had overshadowed her spirits, she listened to the sweet consolations which I poured into her bosom, with gratitude and joy.

I was not long destined to remain on the table, for Ann, being desirous of enjoying my company more constantly, placed me in her pocket, manifestly endangering my beautiful house. My acquaintance with my friend now assumed a more familiar character. Although her perceptive faculties were not so acute as might be desired, yet, when she had firmly fixed in her mind what she considered my true meaning, her veneration for it was so great, that learning and talent were employed in vain to raise a doubt in her mind. She has often dwelt with rapture on my truths, as I have been the chosen companion of her rambles through a beautiful grove, or along the shore of some meandering brook, which danced in the sunlight or sung with the stars.

When, after a long absence, she returned to the home of her childhood, I attended her thither. With ecstasy she clasped me to her heart, and turned her face toward the place where, in earlier life, she had 'chosen to pray.' There she knelt, and in the calm silence of a spirit at peace with the world, she praised God for the revelation of love which I had conveyed to her mind.

Years have since passed, and I have accompanied Ann through the bustle, care and pleasure of various scenes. Sometimes I have been neglected ; but repentance has never failed to follow neglect.

Although the house in which I live, has become time-worn and brown, I am the same that I have ever been. I teach the same doctrines that I have ever taught. I breathe the same spirit that I have ever breathed ; and the odor which arises from every leaf is the same celestial fragrance which flows from the throne of my Author, who is the infinite and everlasting Love. My sojourn is among men, but my resting-place is before the throne of the Lamb."

ORIANNA.



## LEAVES....No. I.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A DREAMER.

"Would that I were as rich and beautiful as Miss Burton," said Emma Roscoe to her cousin Harry C. They were gazing from an open window upon a splendid coach and a span of greys, as they dashed along Bowdoin Square.

"Now you are not in earnest," exclaimed Harry ; "surely you would not forego the pleasures of domestic life to be the heartless belle of a city ! It is true, wealth is desirable ; but I would not have you altered from what you now are—no, not for the wealth of the Indies."

"But, cousin," replied Emma, "I have heard you say, that Miss Burton was a superb figure, fit for a princess,—so proud and stately does she seem."

"That is true," was the quick reply of Harry ; "I do admire her appearance in a ball-room. She would even grace the stately ancestral halls of England ; but what we admire in crowded halls, would not always please. In short, I would not go there to choose a wife. Enough has already been said," he continued ; "I did not call to read you a lecture this morning, but to remind you of your promise to accompany me to the Fair. I told friend H. I would be a contributor ; and I know of nothing that would reflect more honor on our city, than to exhibit my pretty cousin for a day, as all things fair and bright have a place there."

"Thank you," said Emma ; "and pray when did you take your last lesson in flattering ? I think you have improved much of late. Formerly I thought you were superior to other men, from the fact that you were not addicted to flattery ; but I find you are like all the rest ;" and without waiting for a reply, she left the room to complete her toilet for the Fair. A few moments only had passed, ere she returned, ready for her walk.

It was long after the street door had closed on their footsteps, that my thoughts reverted to their conversation. Emma had always appeared the very picture of happiness ; but I find all are not happy who appear to be so. She was not what the world would call beautiful ; but her friends considered her so, from the mildness and sweetness of her natural disposition. She was the betrothed bride of Harry C., and he was well worthy of so fair

a bride. But was all right ? Was her heart as it should be ? I fear not. A spirit of jealousy had entered, from hearing Harry speak in praise of the celebrated beauty, Miss Burton. She thought him less attentive than formerly, and sometimes she fancied he even seemed cold, and tired of her company. She had made herself really unhappy ; and from a wish to please him, she had expressed in his presence a desire to be as beautiful as she whom she thought her rival. But her trouble existed only in imagination—for Harry thought her superior to any woman he had ever seen ; and it was with pride, that he looked upon her as his companion through life's pilgrimage. If they are not happy, who may promise themselves the enjoyment of that boon here below ? thought I, as I rested my head on my hand and gave the reins to imagination.

Soon my room was converted into a beautiful flower-garden, with walks extending as far as the eye could reach. It was early morning : the sun was just peering over the distant hills, and as I was admiring the beauty of the scene, I felt a light touch on my elbow. I turned, and beheld an old friend of my grandfather's. Her name was Truth. She asked permission to guide me through the many paths, and show me some of the rare flowers that grew on every side. I gladly accepted her company, and with many thanks for her kindness, we commenced our morning's walk.

We had not proceeded far, however, before we met many people of both sexes ; but the young and fair led the way, gathering the flowers that were strown so profusely around them, and after sporting with them for a time, they threw them away as worthless things.

“ And it is ever thus,” said Truth. “ The young are not willing to profit by the experience of age ; but in time they will see the folly of their past life, in throwing away all the bright flowers of their youth. Would I could impress upon their minds the value of one flower. It should be cultivated in spring-time, to flourish well. It is called Goodness, and with it comes its sister Contentment. Then there would be no pining after happiness, for all would be happy in doing good ; and while they enjoyed the many blessings that a kind Providence has scattered so liberally upon the right hand and the left, they would not be sighing for wealth that can never be theirs—nor for fame, that is at the



summit of the hill, and which if obtained, must involve the sacrifice of nearly all the enjoyments of youth ; and often health falls a victim to an ambitious spirit. When will they learn that the good alone are happy ?”

She ceased speaking, and looking in another direction, I saw an old man. He approached us, and after some conversation with Truth, he passed on. I soon ascertained that they were friends. He had an agreeable expression and a youthful appearance for one who had passed three score years and ten. I asked her if she would trust me with his name, as it might be of service to me when I mingled in the gay world. “Oh, with pleasure,” was the reply, “it is Experience ;” and as she spoke, she directed my attention to a bed of flowers he had given her ; and while we wandered along the various windings, she told me of many precious truths which Experience had taught her—for she thought him an excellent teacher—and that I must visit his home with her, if it was not too late when we had walked through the garden. “There,” she continued, “you will see true happiness.”

We lingered amid the flowers till the sun had disappeared, and the moon alone gave us light ; but I was not weary, and soon we entered a path that looked pleasant as far as I could perceive by the silvery light that shone above us. “This,” said she, “is the path of Wisdom, and far in the distance is the abiding-place of my old friend.”

We hurried along, until we came to a splendid situation.—Surely, thought I, Paradise cannot be more beautiful than this—so calm, so still,—what could it resemble but that heaven where sorrow never enters ? We passed through the gate, and drew near the house, where the gods and goddesses had assembled to guard the inmates. I almost fancied myself in fairy-land, when Truth broke the silence, to admonish me to step lightly, for we were on consecrated ground, inasmuch as we had gained admission, and were then on the grand stair-case leading to the chamber of Experience.

Presently we stood by his bed-side. We drew back the curtains. The old man was asleep, but it was a sweet sleep, like that of infancy. A smile played around the mouth, as though his dreams were pleasant. His hair was thrown back from his forehead, and by the dim night-lamp, it looked like threads of

spun silver. "His was not a sad experience," said Truth, again addressing me; "for the seeds of goodness were early implanted in his heart. He often says his mother was an angel, for teaching him to be contented with his lot, whatever that lot might be; and she also taught him to walk in the paths of wisdom, to which he has ever adhered; and as a natural consequence, wealth, honor, and happiness are his. 'I owe all my prosperity to my mother,' were his words to me the other day; 'for,' he continued, 'the first lesson she impressed upon my mind was this—that if I would be happy, I must be good; and I have proved her theory to be true.'"

I turned to take a last look of that mild, happy sleeper, and my movement being quick, my hand slipped, and my head fell with such force upon the arm of the sofa, that I awoke, and found a new bump on my head—which I shall call "dreamative-ness." And I shall long have reason to remember my walk with Truth, and my visit to Experience. O that there were more mothers like his; who, instead of clothing their children in pride and vanity, as too many do, would teach them to walk in the paths of wisdom, and to cultivate those little flowers, Goodness and Contentment. Then they would not be compelled to ask the question, Who are the happy?

ISABELLA.

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### THE HUSKING.

"Farewell the merry husking-night,  
 Its pleasant after-scenes,  
 When Indian puddings smoked beside  
 The giant pot of beans."

Yes, farewell to the happy scenes of by-gone, youthful days. But though I bid you farewell, memory, true to her trust, will often, as harvest-time draws near, remind me of the many happy and joyful hours of the afternoon and evening husking-parties, which, in other days and far away, I have spent with my youthful companions.

Of all the huskings which were made by the good people of Salmagundi, none afforded more pleasure than did those which



were made by the Friends—more especially those of friend Paul. Friend Paul was a jolly, good-natured sort of a man ; who, were it not for his broad-brimmed hat, and plain drab-colored clothes, would never have been suspected of being one of the disciples of George Fox. His wife was as jolly as himself ; and they were never happier than when they were surrounded by a whole bevy of the young ones of the neighborhood. And right glad were the young people, whenever they had an invitation to a quilting, husking, apple-bee, or any other merry-making which friend Paul and his wife chose to make.

One bright moon-lit evening, all the lads and lasses in the neighborhood were at the domicil of friend Paul, seated around a huge pile of corn, and with all imaginable nimbleness were trying to forward the hour of the harvest supper—which is always as soon after the corn is all husked as the huskers can wash their hands, and seat themselves around the tables. The jest and repartee had given place to singing, (for friend Paul and his wife loved to hear the rustic songs of olden time,) and many were the songs of woman's love, and woman's woes, and of knight-errants' chivalrous exploits, that were sung. And frequently would the singing cease in the middle of a song, when some lucky swain would claim the usual reward for finding a crimson ear.

Louisa was the fairest girl present. She was an orphan, and had from early childhood been loved with more than a brother's affection by one to whom she was on the point of being united for life. The marriage bans had been proclaimed, and it was rumored that she was to be married at friend Paul's house. This appeared quite probable, as Louisa had lived for some little time in the family, and was a great favorite of Mrs. P.'s. Louisa was seated near the back door, hard-by which there was a thick copse. The huskers were singing a song which friend Paul said was a favorite of his, and though it was not very poetical, and like many of the old-fashioned songs, not very well rhymed, they sung it with a pathos truly touching. It gave an account of a husking party, where a lady was present who was betrothed. Her lover was going the rounds, with a crimson ear, claiming as his due a kiss from every pretty cheek. As he approached his intended bride, to claim a kiss from her, "the harvest spirit" rush-

ed in at a door, near which the lady sat, and seizing her around the waist, bore her off, and she was never seen more. Her lover pursued them, fell off from a bridge, and was drowned.

The company at friend Paul's were singing

"The spirit rushed in at the door,  
All on that husking night;  
He seized the lady"—

The lover of Louisa was approaching her, with a crimson ear. He was about to kiss her cheek, when a tall figure, enveloped in white, with an ugly, misshapen head, rushed in at the door, seized Louisa, and departed instantly. Quick as thought, her lover followed them; but before any of the company could so far recover from their surprise as to follow, they were out of sight.

It was proposed to surround the copse, but friend Paul said that he was sure he knew the rogue well, and also where to find him; and to be sure of proceeding according to law, they had better run to the village, (which was hard by) and have a Justice of the Peace on the ground with all haste. "The constable," he said, "being present, there would be little trouble in putting some people where they would have to remain for life." The company looked incredulous, nay, some who delighted in the marvellous, had their superstitious feelings so much excited, that they firmly declared their belief in the reality of a "harvest spirit," and said, that they really believed he had come and "carried Louisa off bodily."

The messenger who had been despatched to the village soon returned, accompanied by a Justice, when all hands repaired to the new house of friend Paul. Here, in the spacious parlor, some sitting, some standing, and all trying to raise their voices so as to be heard by the 'Squire; while each was giving his or her own peculiar opinion of the marvellous incidents of the evening, was this motley group. A closet door opened, and to the no small astonishment of the company, out came Louisa and her lover, preceded by a bridesmaid and groomsman! The 'Squire soon performed the marriage ceremony, confining the rogues for life, without the aid of constable, jury, or judge. After an ablution of hands, the company seated themselves around a table of smoking-hot Indian pudding and baked beans, and of every delicacy which constitutes a first-rate wedding supper.

TABITHA.



## HARRIET GREENOUGH.

## CHAPTER I.

"The day is come I never thought to see,  
Strange revolutions in my farm and me."

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Harriet Greenough had always been thought a spoiled child, when she left home for Newburyport. Her father was of the almost obsolete class of farmers, whose gods are their farms, and whose creed—'Farmers are the most independent folks in the world.' This latter was none the less absolute in its power over Mr. Greenough, from its being entirely traditionary. He often repeated a vow made in early life, that he would never wear other than 'homespun' cloth. When asked his reasons, he invariably answered, "Because I won't depend on others for what I can furnish myself. Farmers are the most independent class of men; and I mean to be the most independent of farmers."—If, for a moment, he felt humbled by the presence of a genteel, well-educated man, it was only for a moment. He had only to recollect that farmers are the most independent class of people, and his head resumed its wonted elevation, his manner and tone their usual swaggering impudence.

While at school, he studied nothing but reading, spelling, arithmetic and writing. Latterly, his reading had been restricted to a chapter in the Bible per day, and an occasional examination of the almanac. He did not read his Bible from devotional feeling—for he had none; but that he might puzzle the 'book-men' of the village, with questions like the following: "Now I should like to have you tell me one thing: How *could* Moses write an account of his own death and burial? Can you just tell me where Cain and Abel found their wives? What verse is there in the Bible that has but two words in it? Who was the father of Zebedee's children? How many chapters has the New Testament? how many verses, and how many words?" Inability or disinclination to answer any and all of these, was made the subject of a day's laughter and triumph.

Nothing was so appalling to him as innovations on old customs and opinions. "These notions that the earth turns round, and the sun stands still; that shooting stars are nothing but little

meteors, I think they call them, are turning the heads of our young folks," he was accustomed to say to Mr. Curtis, the principal of the village academy, every time they met. "And then these new-fangled books, filled with jaw-cracking words and falsehoods, chemistry, philosophy, and so on,—why, I wonder if they ever made any man a better farmer, or helped a woman to make better butter and cheese? Now, Mr. Curtis, it is *my* opinion that young folks had better read their Bibles more. Now I'll warrant that not one in ten can tell how many chapters there are in it. My father knew from the time that he was eight till he was eighty. Can *you* tell, Mr. Curtis?"

Mr. Curtis smiled a negative; and Mr. Greenough went laughing about all day. Indeed, for a week, the first thing that came after his blunt salutation, was a loud laugh; and in answer to consequent inquiries, came the recital of his victory over 'the great Mr. Curtis.' He would not listen a moment to arguments in favor of sending Harriet to the academy, or of employing any other teachers in his district, than old Master Smith, and Miss Heath, a superannuated spinster.

Mrs. Greenough was a mild creature, passionless and gentle in her nature as a lamb. She acquiesced in all her husband's measures, whether from having no opinions of her own, or from a deep and quiet sense of duty and propriety, no one knew. Harriet was their pet. As rosy, laughing, and healthy as a Hebe, she flew from sport to sport all the day long. Her mother attempted, at first, to check her romping propensity; but it delighted her father, and he took every opportunity to strengthen and confirm it. He was never so happy as when watching her swift and eager pursuit of a butterfly; never so lavish of his praises and caresses, as when she succeeded in capturing one, and all breathless with the chase, bore her prize to him.

"Do stay in the house with poor ma, to-day, darling: she is very lonely," her mother would say to her, as she put back the curls from the beautiful face of her child, and kissed her cheek. One day, a tear was in her eye, and a sadness at her heart; for she had been thinking of the early childhood of her Harriet, when she turned from father, little brother, playthings and all, for her. Harriet seemed to understand her feelings; for instead of answering her with a spring and laugh as usual, she sat quiet-



ly down at her feet and laid her head on her lap. Mr. Greenough came in at this moment.

“How? What does this mean, wife and Hatty?” said he.—  
“Playing the baby, Hat? Wife, this won’t do. Harriet has your beauty; and to this I have no objections, if she has my spirits and independence. Come, Hatty; we want you to help us make hay to-day; and there are lots of butterflies and grasshoppers for you to catch. Come,” he added; for the child still kept her eyes on her mother’s face, as if undecided whether to go or stay. “Come, get your bonnet,—no; you may go without it. You look too much like a village girl. You must get more tan.”

“Shall I go, ma?” Harriet asked, still clinging to her mother’s dress.

“Certainly, if pa wishes it,” answered Mrs. Greenough with a strong effort to speak cheerfully.

She went, and from that hour Mrs. Greenough passively allowed her to follow her father and his laborers as she pleased; to rake hay, ride in the cart, husk corn, hunt hens’ eggs, jump on the hay, play ball, prisoner, pitch quoits, throw dice, cut and saw wood, and, indeed to run into every amusement which her active temperament demanded. She went to school when she pleased; but her father was constant in his hints that her spirits and independence were not to be destroyed by poring over books. So she was generally left to do as she pleased, although she was often pleased to perpetrate deeds, for which her schoolmates often asserted they would have been severely chastised. There was an expression of fun and good humor lurking about in the dimples of her fat cheeks and in her deep blue eye, that effectually shielded her from reproof. Master Smith had just been accused of partiality to her, and he walked into the school considerably taller than usual, all from his determination to punish Harriet before night. He was not long in detecting her in a roguish act. He turned from her under the pretence of looking some urchins into silence, and said, with uncommon sternness and precision, “Harriet Greenough, walk out into the floor.” Harriet jumped up, shook the hands of those who sat near her, nodded a farewell to others, and walked gaily up to the master. He dreaded meeting her eye; for he knew that his gravity would desert him, in such a case. She took a position

behind him, and in a moment the whole house was in an uproar of laughter. Master Smith turned swiftly about on his heel, and confronted the culprit. She only smiled and made him a most graceful courtesy. This was too much for his risibles. He laughed almost as heartily as his pupils.

"Take your seat, you, he ! he ! you trollop you, he ! he ! and I will settle with you bye and bye," said he.

She only thanked him, and then returned to her sport.

So she passed on. When sixteen, she was a very child in everything but years and form. Her forehead was high and full, but a want of taste and care in the arrangement of her beautiful hair, destroyed its effect. Her complexion was clear, but sun-burnt. Her laugh was musical, but one missed that *tone* which distinguishes the laugh of a happy, feeling girl of sixteen, from that of a child of mere frolic. As to her form, no one knew what it was ; for she was always putting herself into some strange but not really uncouth attitude ; and besides, she could never *stop* to adjust her dress properly.

Such was Harriet Greenough, when a cousin of hers paid them a visit on her return to the Newburyport mills. She was of Harriet's age ; but one would have thought her ten years her senior, judging from her superior dignity and intelligence. Her father died when she was a mere child, after a protracted illness which left them penniless. By means of untiring industry, and occasional gifts from her kind neighbors, Mrs. Wood succeeded in keeping her children at school, until her daughter was sixteen and her son fourteen. They then went together to Newburyport, under the care of a very amiable girl who had spent several years there. They worked a year, devoting a few hours every day to study ; then returned home, and spent a year at school in their native village.

They were now on their return to the mills. It was arranged that at the completion of the present year, Charles should return to school, and remain there until fitted for the study of a profession, if Jane's health was spared that she might labor for his support.

Jane was a gentle, affectionate girl ; and there was a new feeling at the heart of Harriet, from the day in which she came under her influence. Before the week had half expired, which Jane was to spend with them, Harriet, with characteristic decis-



ion, avowed her determination to accompany her. Her father and mother had opposed her will in but few instances. In these few, she had laughed them into an easy compliance. In the present case, she found her task a more difficult one. But they consented, at last ; and with her mother's tearful blessing, and an injunction from her father not to bear any insolence from her employers ; but to remember always that she was the independent daughter of an independent farmer, she left her home.

## CHAPTER II.

A year passed by ; and our Harriet was a totally changed being, in intellect and deportment. Her cousins boarded in a small family, that they might have a better opportunity of pursuing their studies during their leisure hours. She was their constant companion. At first, she did not open a book ; and numberless were the roguish artifices she employed, to divert the attentions of her cousins from theirs. They often laid them aside for a lively chat with her ; and then urged her to study with them. She loved them ardently. To her affection she at last yielded, and not to any anticipations of pleasure or profit in the results ; for she had been *educated* to believe that there was none of either.

Charles had been studying Latin and mathematics ; Jane, botany, geology, and geography of the heavens. She instructed Charles in these latter sciences ; he initiated her, as well as he might, into the mysteries of *hic, hæc, hoc*, and algebra. At times of recitation, Harriet sat and laughed at their 'queer words.' When she accompanied them in their search for flowers, she amused herself by bringing mullen, yarrow, and, in one instance, a huge sunflower. When they traced constellations, she repeated to them a satire on star-gazers, which she learned of her father.

The *histories* of the constellations and flowers, first arrested her attention, and kindled a romance which had hitherto lain dormant. A new light was in her eye from that hour, and a new charm in her whole deportment. She commenced study under very discouraging circumstances. Of this she was deeply sensible. She often shed a few tears, as she thought of her utter ignorance, then dashed them off, and studied with renewed dili-

gence and success. She studied two hours every morning, before commencing labor, and until half past eleven at night. She took her book and her dinner to the mill, that she might have the whole intermission for study. This short season, with the reflection she gave during the afternoon, was sufficient for the mastery of a hard lesson. She was close in her attendance at the sanctuary. She joined a Bible class ; and the teachings there fell with a sanctifying influence on her spirit, subduing but not destroying its vivacity, and opening a new current to her thoughts and affections. Although tears of regret for misspent years often stole down her cheeks, she assured Jane that she was happier at the moment, than in her hours of loudest mirth.

Her letters to her friends had prepared them for a change, but not for *such* a change—so great and so happy. She was now a very beautiful girl, easy and graceful in her manners, soft and gentle in her conversation, and evidently conscious of her superiority, only to feel more humble, more grateful to Heaven, her dear cousins, her minister, her Sabbath school teacher, and other beloved friends, who by their kindness had opened such new and delightful springs of feeling in her heart.

She flung her arms around her mother's neck, and wept tears of gratitude and love. Mrs. Greenough felt that she was no longer alone in the world ; and Mr. Greenough, as he watched them, the wife and the daughter, inwardly acknowledged that there was that in the world dearer to his heart than his farm and his independence.

Amongst Harriet's baggage was a rough deal box. This was first opened. It contained her books, a few minerals and shells. There were fifty well-selected volumes, besides a package of gifts for her father, mother, and brother. There was no book-case in the house ; and the kitchen shelf was full of old almanacs, school books, sermons and jest books. Mr. Greenough rode to the village, and returned with a rich secretary, capacious enough for books, minerals and shells. He brought the intelligence, too, that a large party of students and others were to spend the evening with them. Harriet's heart beat quick, as she thought of young Curtis, and wondered if he was among said students.—Before she left Bradford, struck with the beauty and simplicity of her appearance, he sought and obtained an introduction to her, but left her side after sundry ineffectual attempts to draw



her into conversation, disappointed and disgusted. He *was* among Harriet's visitors.

"Pray, Miss Curtis, what may be your opinion of our belle, Miss Greenough?" asked young Lane, on the following morning, as Mr. Curtis and his sister entered the hall of the academy.

"Why, I think that her improvement has been astonishingly rapid during the past year; and that she is now a really charming girl."

"Has she interfered with your heart, Lane?" asked his chum.

"As to that, I do not feel entirely decided. I think I shall renew my call, however—nay, do not frown, Curtis; I was about to add, if it be only to taste her father's delicious melons, pears, plums, and apples."

Curtis blushed slightly, bowed, and passed on to the school room. He soon proved that he cared much less for Mr. Greenough's fruit than for his daughter: for the fruit remained untasted if Harriet was at his side. He was never so happy as when Mr. Greenough announced his purpose of sending Harriet to the academy two or three years. Arrangements were made accordingly, and the week before Charles left home for college, she was duly installed in his father's family.

She missed him much; but the loss of his society was partially counterbalanced by frequent and brotherly letters from him, and by weekly visits to her home, which, by the way, is becoming quite a paradise, under her supervision. She has been studying painting and drawing. Several well-executed specimens of each adorn the walls and tables of their sitting room and parlor. She has no 'regular built' centre-table; but in *lieu* thereof, she has removed from the garret, an old round table that belonged to her grandmother. This she has placed in the centre of the sitting room; and what with its very pretty covering, (which falls so near the floor as to conceal its uncouth legs,) and its books, it forms no mean item of elegance and convenience.

Mr. Greenough and his help have improved a few leisure days in removing the trees that entirely concealed the Merrimack. By the profits resulting from their sale, he has built a neat and tasteful enclosure for his house and garden. This autumn, shade trees and shrubbery are to be removed to the yard, and fruit trees and vines to the garden. Next winter, a summer-house is to be put in readiness for erection in the spring.

All this, and much more, Mr. Greenough is confident he can accomplish, without neglecting his *necessary* labors, or the course of reading he has marked out, 'by and with the advice' of his wife and Harriet. And more, and better still, he has decided that his son George shall attend school, at least two terms yearly. He will board at home, and will be accompanied by his cousin Charles, whom Mr. Greenough has offered to board, gratis, until his education is completed. By this generosity on the part of her uncle, Jane will be enabled to defray other expenses incidental to Charles' education; and still have leisure for literary pursuits.

Most truly might Mr. Greenough say,

"The day is come I never thought to see,  
Strange revolutions in my farm and me."

A.

## THE PARTING.

ADDRESSED TO AN INTIMATE FRIEND.

Dear A., farewell! 'Tis but a few short months  
Since first we met.—As strangers meet, we met,  
To each unknown. But were we strangers long?  
No. He who made the frame-work of the soul,  
Hath opened in the heart a holy fount  
Of deep, undying sympathy;  
And native instinct bids us find our kin  
Where'er we may be straying. It is thus,  
And ever thus. And O, what owe we not to Him  
Who fashioned heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
And strung in each, to each an answering chord;  
And, with the mild yet firm authority  
With which a Father speaks, commanded us  
To love each other!

And may we not believe  
That He appointed love on earth, to teach  
The soul of holier, purer love on high?  
Methinks the deep, the true, the virtuous love,  
That cheers this life, is but an emblem, faint  
And shadowy, of the immortal stream  
That maketh glad the city of our God!

With this, farewell! And if we meet no more  
This side the grave, O let us exercise  
That love to God and man which fits the soul  
For the pure friendships of eternal life.

ADELAIDE.



## A VISIT TO MY NATIVE PLACE.

How pleasing and interesting are the associations which arise in the mind of one who is about to visit the scenes of her childhood, to behold again the home where she has spent many of the happiest hours of her life, and to see those friends who shared with her the merry sports of youth.

It was with such feelings as these, that I approached my native village, and beheld once more the green hills of New Hampshire. Many pleasant hours have I spent in rambling over them, with my companions, in search of berries. Many of the large trees which stood six years ago in all their pride and beauty, are now no more. Time spares nothing.

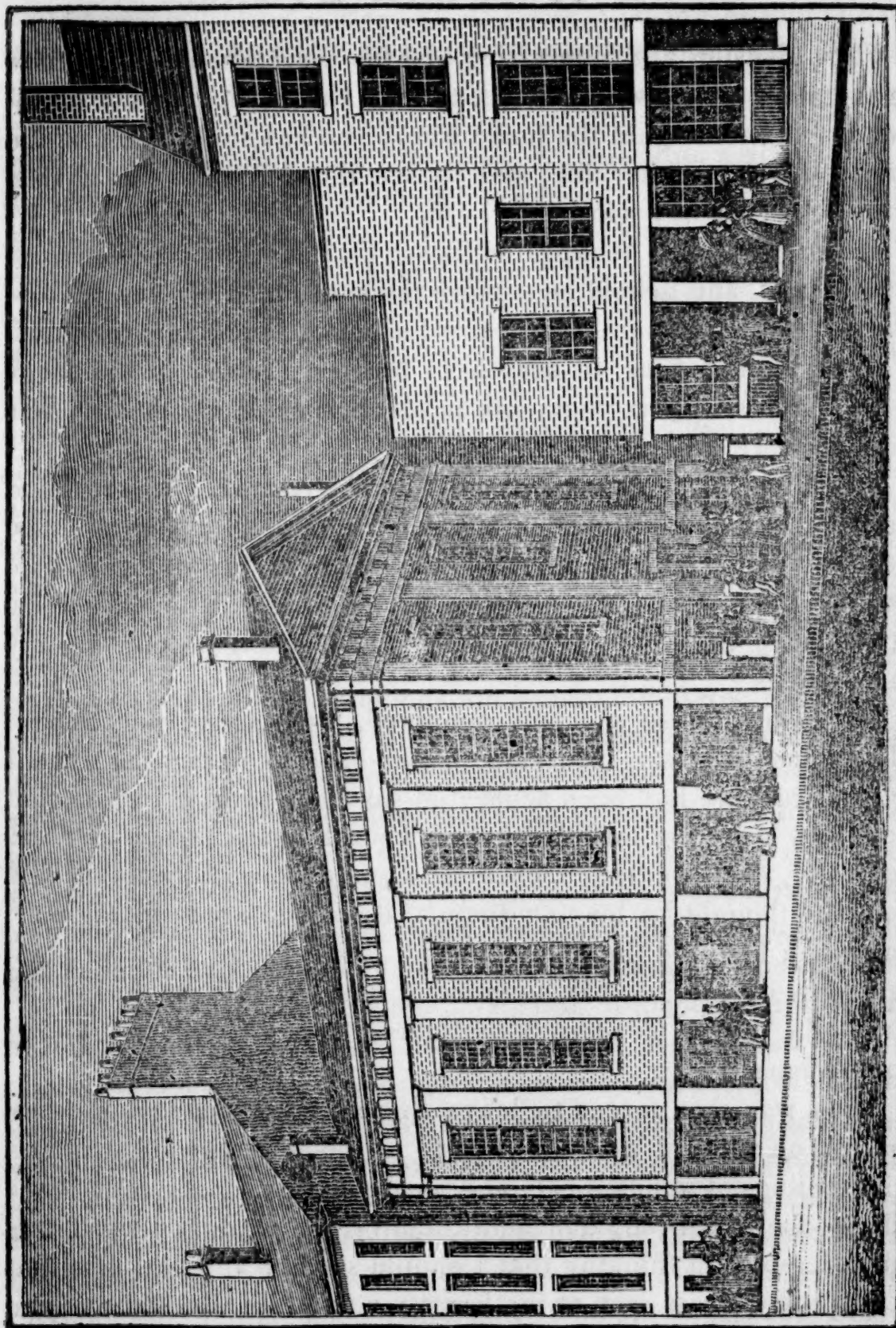
As I beheld the change six years had wrought, I wondered if the friends I had left still remained the same ; but there I also beheld a change. Many who were then in the enjoyment of health, are now laid low, even as the trees of the forest—while others have left their native homes, and strangers now occupy their places.

But among those who still remained, I perceived no change. My companions were the same warm-hearted beings as when I left. True, we had been separated six long years ; but, in that time they were not forgotten—and when I found myself in their company, each wearing a cheerful countenance, I could hardly bear the thought of leaving them. It seemed again like home ; and when I visited the old-fashioned school-house, and the pleasant grove by which it is surrounded, memory led me back, and I thought of the pleasure I had there enjoyed with my young companions.

But I was soon forced to leave those scenes, for soon the day arrived on which I was to return to my home in Lowell. It was with feelings of mingled pain and pleasure, that I bade my friends adieu—for I spent my time with them very pleasantly ; but I was much happier in thinking that I should soon be at home—for that is still the dearest spot to my heart ; and I felt I could exclaim with the poet,

“ Home, home—sweet, sweet home—  
Search all the world over, there's no place like home. ”

L. C.



UNITARIAN CHURCH, LOWELL.



## THE PRINCESS.

## AN ORIENTAL FAIRY TALE.

## CHAPTER I.

A long time ago, there reigned over one of the old and wealthy kingdoms of the East, a young and much-loved king and queen. He was brave, generous and accomplished, and she was gentle, kind and beautiful. They were strongly attached to each other, and to their subjects; and their joint endeavors were to make those happy whom they had been destined to govern. Their talents and virtues won for them the esteem and applause of the whole nation, and their active, untiring benevolence secured the sincerest attachment of their people. The old expressed their thankfulness that life had been spared to behold such worthy sovereigns of their country; the middle-aged declared themselves ready to live in their service, or die in their defence; and the young were taught to lisp their names in praises, and call down blessings on their heads.

But alas! that such happiness should be but of short duration; that budding hopes should so soon be blighted; that early promise should be followed by hasty disappointment; and that life, so fraught with blessings for others and itself, should prematurely be arrested by the cold, unsparing hand of death. The young king, surrounded by wealth, splendor, honor and affection, by all that could make existence desirable, was suddenly removed from all, and a weeping nation beheld their monarch consigned with gorgeous pomp to an early tomb.

Deep was the sorrow of all hearts, but the beauteous, widowed queen was for a time inconsolable. She prayed that death would also come to her, that she might rejoin him in the tomb, without whom life was to her a worthless boon. But when her new-born child was placed within her arms, when for the first time she gazed upon its tiny form, and pressed her trembling lips to its unconscious brow, a new desire for life was awakened within her breast, and she wished that existence might still be prolonged; that she might be spared to love and watch this relic of him who had gone; to shield her from the snares and temptations which would beset her early life, and to prepare her to fill worthily and honorably that throne to which she was an undisputed heir.

Mild and subdued was her pleasure at her daughter's birth, for it was mingled with recollections of the departed father, with feelings of new and deep responsibility, and with fearful anxiety for the future, as it respected both herself and her child. But loud and clamorous was the nation's joy, when they knew that a child of their late king would one day fill his vacant throne ; and they declared that the mother should reign over them, till the daughter was of age to take her place.

When the queen took alone upon herself those cares and duties which she had been accustomed to share with her husband, there came upon her a fearful, depressing sense of her own incapacity for such high trust, and a wish that the little princess might early receive every advantage which would increase her competency for the station which awaited her. She was incessantly harassed by thoughts of the dangers and temptations to which her situation must inevitably subject her.

Now, it is well known by all readers of the old Eastern tales, that in those times there were Fairies, and that they were often appealed to by mortals for supernatural favors and gifts, and that they were particularly benignant to monarchs ; though it must excite surprise that they should usually have shown such partiality to those who least needed their favors, especially as they were above all necessity for a reciprocation of benefits. But so it was, and the queen, in her solicitude for her child, sent for a noted fairy to visit the little princess, and bestow upon it the favor which would then be requested. So the fairy came, without delay, to the splendid palace, and expressed her readiness to oblige so good a queen, and so fond a mother, by rendering her any service in her power ; but after she had seen the infant princess, she turned to the mother and exclaimed, 'What is it you would ask of me ? Riches and honors are hers by birth ; beauty and talents I see are the gifts of nature ; and tell me, what would you request of a fairy, more ? Do your duty in educating her for that place which I assure you she will one day fill, and it will not be filled unworthily.'

'Ah,' said the queen, 'it is that duty which I feel myself incapable of performing. Know you not, that from the first moment when her dawning intellect shall be able to perceive her position in society, and recognize the relation in which she stands to all around her, the idea will be constantly within her, and will be



cherished by all that she will see and hear, that she is an idol, a favorite of fortune and of nature? The poison of expecting favorites, and flattering courtiers, will ever be poured into her ears. I would ask of you to show me how she can be shielded from pollution. I would request of you the power to preserve her pure, innocent, modest and gentle, amidst the contaminating influences which will surround her. I would wish her endowed with that vigor of mind and firmness of principle which will render her a fitting sovereign for an already idolizing people, yet destitute of that arrogance, selfishness and vanity, which I feel that the necessary intercourse with others must arouse within her. This is my request; and if granted, the gratitude of a queen, whose earnest desire is to promote the happiness of her subjects, and of a mother, who wishes that her daughter may not wholly be sacrificed to her country, shall be yours.'

'You have asked a boon even beyond my power to grant,' was the fairy's reply. 'You ask that the blood may be tainted, and the frame retain its vigor; that the serpent's fangs may be inserted, and the poison be withheld; in short, that your daughter may mature amidst the fawning servility and cringing obsequiousness of a flattering court, yet remain simple, mild and unassuming as the lowly daughter of a peasant. You would surround her by those who appear to think her the only object of regard, yet teach her that her life must be one long thought and action for others. I would assist you to do this, if it was in my power, but even to me it is a thing impossible.'

The fairy ceased, and turned to leave them, but the distress of the queen had increased with her knowledge of the fairy's incompetency to assist her, and a clearer perception of the magnitude of the difficulties which surrounded her. 'Nay, nay,' said she, 'leave me not thus; something you can do; and tell me that I may rely upon your aid so far as it can be given. The palace shall be your home, if you will but remain within it, and assist us to rear this young plant till it shall become a tree, whose beautiful foliage shall awaken universal admiration, and whose wide-spreading branches shall afford shelter to the thousands who will congregate beneath them.'

'Nay,' said the fairy, 'I can do nothing here; and yet,' she added, turning to the lovely babe, 'if you will consent to place her *wholly* within my power, if you will permit me to consign her

to such a discipline as I may deem necessary for a developement of the good, and a suppression of the evil within her, I will promise that your daughter shall one day be all that you as a mother and a queen can reasonably desire.'

'I consent,' said the queen, hastily ; and the dark fearing expression of her countenance had changed to a smile of joy, ere the fairy left them ; and when she caressed the beauteous infant, it was with a feeling of pleasure, unmingled with the dark presentiments which had before disturbed her peace.

In her reliance upon the fairy's promise, she forgot that any thing was to be done by others, and abandoned herself entirely to the affection which now engrossed her feelings. The little princess became the pet of her mother, and the idol of all her attendants ; and love, and pride, and flattery, were the elements in which her mind was to be nurtured to selfishness. The mother was only aroused to a sense of her neglect of duty, when the object of that neglect was removed from all the influences which might have corrupted her.

One sultry day in the midst of summer, the queen had retired to her apartments to take her usual noon-tide repose. Her women also were depressed by the heat, and languidly awaiting permission to retire to their rooms ; and the little princess was left in her nursery, with but the one faithful attendant who never left her. Her maids were lying upon couches in an adjoining room ; and when the nurse saw that her royal charge was sleeping soundly in its cradle, she abandoned herself to the drowsiness which oppressed her ; and reclining her head upon a cushion which was near, she soon sunk into a deep sleep.

When she at length awoke, and saw, by the slanting sunbeams, that it was late in the day, she wondered that no cry from the child should have broken her slumbers ; but the gossamer curtains which guarded it from insects had remained unmoved, and no sound or motion had disturbed aught around her. The murmur of the fountains and the fragrance of the flowers came borne upon the light breeze from the palace gardens, which gently fanned the apartment ; and with increased wonder that the babe should sleep so long, she gently drew aside the muslin curtains. But no child was there ! The print of the little form was still upon the light cushions, but without a struggle or a cry, it had been removed.



· Terrified and bewildered, she glanced wildly around the room, but there were no traces of the lawless visitant ; and when she had communicated to the attendants in the next apartment the dreadful tidings, she was assured by the most wakeful maidens, that no sound had disturbed them. They were confident that no one had passed by them, and that whoever had obtained the child must have entered from the windows which opened into the palace gardens.

The royal household were soon alarmed, and when the gardeners were questioned, one of them asserted that a little old woman, in a close bonnet and brown cloak, and with a bundle in her arms, had passed him quickly at the northern gate. She had become suddenly visible as he turned in one of the shaded alleys, and he allowed her to pass out of the gate unchecked, wondering only how she could ever have entered.

Farther inquiries were made, and again were heard vague rumors of the little old woman in a close bonnet and brown cloak, bearing a bundle in her arms, who had been seen in places at a great distance, near the close of the day on which the princess had been abducted. But no distinct traces could be found of her, or the place of the child's secretion, if indeed it was a child which she had borne in her withered arms. One terrible supposition came upon the minds of all, and it was that the fairy had obtained possession of the princess ; and what she would do with her, or whether she would ever return her to her mother, were alike uncertain.

And when at length the heavy tidings which could no longer be withheld, were imparted to the queen, her anguish was fearful. 'I alone have been to blame,' exclaimed the wretched mother ; and when the exasperated people demanded the infliction of vengeance upon the careless attendants, and pronounced the doom of death upon the nurse, the queen also added, 'and I alone should bear the penalty. My child was born, as but few of mortals are born, with a crown above her head, and a sceptre awaiting her grasp ; and I deemed that a power and knowledge possessed by few should be granted to her. In my anxiety for her welfare, I demanded the assistance of one of greater powers than are bestowed upon us, and in my solicitude, I even went so far as to place my child wholly within the fairy's power, and hastily consented that she might be subjected to any course

which she might deem essential to her well-being. I have done wrong, but none else should suffer, and it may be that my child will soon be restored to us.'

But though the queen endeavored to cheer her subjects, yet hope grew dim within her own heart. Would not the fairy, if a benignant one, have returned her child when a sufficient time had elapsed to restore her to a sense of her duty, and a consciousness of her neglect of it? and if such was not her character, how dreadful the thought that the princess was entirely at her disposal! Oh! how she mourned her folly; how deeply she regretted the first wrong step, in obtaining any communication with that capricious class of beings. Her distress was heightened by the murmurs of the people, who suggested that the life of the princess had fallen a sacrifice to the aspiring wishes of some claimants to the vacant throne; and even dark suspicions went floating around on the breath of angered men, that the queen herself had connived at the abduction or murder, that she might reign over them undisputed, as long as life or the love of power should last.

The queen had still many friends, who supported and encouraged her, and hoped that soon the re-appearance of the lost one would restore peace and harmony to the now distracted kingdom. But days, and months, and years passed by, and she did not return; and then the remembrance of the little princess was like that of a lovely star which had darted before their path, and for a moment beamed with brightness over them, and then had vanished away. In one heart alone did hope still linger. The mother silently cherished the belief that her child would be again restored to her arms; and it was this hope which sustained her through years of care, of anxiety, of sorrow, and remorse.

## CHAPTER II.

In a remote and mountainous province of the queen's vast kingdom, there dwelt an aged shepherd, named Orzando, with Armand, his wife. Like the shepherd of the poet,

"His head was silvered o'er with age,  
And long experience made him sage.  
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,  
He fed his flock, and penned the fold.  
His hours in cheerful labor flew,  
Nor envy nor ambition knew



Like him, also, he had 'ne'er the paths of learning tried,' but

"The little knowledge he had gained,  
Was all from simple nature drained."

Yet Orzando, the simple, poor, and modest, whose humble cot was upon the lonely hill-side, and who seldom mingled with the more busy inhabitants of the vale, had obtained the appellation of 'Orzando the wise ;' and his wife was as often called 'Armand the good.' But neither his wisdom, nor her goodness, was often tested by their acquaintance, for their dwelling was far from any neighbor, and their lives were very secluded.

They were often lonely, for Orzando and Armand were childless. Sons and daughters had gladdened their solitary cot with the frolics of childhood, and the mirthfulness of youth ; but their green graves were shadowed by the cliffs above them, and the mountain stream had long murmured their simple requiem. Armand had transplanted the choicest flowers which grew among the hills, to the shadowed recess where her loved ones were slumbering, and Orzando always stopped and leaned a moment on his staff, when he guided his flock around the base of the heights which encircled it.

But they had learned the true philosophy, to grieve not for the ills that are inevitable, nor sadden that life by useless murmurs, which submission might render peaceful, if not gladsome. Still the regret, so often felt, was sometimes expressed, and Armand would say to her husband, 'If but one of them had lived, our cot would not have been thus lonely.'

On a pleasant summer evening, Orzando was sitting at his door, resting from the toils of the day, and viewing the eagles, who were soaring around their eyries in the crags which beetled above the hill where he dwelt ; and thinking of the pleasure they experienced at their return from their long flights, in meeting again with the brood which awaited them ; and his cheerful countenance was slightly shaded with grief, as he wondered if there was any other creature so desolate as himself. But when Armand had completed her household duties, and seated herself by his side, his wonted smile returned ; and he felt that while his loved companion was spared to him, he need not envy the happiness of the birds of the air, nor of the flocks upon the hill-side.

As they sat together, watching the bright sunset hues which played around the glowing summits of the mountains, their atten-

tion was arrested by the approach of a little old woman, in a close bonnet and brown cloak, who emerged from the shaded path which led from the valley to their lowly dwelling. She stepped hastily forward, and throwing aside her cloak, she laid an infant, which had been closely shrouded in its folds, in the lap of Armand. Then fixing upon them the piercing glance of her dark eye, she said,

‘Orzando and Armand! ye have long lamented the loss of those who were wont to gladden this evening hour with smiles of joy and shouts of rejoicing; and though this child may never fully supply the place of those who first aroused within your hearts the throbbings of a parent’s love, yet she may be a solace and support in the years which are yet to come, when the spirit shall fail, and the limbs grow weak, and decay shall lay his palsying touch upon the frame which is sinking to the grave. Her name is Florella. She has been entrusted to my care by her widowed mother; and should a thought ever arise that her only living parent should enjoy the pleasure of guarding her early years, and developing her infant mind; and a rumor should reach you which will acquaint you where that parent is to be found, let no such consideration induce you to return the child. She has been confided to my care, and that responsibility I transfer to you, believing that her welfare demands a different culture than it is in my power to bestow. Let the experience of your past life guide you in your conduct towards her; and if there was ever an error in the conduct of your earlier years, avoid it in those which are yet to come. I know that you will love her much, but *beware that it be not too fondly.*’

She departed as she uttered the last words, and they rang in the ears of her listeners, long after she had disappeared from their sight. Orzando looked at the child so suddenly entrusted to them, and was amazed and delighted at the grace and beauty of the little girl; but in the slight muslin robe which enveloped her delicate form, and in the few other articles of apparel she wore, there was nothing to indicate with certainty the station of those with whom she had previously dwelt. He mentally wished that she might never be claimed by her more rightful guardian, and formed the resolution that his duty towards her should be faithfully performed. And Armand pressed the infant to her heart with feelings of joy which she had never thought to expe-



rience again. She wrapped her in the folds of her own garment, to shield her from the evening breeze ; and hushed her cries of fear with all a mother's fondness. When she had succeeded in soothing her to sleep, she laid her upon her own humble couch ; and then returned to her husband, to mingle with his, her own expressions of thankfulness, and express the determination to do all in her power to promote the welfare and happiness of the lovely and already beloved charge.

And how was the little Florella affected by the change which had taken place in her situation ? She was too young to know aught but that there was a change ; but she knew also that smiles and tones and looks of love were still around her, and in these consists the happiness of a child. Her clothing, though simple, shielded her from the sun and rain ; her food, though plain, was neither stinted nor unpalatable ; and Armand brought her every morn and eve new milk from the flocks, and the choicest fruits which ripened among the hills. She gave her also the most beautiful blossoms to beguile her playful hours. Her mountain-home was not divested of that which is pleasing to the unsophisticated mind of a child.

“ For the sun shines in at the peasant's cot,  
As into the monarch's hall ;  
And the light of stars, and the breath of flowers,  
Are blessings alike to all.”

When she was older, Orzando took her out among the hills, and nooks, and glens ; and he pointed to her the lambs as they skipped merrily together, and the birds which sung in the thickets, and the insects which fluttered among the shrubs and flowers ; and he taught her to love all things which have life.

One day, when Armand returned from gathering herbs among the rocks, (which she often sold in the adjacent town,) she brought a little bird to Florella, which had fallen from its nest in the crags. The little girl was much delighted with the gift, and nursed it very tenderly ; and often spoke of the time when it should be old enough to sing for her such songs as the tuneful warblers she heard each day among the trees ; and when it was larger, she carried it out, that it might hear their merry lays, and learn from them to beguile the time with melody. But when it found itself among others of its kind, it unfolded its new-fledged pinions, and flew far, far away. And when Florella saw that it

would not return to her, she went back to the cottage, and laying her head upon Armand's bosom, she burst into tears. Armand kissed her tenderly, but bade her think how much happier the bird would be in the trees with its fellows, and she told her that no creature should be debarred the happiness for which nature has destined it, merely for our selfish gratification. Florella ceased her sobbings, but still she looked sad ; and when Armand laid her that night upon her little couch, she softly whispered, 'Mother, I wish the little bird would have been happy here.'

When Armand returned to her husband, who was sitting, as was his custom, at his cottage door, she said, 'Orzando, when our children lived, they were ever at play together, and we taught them in their happiness to endeavor to promote each other's pleasures, and to cherish kindly feelings one towards another, and practice self-denial, when each other's interests demanded it ; but Florella has no play-mate, nothing to amuse her, and none but us to draw forth her artless affections. Is it well that it should be so ?'

And Orzando replied, 'There is a lamb in the flock, whose mother is dead ; and if Florella will take care of it, she may find in it a source of amusement, besides saving me much trouble.'

The next day, he brought the motherless thing to the cottage, and, as he expected, Florella was delighted with her new play-mate. She made a soft, warm bed—for it was weak, and shivering with cold ; and then she brought it milk, and caressed the timid creature till it would drink from her hand ; and very happy was she when at length it could join in her little sports.

A merry couple were Florella and her lamb, skipping around among the hills and glens, until at length she became so absorbed in her attachment to it, that nearly all her thoughts by day and dreams by night, were of her little pet. When the sun shone brightly, she would spend the whole long day in noisy play with him. She plucked the most beautiful flowers, and twined them amidst the white locks which curled around his head ; she jumped with him among the rocks, and shouted merrily when she found herself out-done by her young play-fellow—for the lamb could soon leap much the farthest ; and when she was tired, she laid down upon the soft grass, beneath the cool shade of the trees, and slept soundly with her lamb nestled at her side.

But when a few years had passed away, the *lamb* (for such she



still called it) had attained his growth, and Florella was no longer a *little* girl—yet still they passed each day in play; for although Armand watched her charge, and ever checked each symptom of impatience, or want of deference to herself or Orzando, yet she loved the child too well to interfere in her innocent pleasures. In this respect, she was faithless to her trust, but there was still a watchful eye upon Florella.

One morning, when Orzando returned to the cottage for his breakfast, he found it unprepared. Armand was sick and had not arisen, and Florella had gone, as usual, at the first break of day, to pluck the dewy flowerets, that she might dress her lamb with garlands, and skip with him among the rocks.

Orzando called to her to return, and then he rebuked her for the thoughtlessness which led her to play while her mother was sick; and when she heard his merited reproof, she hung her head, and wept bitterly. He then laid his hand gently upon her, and said, ‘There are better ways, my daughter, to show regret for past delinquency, than shedding tears. Let the lamb play alone to-day, for you must nurse your mother and keep house for me.’ Florella dried her eyes, and spread the table with the bread her mother had prepared, and the fruits she had plucked; and brought in a pitcher of the milk of yesterday.

And when Orzando left the cot, she placed the remnants upon the shelf, for her heart was full, and she wished for none herself. Then she went to Armand’s bed-side, and when she saw how pale she looked, and heard her feeble voice, she felt very sad, and wished she could nurse her, and prepare those nice things with which Armand had tempted her appetite, when she was ill. She felt so ignorant and helpless that she was very wretched; and when she went to gather some opiate herbs which grew among the rocks, she could hardly see for the tears which blinded her eyes. She sat for a moment to rest beneath a thicket, holding in her hands the fragrant bundle, and wondering if there was a power in them to soothe her mother’s pain, and restore her to health. She felt something rub softly against her, and raising her eyes she saw that her lamb had followed her, and was now gazing very wistfully upon her face, as if he would say that he was very sorry to see her in such affliction, and should be very happy to alleviate it. Florella felt grateful for his sympathy, but when she put out her hand, to pat his curly head, she

felt the withered petals of the flowers, and remembered that he had been the participator and cause of her transgression.

As she arose to go, she saw approaching her a little strange old woman, with a close brown bonnet and cloak, who asked her why she had been weeping? 'My mother is sick,' replied Florella; 'I cannot nurse her as I ought, and I fear she will die.'

'Here are some herbs,' replied the old woman, 'which will restore her immediately to health. What will you give me for them?'

'I have nothing to give,' said Florella. 'I do not possess any thing in the world, but this one lamb.'

'Give him to me,' said she again, 'and these herbs shall be yours.'

Florella looked at the lamb, and the tears swelled in her eyes at the thought of parting with him; but when she considered that by so doing she could save her mother from sickness and pain, if not from death, she gave him away, and took the herbs in return.

The old woman turned away, saying to herself, 'The heart is purified and strengthened by self-denial. She has done well in this test of gratitude to them, and command of herself; and will now remember that other things should occupy her time than idle play. There is much before her, and the girl should be no longer a child.'

Florella heard the words, and though she knew not all their import, she understood that in what had befallen her she should see a punishment for the past, and admonition for the future.

She steeped the herbs, and gave them to Armand, and, as had been promised, they restored her immediately to her wonted health. From that time she shared her mother's labors and cares, for with her lamb, she had resigned the thoughtless sports and useless occupations of childhood.

### CHAPTER III.

Years passed by, and Florella, in her secluded home, was constantly acquiring new mental and personal charms. She passed the days in toil with Armand, and the evenings were spent in listening to words of instruction from Orzando. He taught her of Nature, its beauty, instruction, grandeur and mys-



tery ; of the much which is known, and the still more which is unknown ; he bade her observe its unity and variety—for he told her that the waters which boldly dashed on in the mountain cascade, or calmly slept in the lake's still bosom, were the same as those which rose in silver mists to meet the rising sun, or glowed in gold and purple hues as he sunk in the western sky ; and were also the same as those which reflected the dew-drop's diamond lustre, or veiled with their black vapors the tall summits of the storm-gathering mountains. He told her of the light—how various in its beauty ; and of the sublimity of the far-off ocean, which she had never seen. He told her of the trees—of their thousand roots which take up nourishment, and the little pores through which it passes into the trunk and branches. He showed her the varied forms of leaves, as they differ in every plant, ever unlike, and ever beautiful. She saw the delicate net-work, traced by the little fibres upon them, and she said, ' My father, they are all beautiful.'

He told her of the various rocks, minerals and metals ; and also of the strange beauties of other climes. But she loved best to listen to him when he took her beneath the clear blue sky, and pointed to the stars of heaven. He grouped them in constellations, and pointed to her Arcturus, and Orion, and those who dwell ' in the chambers of the south.' This was a favorite study with the shepherds of the Orient, and ' Orzando the wise ' was behind none of his cotemporaries.

Florella's days passed thus peacefully away, but Armand was not satisfied. ' Youth will soon pass away,' said she to Orzando, ' and is our child to enjoy so few of the pleasures of girlhood ? Would that she had some loved sister, or friend, to share her studies, and join with her in recreations.'

' I also grieve that her lot should be so lonely,' replied Orzando, ' but we can introduce her to the maidens of the valley. They are simple, modest and virtuous. She cannot see wrong in them, or if she could, might we not depend upon her own native purity of mind, and the lessons which we have taught her, to keep her still unsoiled ?'

Armand assented, and from that time Florella mingled with the low-land maidens, who received with tributes of honor and affection, this lovely addition to their humble circle. She united with them in holiday sport, and evening dance, and song ; and

none were gayer than the sprightly and nimble Florella. And she learned in her intercourse with others, not only that she was surpassingly beautiful, but also to be proud of that beauty.

Oh ! it was a sad thing to see that form, growing daily more brilliant in its loveliness, enshrining also a dark spirit, whose shadow had already tinged her young heart ! Hitherto she had borne unconsciously 'the spell of loveliness ;' but now she marked the difference between her companions and herself ; and when she saw the glance of admiration, or heard the sigh of envy, she rejoiced that she was not in appearance as they were. She grew daily more vain, and thirsted more eagerly for praise and adulation, and bedecked herself with jewels and finery to attract the notice of those who love all outward show.

But she failed not in the duties of home. The lesson taught in her childhood was never to be erased. She was still the untiring help-meet, the watchful attendant, the affectionate daughter ; and it was these virtues which blinded her doating guardians to growing faults. Orzando's flocks had increased under his judicious care, until he felt himself the possessor of wealth, and Florella was his only child. Could he not afford to indulge her new wishes and increasing wants ? and of what use was wealth but to make her happy ? And Armand herself twined the coral around her neck, and placed the bright pearls in her hair, and encircled her wrists and ankles with golden bracelets. Then would she kiss her with a thrill of pride, and thought not that such kisses were betrayers to destruction.

Florella was very vain, but she thought not of evil, though she knew that her heart leaped for gladness because none could shine in ornaments like hers. Orzando and Armand intended no wrong in ministering to the growing flame ; but there was still a more watchful eye upon Florella.

There came a fell disease among the shepherd's flocks. One by one did they waste and die, and care and experience alike proved ineffectual to preserve them. A gloom came upon Orzando's brow, and a change upon his spirits ; and he told his wife of the poverty and ruin which would inevitably come upon them. They spoke not to Florella of the grief and fear within their hearts, for they feared that the merry laugh would cease beneath their roof, and the light fade from that joyous countenance.

But the dark shadow fell upon her, and she was sad because



they were so ; and when at length they told her the cause of their sorrow, she mingled her tears with theirs. She withdrew from her young associates, for their merriment was now but mockery, though she still endeavored to appear cheerful before her parents.

But when the midsummer festival was to be kept, the maidens came to Florella, and entreated her to join once more in their gay pastime. She yielded to their solicitations, because she saw that her dejection increased her parents' distress, and joined them again in their thoughtless hilarity ; but she retired early from the gay scene—for neither the praises of her beauty, nor the admiration of her jewels, could now afford her pleasure.

That mid-summer eve was in truth most lovely ; and as the fair girl sped alone on her homeward way, she stopped even in her sad loneliness to admire a scene which an angle in the path revealed to her. Before her was the lake which received the waters of the mountain streamlet, whose murmurs were heard in the distance ; but it was lying now unruffled by the slight breeze which whispered through the aspens. The bright moon, which rode in an unclouded sky, threw its soft radiance upon the calm surface till it looked as if over-spread with a sheet of silver, of which the shadows of the encircling rocks and trees formed the richly-traced bordering. The high rocks shone in that brilliant light, like ribbed masses of precious ore ; and the waterfall in the distance sparkled like a torrent of gleaming quicksilver.

There was a very lovely nook, formed by the rocks which receded in that place, and curved around and arched over the little promontory thus made in the shore. There were many vines twining among the interstices of the rocks, and pending from the arch they formed above ; but the green sward beneath was smooth as the pavements of a monarch's hall.

Florella had learned that this was a fairy haunt ; and as she heard the sweet chiming music from its recess, she hastened forward, intent upon gratifying her curiosity. And now what a scene of enchanting loveliness met her view ! There were large beautiful fire-flies, joining together and forming at times a serpentine line of light, which moved gracefully around the grotto. Then would they change into a smaller wreath of golden flowers, rising to the roof, and then descending to separate into numberless little wheels and circles of living brightness. Then would

they separate again, and, attaching themselves in smaller numbers to the tendrils of the vines, form there a thousand clusters of quivering brightness.

The rocks themselves seemed changed to crystal, interspersed with spars of opal, in which the light glowed, and changed, and played incessantly, throwing a rainbow beauty upon all around them.

A beautiful band of tiny beings were tripping in light, fantastic measures upon the soft sward, and keeping time to their own sweet lays. One by one they joined the merry song, and formed into a more perfect circle around the tallest and fairest of the group, till it was at length completed; and they all united in chanting the following

CHORUS OF THE FAIRIES.

When the moonbeams sleep  
On the breast of the lake,  
And the light winds creep  
Over glen, and through brake;

When the breath of the night-flower  
Is scenting the air;  
And for mortals the hour  
Brings a respite from care;

When the sound of the waters  
Is heard from the hill,  
And, saving those voices,  
All nature is still;

Then, then is the hour for the elvin band  
To waken the echoes of fairy land.

And the humblest sprite  
May share the delight,  
As we gladden the night,  
When the moonbeams are bright,  
With a dance on the green,  
Around our fair queen.

For a merry and frolicsome band are we,  
From labor and grief and perplexity free;  
With nought to molest our innocent glee,  
And happy as none but the fairies can be.

As they ceased, they parted again, and the queen, coming forward to the head of the group, caught a glimpse of Florella. Her form seemed to expand, as she assumed an air of dignity in the presence of a mortal, and every vestige of merriment vanished from her countenance. She advanced towards our heroine,



whose eyes fell beneath her quick, keen glance, but she was reassured by the softness of her tones, as she said, 'What do you wish, Florella?'

The young girl spoke not at first, for as she raised her eyes again, she stood spell-bound by the nearer view of that excessive loveliness. The bright tiara which encircled her brow, gleamed with minute specimens of every precious stone. Her light green dress waved with the slightest motion of her elastic limbs, and her mantle of silvery gossamer fell in graceful folds around her.

Florella had been before bewildered by the enchantment of the scene, or she would have hurried in terror from the spot; but now, though her fear subsided, she could not collect her thoughts sufficiently to reply.

'There have been tears in your eyes, and the paleness of sad thoughts upon your cheek,' repeated the fairy queen. 'Has misfortune befallen you, Florella?'

Then Florella told her why she had left her young companions in sadness, and stained her cheek with tears. And the fairy said, 'Know you the fountain which nourishes the plants among the white rocks?' And Florella replied, 'I have been there seldom: it is called "The fairies' fount."'

And the fairy said, 'Go thither at break of day to-morrow, and gather the herbs which dip in the edges of the water; and while they are yet fresh and moist, give them to the flocks, and the disease shall be stayed. But what shall I have now that I cause not the herbs to wither, nor the fountain to dry away, ere the morning shall come?'

'Alas!' replied Florella, 'we are now in poverty. I have nothing to give—nothing but the jewels with which I have adorned myself for the festival.'

'Give them to me,' replied the fairy; and as Florella handed them to her, with a pang of agony which she could not repress, she heard her say, as she turned from her, 'Vanity is a plant which springs up from the richest soil, and amidst the fairest flowers; but it bears the canker-worm which shall destroy all their beauty, unless it be itself uprooted. This time also she has done well in resigning that to which her young heart clung so fondly; and the lessons of adversity will be remembered in prosperity.'

Florella turned away, and pondered on these words; and she

felt that in the misfortunes of the past she should see a punishment for the feelings she had indulged, and a promise that better days would come, if these lessons were not in future disregarded.

She resolved upon amendment, and lay that night upon her little couch in the fond hope that her command of herself in this test, would be the source of renewed good fortune, and happiness to those whom she loved.

She hastened at dawn to the fairy-fount, and gathered the fresh herbs for the flocks; and when they had eaten, the disease was removed, and Orzando was from that time blessed with his former good fortune. Happiness also returned with hope and comfort, and Florella was once more the light-hearted and gay. She joined again the low-land maidens, but she never attempted to outvie them in beauty of apparel. Indeed, no one now was clad so simply—for she never wore other ornament than the wild-flowers which she placed amidst her soft, dark tresses. But still she was 'Florella the beautiful,' and the epithet was now more willingly accorded than when she shone in the splendor of costly ornament.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The governor of the province in which Orzando resided, had a son. The prince Hermanus was beautiful, brave and accomplished; and, better than this, he was also wise and good. He loved to mingle with the people whom he would one day govern, to learn their wants and share their affections, to rejoice in their prosperity, and endeavor to alleviate the sorrows of adversity.

One evening, as he passed thro' the hamlet at the foot of the hill on which Orzando resided, he heard the songs of the village maidens, and, giving his horse to an attendant, he walked forward to where Florella and her companions were dancing on the green. At the first glance, his eye singled her from the group, and, though he had seen the fairest of the high-born maidens of the kingdom, yet never among them had he witnessed one so lovely. As he rested his admiring glance upon her, he knew that it could be no other than 'Florella the beautiful,' for he had previously heard of the lovely daughter of 'Orzando the wise' and 'Armand the good.'

The girls ceased the song and dance, when they became aware



of the presence of their prince ; and when Hermanus observed their silence and confusion, he apologised for his intrusion, and turned away. But after that, there were many nights when the young girls saw a noble form hovering around the scene of their sports, and there were glances cast upon Florella, which told them and her what was the attraction.

One evening she left them earlier than usual, for dark clouds came flitting over the moon, and the rising breeze portended a storm. As she gained the mountain-path which led to her highland home, she became aware that she was not alone, and turning hastily around, she saw that she was followed by Hermanus. When he met her glance he stepped forward, exclaiming, ' You are alone, Florella, and there are storm-clouds in the sky. Let me accompany you to the angle in the path, and then I will watch till you have entered the cot.'

There was something so kind and respectful in his manner, that Florella could not be offended ; but she did not answer, neither did she request him to leave her ; for though every look and action were regulated by the utmost deference, she felt that they should not be there together. It was the first time he had ever spoken to her—but there had been looks which can tell far more than words ; and now her heart thrilled within her at the sound of his voice, and she felt a sort of dreamy happiness while walking by his side, as if she were walking with some bright creation of her slumbers.

As she turned the angle in the path, she bade him adieu, without lifting her eyes, and then sped with a fairy step towards her home. When she reached the cottage she turned to view the place where she had left him, and saw by the lightning flash, which played upon his jeweled sword, and shone upon his snow-white plumes, that he stood there still.

She received in silence the congratulations of Orzando and Armand upon her narrow escape from the storm, and when they saw the fever-flush upon her cheek, and the wild sparkle in her eye, they bade her retire to her couch, and calm the agitation which they attributed to fear and exertion.

Florella laid down, but she could not sleep. There was a dizzy excitement in her brain, and she rose again, and opened the casement, that the damp wind might fan her heated brow. The storm had passed away, and the moon-beams were brightly glit-

tering from the dripping rocks, and upon the rain-drops which bestudded the trees. "The deep crash of midnight thunder" had now given place to the soft whispers of the western breeze, and she endeavored by a contemplation of the calmness which had followed the convulsion of nature, to allay the tumult in her heart.

After that night, Hermanus became the constant companion of Florella upon her return from the valley, and he succeeded in securing her confidence, and dissipating her diffidence. Now they parted not in silence at the angle of the path, but often would they linger to repeat those *last* words, which came crowding for utterance; and once Hermanus almost unconsciously pressed within his own that little trembling hand.

Orzando and Armand knew not of this. Florella could not tell them. She tried to do it, but her heart sunk within her as she endeavored to reveal its secret, and the words died away in half audible murmurs, upon her quivering lips. Was she in a dream? She hardly wished to awaken. Was she guilty of error? Her own soul rose up as witness to its purity.

But Hermanus—was *he* wrong? She thought, nay, she *knew*, he meant her no harm; but if he did, the first dark look, or too familiar word, should be her warning. She felt that there was an enchanting spell around her, and she could not break it now; but *then* the task must be an easy one.

It was a fearful thing to see the strong faculties of that noble mind all under the influence of one absorbing passion; and had Orzando and Armand known of all this, they would have watched their treasure with jealous care. Rumor, indeed, bore to their ears the tidings that Hermanus admired Florella, and they were pleased that her loveliness could attract the notice of their prince—but of more than this they were unaware; and even calumny itself forebore to cast its dark shade upon the names of Hermanus and Florella. But there was still a watchful eye upon that inexperienced girl.

One night, as Hermanus turned to leave the spot, whence he had been watching the light folds of Florella's robe, as she entered the cot, he was startled by the approach of a little old woman, whose stunted form was shrouded in a close bonnet and cloak. She advanced fearlessly to the prince, whose rich habit must have proclaimed his station, and said sternly, 'There are beautiful flowers in the palace garden: would you pluck the



mountain floweret, to enjoy awhile its beauty, and then cast it away, to die of neglect and scorn ?'

'Tell me what you mean ?' replied the prince.

'You are drawing the waters from the bright stream, until the swelling tide is wholly at your disposal. But beware that those waves find not an unanticipated barrier, or they may rush back to their source with a noise that will disturb your own peace.'

'I understand you, now,' replied Hermanus. 'I have sought and gained the love of Florella ; but believe me, that I would lay down my life to shield her from harm, and that life I am willing to devote to her happiness.'

'It is well,' said the old woman ; and turning into a thicket, she disappeared.

Hermanus believed that he had now seen the fairy queen. He knew that he was near a fairy haunt, and he had heard that Florella was a gift to Orzando and Armand from the little elves. Indeed, he almost believed that her uncommon beauty, grace and intellect were the favors of supernatural beings ; and had he wished, he would not have dared to harm her. He felt that his own happiness, as well as hers, depended upon an honorable union ; and the next time that they stood alone beneath the pure light of the moon, he took her hand, and requested that it might be made forever his own.

Yes, there they were—he the prince and suppliant, and she of whom the boon was craved was but a shepherd's child. Florella gave him her hand, neither humbly nor proudly—for she stood with him, beneath the holy light of stars, as woman should ever stand before the man whose lot she is to share, with the feeling that affection had made them equal ; and that though to all the rest of the world she was but a lowly peasant maid, yet that to *him* she was what no one else had ever been—what no one else could ever be.

The blessing of Orzando and Armand was sought, and given, to hallow their love ; and then came to Hermanus the more difficult task of preparing his own family to receive their new inmate.

Florella was aware that in station there was a deep gulf between them ; but the bow of hope had spanned the chasm, and she hardly saw its depth. And very happily passed the swift-winged hours ; for they were borne along by love and hope.

True, and firm, and tender would have been the affection of a single-minded, affectionate being like Florella, had it been given to one in her own station in life ; then, like level waters would they have mingled silently together, and passed calmly on, reflecting together the shadows of passing clouds, or smiling beneath a radiant sun. But now her love went up like the spray from some lowly fount, and the bright light above, into which it had arisen, played in all its prismatic hues amidst the sparkling vapor, and the glorious tints of Iris rested like a crown above the fountain. But Oh ! how quickly was it all to pass away.

One morning, Florella arose from a couch which had been blessed by happy dreams, and found that her aged parents were both extremely ill. In vain did she attend them with utmost care, and apply all the remedies from which relief might be expected. Their disease remained unabated, and from one quarter only might she venture to hope for aid.

She sought the fairy fountain, and found there the being who had once, ay, more than once, befriended her. She knew that the dark eye, whose keen glance could not be hidden by the closely-fitting hood, was the same which had beamed upon her from the fairy grotto. She knew that the little form, whose gracefulness was entirely concealed by the folds of the coarse brown cloak, was the same which had there been robed in a texture of light gossamer.

She approached her timidly, exclaiming, 'I have come to see if the leaves of the fountain-plants will prove a remedy for man's disease, as well as that of beast.'

'It is not so,' was the reply. 'Yet there is a remedy. If you would have it, Florella, you must pay the price.'

Florella smiled, for she thought some new test of her self-denial was to be given ; and she knew that all she now possessed of worldly goods could be resigned for her parents, without a pang—without even feeling it a trial of her self-command, and affection for them. When she should see those more than parents restored to health, she was to be wedded to one whose wealth, when compared to the little she now at best might bring, would be like the ocean to the rain-drop.

'Are they not my parents ?' she replied ; 'nay, even more,—for I have but recently learned that they took me while a helpless orphaned waif upon a cold, uncharitable world. All of gratitude



and love is due to them, for they have cherished, loved and instructed me, and their lives are dearer than my own, or any other *save one*. Give me but the balm for healing, and all I have shall be yours.'

'Florella!' replied the old woman, 'their life or death is in your power. Yet there are some other things also dearer to you than your own life, or even *his*, which you now believe so dear to you.'

Florella shook her head incredulously.

'Are not the approbation of your own heart, the consciousness of rectitude, the noble feeling that even the purest and strongest love can be made subordinate to firmness in duty—are not these dearer?'

'They are,' replied Florella.

'My terms, then, are these,' was the old woman's reply: 'Behold this fountain, and mark the bubbles which come boiling to the surface. Thus shall they boil up each morning, just at the rising of the sun. Dip then your pitcher in the fountain, and the water shall have a healing efficacy which will restore and continue your parents' health. But they are now old, and though free from pain, will ever be helpless. It is now your task to watch and cherish their old age, as they have done your infancy. To do this, you must resign the love of him who would lift you from your lowly lot, and devote your every thought and power to them. In doing this, you will also resign your beauty. Care and toil will prematurely stamp your face with wrinkles, and steal the bloom from your cheek, and the light from your eye: Are my terms accepted?'

A pang shot through Florella's heart, and at first she answered not, but she felt that an appeal for some mitigation of the trial would be useless.

'They are,' said she at length, in a voice which though firm was low, from suppressed emotion.

'It is well,' said the old woman again, as she turned away, muttering to herself, 'Love and beauty were both too dear to her heart. But she who is to rule others, must learn to govern herself. Let her pass well through this trial, and it shall be the last.'

'The *last*, indeed!' repeated Florella bitterly to herself—for she felt that earth had now for her no trials, and she understood not all the speaker meant.

## CHAPTER V.

The next morning, she went at break of day to the bubbling fountain ; and the waters proved indeed a magical restorative. But when Hermanus came to claim the fulfilment of her promise, and fix the day which should make her his bride, she told him all that had passed, and the resolution she had formed to resign his hand for the sake of those whose lives were at her disposal.

In the wild agony of his feelings, Hermanus implored her not to cast his love thus utterly away ; but she still was firm, and told him that henceforth they must be to each other as strangers.

When the first paroxysm of disappointment had passed away, Hermanus saw that she was right ; and that had she listened to his entreaties, she would not have been the Florella whom he had loved ; but he bade her hope for happier hours, in the bright future which his fancy still portrayed. 'This interdict cannot last,' said he. 'At all events, your parents will not always live, and then, Florella, there will be no barrier.'

'And with the intervening years,' replied Florella, with a melancholy smile, 'youth and beauty will also have passed away. Nay, dream not of such a future—it is not for me. I have loved you, Hermanus, as woman can never love but once ; but that affection shall now be, not overcome, but merged in the holier and purer love for duty. Men, they say, can easily transfer their affections to another shrine. Forget then me ; love another, and be happy. And may she who shall hereafter share your lot, be as truly devoted to your happiness, as would have been Florella.'

Hermanus still protested, and promised constancy ; and thus they parted—she to her lowly home, and the struggle for mastery over strong affections ; and he to mingle with men in a loftier sphere, and on a broader field—there to render himself, by deeds of usefulness, still worthier of her.

From that time, Florella never mentioned his name. She laid aside each token of remembrance, and appeared calm as though all were forgotten. She never looked now in the mirroring pool, lest the sight of fading beauty might cause a pang of regret. All her thoughts and affections seemed bestowed upon those who had cared so long and tenderly for her, and the day was passed in humble, constant toil.

But Florella soon found that she must not only take her mother's



place, but also that of Orzando. She must learn to buy and sell, to provide for the family, and take charge of the flocks. She mingled with men, and went to those busy haunts where woman is seldom seen. And did she not lose her purity, modesty and refinement, in this contact with the world? Oh, no; there are minds which, like filthy waters, change even the show-flake to pollution; but Florella's was rather like those crystalized waters, upon which, though dirt may be cast, it leaves no stain, for it mingles not with them, and they remain unsoiled.

But she learned much of the folly, misdeeds and wrongs of others. She saw the evils which exist in all society, and noticed the particular errors of their own government. She saw that for many of those evils there were remedies, could they but be pointed out to the high authorities; and she grieved that governors should be so ignorant of the true wants and injuries of those they hold in subjection.

She told Orzando all her thoughts, and received many a lesson from him, which in her previous simplicity she would not have understood. He had much to tell from experience; for in his younger life he had mingled actively with the world, where he obtained the appellation of 'the wise,' but never wealth. He could not stoop to the meanness of the speculator or the miser; and when he retired to his mountain home, his wife, children, and little flock, were all that remained, as the avails of years spent in useful labor. Many a tale had he now to tell Florella, and many a sentiment to impress upon her heart; and never had she felt so deeply his worth, or so strongly bound to his heart, as in these opening years of womanhood.

One morning, Florella repaired, as was her constant custom, to the fairy fount, to dip her pitcher in the boiling waters, but was astonished to find it calm and still. She thought she might be too early, for the rosy light scarce tinged its glassy surface—but she waited in vain to see the waters bubble, till the sun was far above the horizon. Then she arose in alarm, and bent over its placid depths, and for the first time for years was her face reflected back to her own view. Yes, there she was—and still 'Florella the beautiful.' Time, with increased knowledge and responsibility, had added a loftier expression to the loveliness of girlhood, and imparted an air of dignity to her person—but not one tint of beauty had been erased.

She was astonished and alarmed! She had not paid all the price: what could it mean? And the still fountain surely portended evil. She hastened homeward, went with forebodings to her parents' bedside, glanced at the forms which lay so still, and saw that they would never awaken. They were both dead; they for whom alone she lived; and what end, what interest had life for her! For them she had resigned all else, and she felt that she had been deceived—betrayed. But she did not murmur.—They were buried in the flowery nook, where their children had rested so long, and she returned to a desolate home.

She sat down, and leaned her head upon the casement, and wondered why not *one* came to comfort her. She heard approaching foot-steps. Was it *he*? Oh how she tried to still her beating heart. No! it was that little old woman, whom she had now begun to think aught but a friend.

'Florella,' said she, 'the last trial is now over. And did you wish it might always continue? There are other and better things in store. Follow me.'

Florella arose, for she dared not disobey; and she followed the quick gliding form of her guide, until she was dizzy from the velocity of their motion. Yet she still followed on, impelled by other powers than her own, until they approached a magnificent city. She knew that it must be the capital of their country, and the dwelling-place of their queen; and she almost trembled with excitement when they passed the massive gate. Then they went on, through crowded streets, till they came to the courtyard of a palace. They passed unquestioned, and apparently unobserved, the various sentinels who guarded the portals, until they reached the interior of the palace.

One thing particularly struck Florella—and it was, the silence which reigned around. There were many passing to and fro, but they moved with sealed lips and noiseless steps, and a hush was on every object. Still her guide moved hastily on, and stopped at length in a spacious apartment. Florella had now leisure to observe what was around her, and she was struck by the magnificence of the scene.

Carpets of richest dyes, and softest texture, yielded with elasticity to their footsteps. Curtains of heavy velvet fell in rich folds from the ceiling to the floor, and the breeze from the open casements swayed them back and forth, as it struggled in vain



for an entrance. Their dark purple hue tinged the interior of the apartment with its gloomy shade, and the room was 'filled to faintness with perfume.' The fragrant vapour slowly curled up from a censer which stood by a couch, round which the crimson curtains depended, and swept the floor with their golden fringe; and above the head of the couch were the emblems of royalty. There was a still, pale form upon it, and Florella knew that the hand of death was there.

She was surprised and awed, but not disconcerted. She stood calm and silent, in the possession of that tranquility which superiority of intellect imparts to its possessor in every change of circumstances or station. But at length, amid the low tones of many voices, she heard one which sent an electric thrill through her frame; and looking up she saw that it was indeed Hermanus. She knew that she was invisible to him, for even though time had partially obliterated the past from his memory, he could not look thus calm if aware of her presence.

At length a gray haired man came from the upper end of the apartment, where he had been leaning over the couch, and was greeted by the question, 'What says the queen?'

'That Florio must be her successor,' was his reply, 'because he is beloved by the people of the capital, who know him well; and moreover, no other is so near of kin. There is indeed a strong desire that Hermanus from the north should reign, especially by the inhabitants of that part of the kingdom. But he has waived his claims in deference to those of Florio, and promised him support against the designs of Zercullian from the south, who is coming with an army to claim the vacant throne.'

'And why were not her wishes known before?'

'She says that she has never till this day resigned the hope that the princess would be restored.'

Florella's guide moved onward to the couch. A loud shriek from the dying queen rung through the apartment, as she became suddenly visible, and springing upward she exclaimed, 'My child—Oh tell me where is she, and why she has been withheld so long?'

'She was born,' replied the fairy, 'not only to *grace a throne*, but also to *govern a people*. To this end did I promise that every faculty should be trained; and that promise has been fulfilled. Come forward, Florella.'

The princess stepped towards the couch. 'Tis she indeed !' exclaimed the queen. 'Embrace me once, my child !'

Florella sprung to that mother's outstretched arms, and received her form in a long convulsive embrace. Then she felt the clasp relax, the arms drop from her side, and she laid her gently back upon the pillows—a corpse.

The fairy took the signet-ring from the stiffening hand of the queen, and placed it upon that of Florella. 'Let not my words prove false,' said she, 'when I said that the lessons of adversity would be remembered in prosperity,' and then she vanished away.

Florella covered her face with her hands, and a death-like stillness pervaded the room. Then she looked up to see if it were not all a dream ; but she was there, in that stately apartment, by that splendid couch, and near that clay-cold form. And one came from the throng, and knelt at her feet, and requested that in the untried scenes before her, a life which he had once willingly dedicated to her happiness, might minister in her service. Florella bade Hermanus rise ; and, with a thrill of joy that she could thus reward his disinterested affection, and with that feeling of true love which deems it far more blessed to give than to receive, she placed again in his the hand upon which was now glittering the signet of a kingdom ; and in the presence of her deceased parent, and of the assembled group, she pledged anew her hand and faith.

One by one the nobles came forward, bent, and swore allegiance ; and she who had entered that room a simple peasant girl, then stood within it, an acknowledged queen. ELLA.

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### THE CHARACTER OF JOSEPHINE.

History presents to our view few personages, whose characters are more worthy the sincere admiration of every heart, than that of the empress Josephine. And yet it was not from the exhibition of splendid talents, nor the possession of a lofty and inspiring genius, that she has been so justly celebrated. No ; though possessing a mind highly cultivated, the influence she exerted was owing rather to her uniform kindness, and a spirit of benevolence



which was ever manifesting itself in deeds of charity. Through all the changes of her eventful life, whether amid the sunshine of prosperity, or surrounded by the dark clouds of adversity, as the wife of Beauharnais, or sustaining the high station of empress of France, we find her ever cherishing the same mild and humble spirit. Neither wealth nor fame had power to tarnish the pure spirit that dwelt in her breast. Her's was not a mind to be dazzled by splendor, nor lured from the path of duty by fashion's glittering crowd.

It might have been expected that a person exalted to the station to which she had been, as wife of the most illustrious man then known, would have become proud, and perhaps unmindful of her former friends—but it was not so with Josephine. And when we reflect upon her pure and spotless character, the tenderness ever manifested towards him who had raised her to the high station she then occupied, it would seem that one so lovely must ever be blest, that the sunshine of happiness must ever shower its golden rays upon her pathway, and life be to her one bright, unchequered scene. But it was not thus to be. Even when the sun of her existence shone brightest, it was suddenly clouded—and a storm, which had been silently gathering, now burst upon her innocent head. The act which cast such a stain upon the character of Napoleon, a stain which all the glory he had reaped as a warrior and a conqueror, could not efface, was now to be committed. Yes, the affections of the gentle and amiable Josephine were sacrificed on the shrine of ambition. O must it not have been a mighty passion that could have induced Napoleon to resign the love of such a being, and take to his throne the proud daughter of the Austrian monarch! But what will not some men sacrifice, if they can but bind the laurelled wreath upon their brow?

Josephine is now separated from one who had become dearer to her than life. Her long cherished hopes of happiness are blighted, and she feels that she is now almost alone in the world. But she is still willing to live in hope that she may be the means of doing some good to her fellow creatures. The same christian resignation was here, that had shone so conspicuously in all her former conduct.

And when at last, as had been predicted by Josephine, Bonaparte's star faded away from the zenith of his glory, and he was

carried into exile, forsaken and alone, then would this noble and self-sacrificing creature have been willing to have shared with him all the privations of an exile's home, could she by this means have contributed aught to the happiness of one who had in his prosperous days caused her so many sorrowful hours. But death prevented her from putting this plan into execution. She died on the twenty-ninth day of May, eighteen hundred and fourteen, beloved and lamented by all who knew her.

May we ever strive to imitate the virtues that shone so brightly in the life of this illustrious female, and ever remember that the most effectual way of gaining the respect and good will of all, is ever to cherish a spirit of kindness and benevolence and seek to do all the good in our power. And although it may not be said of us, as it was of Josephine, that she never caused a single tear to flow, yet may we be so fortunate as to have the praise awarded us of having caused many hearts to rejoice, and many sorrowful minds to enjoy the light of peace and happiness.

CLEORA.

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### NOVEMBER.

How transient the joys of Summer! We can scarcely realize that a week has passed since the earth was shrouded in the cold and cheerless gloom of Winter. But Spring came on, with her renovating influence. The icy fetters of Winter yielded to her soft embrace—vegetation welcomed her approach, and the modest violet raised her bright blue eye from the lowly hedge to catch a glimpse of her bright train as she passed on to gay and joyous Summer. The earth has been carpeted with her velvet grass; the flowers of every form and hue have unfolded their beautiful petals to inhale the gentle showers and refreshing dew, and fill the air with the fragrance of their balmy breath. The trees have been clothed in their richest dress, and the wild warblers have chanted their sweetest strains on their topmost branches.

But now, how changed! All nature seems dressed in the habiliments of mourning, as her charms fade from sight. The grass is withering and changing its beautiful green for a pale yellow. The trees are fast yielding their gaudy colors to the passing



gale, as it sighs through the forest. The flowers no more greet our view, save now and then a lone one, that lingers as if unwilling to depart.

The book of Nature is filled with richest instruction, and her pages are opened for all. None so poor or so lowly but can gain access to her rich bounty. She teaches us the instability of all earthly objects, and the folly of placing our affections on the fleeting and transitory things of this world, and the importance of laying up our treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. There, the chilling winds of disappointment, and the cold frosts of adversity, can never come. We can range the bowers of Paradise, where the flowers bloom in eternal beauty, and bask in the sunshine of eternal felicity. There shall we meet the chosen friends of earth, and sit down in the presence of God and his holy angels, to go no more out forever.

In the contemplation of so sublime a scene, who could not exclaim with the poet,

"O who would live alway away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns."

ESTELLA.

### HYMENEAL.

Bring music, with her high-born train;  
Pour flute-like voices all around;  
Breathe now your softest, sweetest strain—  
Our hearts shall echo back the sound.  
'Tis meet, 'tis meet to sing of bliss,  
In such a gladsome hour as this.

Bring the pure treasures of the heart;  
Lay goodliest things upon the shrine;  
Bring laurels from affection's mart;  
Her choicest wreath let friendship twine.  
Sisters and brothers! no delay,—  
And mother—'tis the bridal day.

Ay, consecrate this hallowed hour;  
Pour incense on the altar now;  
Bring heavenly wealth, your richest dower;  
Let every head a suppliant bow;  
Bestow the boon of fervent prayer—  
Call blessings on this youthful pair.

ADELAIDE.

## VOICE OF SYMPATHY.

"Let words of kindness ever flow—  
Their value far exceeds their cost."

An orphan in a land of strangers, Alice Daniels pursued the even tenor of her way, seldom mingling in the frivolities of those by whom she was surrounded—wherefore she possessed little of their sympathy, and less of their friendship. Nevertheless, she was not destitute of happiness—for being of an intellectual and serious turn, her pleasures were of a more refined and elevated cast. Yet there were times when she felt the loneliness of her situation most keenly. When disease, with its paralyzing influence, prostrated her energies, then would she have joyfully received kindness and sympathy from those of whom she had a right to expect it.

One day, after absenting herself from the dinner table in consequence of indisposition, she returned to her boarding-place before the accustomed hour, and with her usual cheerfulness wished the ladies of the house "good afternoon." Notwithstanding her return at an unusual hour, and her flushed cheek and the suavity of her manner, she received not even the civility of an answer. And with a throbbing heart and an aching head, she silently retired to her room, where she remained until eight o'clock undisturbed. She then descended, intending to procure some gruel, which she obtained after some delay. And one to whom Alice formerly had rendered an essential service, very coolly inquired: "Are you sick, Miss Daniels?" This was too much for the sensitive spirit of Alice, and she turned away and wept in the bitterness of her heart. Sad were her reflections on the coldness and ingratitude of humanity; and she turned away to conceal the emotions that agitated her.

But this world is not all clouds, neither are our fellow-beings all depraved. For soon a lovely and gentle being approached her, and with kindness in her manner, and sympathy in her voice, said, "Alice, are you sick? Can I do any thing for you?" Alice was as keenly alive to kindness, as to its opposite; and being unable to speak from the tumult of her feelings, motioned her friend away, at the same time mentally exclaiming, "Angel of love! thou hast indeed poured the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit."

\* \* \*



## A SECOND VISIT TO THE SHAKERS.

I was so well pleased with the appearances of the Shakers, and the prospect of quietness and happiness among them, that I visited them a second time. I went with a determination to ascertain as much as I possibly could of their forms and customs of worship, the every-day duties devolving on the members, &c.; and having enjoyed excellent opportunities for acquiring the desired information, I wish to present a brief account of what "I verily do know" in relation to several particulars.

First of all, justice will not permit me to retract a word in relation to the industry, neatness, order, and general good behavior, in the Shaker settlement which I visited. In these respects, that singular people are worthy of all commendation—yea, they set an example for the imitation of Christians every-where. Justice requires me to say, also, that their hospitality is proverbial, and deservedly so. They received and entertained me kindly, and (hoping perhaps that I might be induced to join them) they extended extra-civilities to me. I have occasion to modify the expression of my gratitude in only one particular—and that is, one of the female elders made statements to me concerning the requisite confessions to be made, and the forms of admission to their society, which statements she afterwards denied, under circumstances that rendered her denial a most aggravated insult. Declining farther notice of this matter, because of the indelicacy of the confessions alluded to, I pass to notice,

1st. The domestic arrangements of the Shakers. However strange the remark may seem, it is nevertheless true, that our factory population work fewer hours out of every twenty-four, than are required by the Shakers, whose bell to call them from their slumbers, and also to warn them that it is time to commence the labors of the day, rings much earlier than our factory bells; and its calls were obeyed, in the family where I was entertained, with more punctuality than I ever knew the greatest "workey" among my numerous acquaintances (during the fourteen years in which I have been employed in different manufacturing establishments) to obey the calls of the factory-bell. And not until nine o'clock in the evening were the labors of the day closed, and the people assembled at their religious meetings.

Whoever joins the Shakers with the expectation of relaxation

from toil, will be greatly mistaken, since they deem it an indispensable duty to have every moment of time profitably employed. The little portions of leisure which the females have, are spent in knitting—each one having a basket of knitting-work for a constant companion.

Their habits of order are, in many things, carried to the extreme. The first bell for their meals rings for all to repair to their chambers, from which, at the ringing of the second bell, they descend to the eating-room. Here, all take their appropriate places at the tables, and after locking their hands on their breasts, they drop on their knees, close their eyes, and remain in this position about two minutes. Then they rise, seat themselves, and with all expedition swallow their food ; then rise on their feet, again lock their hands, drop on their knees, close their eyes, and in about two minutes rise and retire. Their meals are taken in silence, conversation being prohibited.

Those whose chambers are in the fourth story of one building, and whose work-shops are in the third story of another building, have a daily task in climbing stairs, which is more oppressive than any of the rules of a manufacturing establishment.

2d. With all deference, I beg leave to introduce some of the religious views and ceremonies of the Shakers.

From the conversation of the elders, I learned that they considered it doing God service, to sever the sacred ties of husband and wife, parent and child—the relationship existing between them being contrary to their religious views—views which they believe were revealed from heaven to “Mother Ann Lee,” the founder of their sect, and through whom they profess to have frequent revelations from the spiritual world. These communications, they say, are often written on gold leaves, and sent down from heaven to instruct the poor, simple Shakers in some new duty. They are copied, and perused, and preserved with great care. I one day heard quite a number of them read from a book, in which they were recorded, and the names of several of the brethren and sisters to whom they were given by the angels, were told me. One written on a gold leaf, was (as I was told) presented to Proctor Sampson by an angel, so late as the summer of 1841. These “revelations” are written partly in English, and partly in some unintelligible jargon, or unknown tongue, having a spiritual meaning, which cannot be understood only by



those who possess the spirit in an eminent degree. They consist principally of songs, which they sing at their devotional meetings, and which are accompanied with dancing, and many unbecoming gestures and noises.

Often in the midst of a religious march, all stop, and with all their might set to stamping with both feet. And it is no uncommon thing for many of the worshipping assembly to crow like a parcel of young chanticleers, while others imitate the barking of dogs; and many of the young women set to whirling round and round—while the old men shake and clap their hands; the whole making a scene of noise and confusion, which can be better imagined than described. The elders seriously told me that these things were the outward manifestations of the spirit of God.

Apart from their religious meetings, the Shakers have what they call "union meetings." These are for social converse, and for the purpose of making the people acquainted with each other. During the day, the elders tell who may visit such and such chambers. A few minutes past nine, work is laid aside; the females change, or adjust, as best suits their fancy, their caps, handkerchiefs, and pinnars, with a precision which indicates that they are not *altogether* free from vanity. The chairs, perhaps to the number of a dozen, are set in two rows, in such a manner that those who occupy them may face each other. At the ringing of a bell, each one goes to the chamber where either he or she has been directed by the elders, or remains at home to receive company, as the case may be. They enter the chambers *sans ceremonie*, and seat themselves—the men occupying one row of chairs, the women the other. Here, with their clean, checked, home-made pocket-handkerchiefs spread in their laps, and their spit-boxes standing in a row between them, they converse about raising sheep and kine, herbs and vegetables, building wall and raising corn, heating the oven and peeling apples, killing rats and gathering nuts, spinning tow and weaving sieves, making preserves and mending the brethren's clothes,—in short, every thing they do will afford some little conversation. But beyond their own little world, they do not appear to extend scarcely a thought. And why should they? Having so few sources of information, they know not what is passing beyond them. They however make the most of their own affairs, and seem to regret that they can converse no longer, when, after sitting together

from half to three-quarters of an hour, the bell warns them that it is time to separate, which they do by rising up, locking their hands across their breasts, and bowing. Each one then goes silently to his own chamber.

It will readily be perceived, that they have no access to libraries, no books, excepting school-books, and a few relating to their own particular views; no periodicals, and attend no lectures, debates, Lyceums, &c. They have none of the many privileges of manufacturing districts—consequently their information is so very limited, that their conversation is, as a thing in course, quite insipid. The manner of their life seems to be a check to the march of mind and a desire for improvement; and while the moral and perceptive faculties are tolerably developed, the intellectual, with a very few exceptions, seem to be below the average.

I have considered it my duty to make the foregoing statement of facts, lest the glowing description of the Shakers, given in the story of my first visit, might have a wrong influence. I then judged by outward appearances only—having a very imperfect knowledge of the true state of the case. Nevertheless, the *facts* as I saw them in my first visit, are still facts; my error is to be sought only in my inferences. Having since had greater opportunities for observation, I am enabled to judge more righteous judgment.

C. B.

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## LEAVES....No. 2.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A DREAMER.

I thought it was a festal eve, on the shores of sunny Italy. The lamps shed their trembling rays on myriad forms of grace and beauty. The music sent forth gladdening strains, and bounding feet kept time to the joyous melody.

I stood alone, gazing on the brilliant scene before me. It chanced to be by an open casement, and the perfume from orange-groves and acacia-blossoms was wafted by me on the still air, and filled the room with fragrance. I looked without. The queen of night was shedding her pale beams upon lofty domes and trel-



lised bowers, throwing her mellow radiance alike upon the magnificent palace and lowly cot, upon the peer and peasant, the happy and the unhappy. It was a gift from the high throne of heaven ; and the king in his robes of purple and gold, could not command a ray more bright to shine on his crowned head, than that which lighted the path of the meanest slave.

But all seemed bright and gay, as the dancers whirled in the giddy waltz ; and though I had been a wanderer for many years, I had never seen anything to compare with this gladsome festival. Yes, I have seen the Aurora Borealis dance over regions of eternal snow, and the sun in vain attempt to dissolve the chains which an arctic winter had formed ; and I have felt the debilitating influence of tropical skies. I have traversed the plains of the Oronoco and the banks of the La Plata. I have sat by the marble fount where the peerless Helen quenched her thirst, and Venus bathed her golden locks. I have climbed the Cordilleras, and beheld the sun gild those bright isles of the Pacific, which are scattered in such rich profusion over the surface of its broad blue waters. I have roamed amid orange-groves and sugar plantations, and have enjoyed the romantic pleasure of sailing on the Mediterranean, by moon-light.

But never, no, never, had I beheld a scene of enchantment like this. It seemed as if a fairy's wand had converted every thing into brightness and beauty ; and well did I enjoy it—for I was ever fond of scenes of gaiety.

Time wore away, and the old cathedral had long since chimed the hour of midnight ; but all were as merry as at the commencement of the gala—for many new revellers had joined the festive scene, and the weary had retired to rest.

While I was yet admiring this assemblage of beauty and grace, a bright figure flitted by me, to join the happy group. I turned to look after it, and in so doing presented myself before a large mirror. But oh ! what a change had a few hours wrought ! My dark hair, that had been the theme of general admiration, had become silvered, and hung in dishevelled masses upon my shoulders ; my form was bent, and my complexion, that had blended in delicate proportions the lily and the rose, presented a sallow hue ; my teeth too had decayed and fallen out ; and my nose and chin were rapidly approximating to each other.

I looked and wondered ! Surely, thought I, some magician has transformed me into the figure of old age. Almost in anger, I threw myself upon an ottoman, and endeavored to forget myself in sleep. But scarcely was I seated, ere a fiendish looking form entered the banquetting hall unannounced, and unaccompanied by a guide. In his hand he held an hour-glass, and as he passed the gay ones, he drew his mantle more closely about him. But none noticed his approach, and he made his way to the place where I was reclining. His brow was wrinkled, and a horrible smile rested on his countenance as he motioned me to follow him.

It was not until we had entered a bower of myrtle and jessamines, that the truth flashed upon my mind, that Time had come with his glass and sickle ; and a shudder ran through my frame, at the thought that I must die. Yet, "I would not live always," but the thought of death's cold embrace sent a thrill of agony to the heart, that nearly stopped the languid pulse of age.

We seated ourselves on a green, mossy bank ; he then broke the silence, and it seemed as if his voice came from the very depths of Pandemonium—it was so husky and hollow.

He thus addressed me, as he exultingly held the glass before me. "Mortal ! your sands are almost run. Can you look back upon a life well spent ? What is the world better for your having lived in it ? Have you added one gem to the coronet of the philanthropist ? and with all your wealth, have you ever made the heart of the widow and the orphan glad ? Has there been one flower twined in the wreath of fame by your hand ? True it is, that you have visited and enjoyed many of the scenes of distant climes ; but they will not remember you—and your own native land will soon number you with the burdens that have passed away to cumber the earth no more. You have never exerted yourself to contribute aught to the happiness of others ; you thought it sufficient to say you had unbounded wealth to secure your entrance into the society of the great and good ; but you will soon go where gold will not be the criterion by which you will be judged. Sorry am I, that a blank must occupy the place where your name has formerly appeared ; for I never add to memory's page the names of those who could live until their dark curls were bleached to snowy whiteness, and die with the thought that the world was no better for their long abode in it. The



sand runs low," he continued ; " have you nought to say, before a farewell look is taken of this beautiful earth ? "

" Oh yes," I exclaimed. " I would ask if there is no such thing as giving youth to the aged ? Nay, I will not ask for youth nor for the flowers of life, if you will but add a few more to the many years I have already spent. I will not live for my own selfish enjoyments ; but, like the great Howard, I will go about doing good. Alas ! why did I not commence in the hey-day of my life ! "

" I can tell you," said Time ; " it was because it required a little exertion on your own part. You thought if you did not do it, some one else would ; and then the thought would intrude itself upon your mind, that you were rich, and none would dare question your merit. No," he continued, in a decided tone, " I cannot give you a day, nor an hour. Go, and hereafter do better," were the last words that fell on my eager ear—for the cold dew of death started from my forehead, and the most excruciating pain that was ever inflicted upon mortal frame, passed over mine. It drained my very life's blood !

Then all was calm again, and I saw bright spirit-forms gliding around me. All was still there, for it seemed to be the land of the blessed. I raised my hand to my head, and as my eye rested on it, I saw written thereon, " Go and do better hereafter." It fell lifeless by my side—but soon a soft hand raised it again, and a sweet, silvery voice called my name.

I awoke, and found my mother trying to place in my hand a beautiful rose that she had brought from a neighboring garden. I told her my dream of joy and sorrow. And she said, " My child, let your future life be so blended with love and goodness, that Time will not have to admonish you to do better ; and may it be said of you when you have reached your journey's end, that you improved the one talent that was given you by Him who knows what is best for the children of earth. And I would have you bear in remembrance those beautiful lines of the poet—

' Count that day lost, whose low descending sun,  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.' "

ISABELLA.

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## THE EDEN OF LOVE.

1. How sweet to re-flect on the joys that a - wait us, In

2. While le-gions an - gel - ic, with harps tuned celestial, Har-

yon blissful region, the haven of rest! Where glorified spirits with  
moniously join in the Concert of praise, The saints, as they come from the

welcome shall greet us, And lead us to mansions prepared for the blest! En-

regions terrestrial, In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise. Then

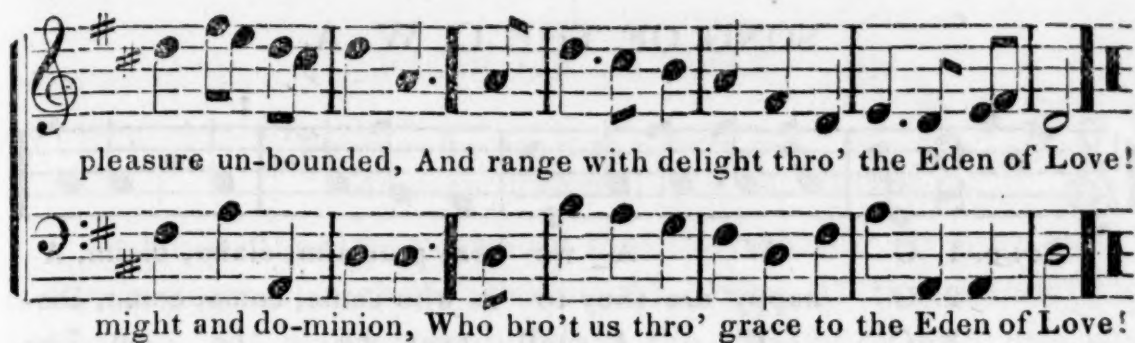
circled in light, and with glory en-shrouded, Our hap-pi-ness

songs to the Lamb shall re - echo through heaven, Our souls will re-

per-fect, our mind's sky unclouded, We'll bathe in the ocean of

spond, To Immanuel be given, All glory, all honor, all





pleasure un-bounded, And range with delight thro' the Eden of Love!

might and do-minion, Who bro't us thro' grace to the Eden of Love!

3

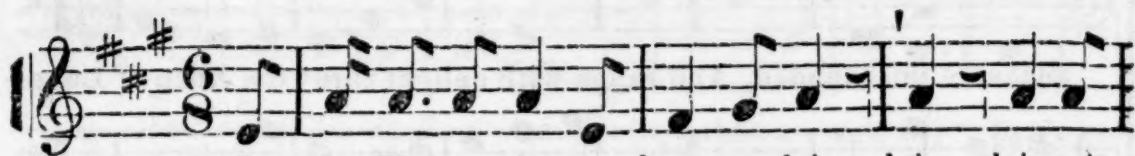
Then hail, blessed state, hail, ye seraphs of glory,  
 Ye angels of light, we'll soon meet you above,  
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,  
 Salvation from sorrow through ransoming love!  
 Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,  
 Already our souls feel a sweet prelibation  
 Of joys that await us, the joys of salvation,  
 The blessing reserved in the Eden of Love!

## THE HAPPY VALLEY.



1. Lo down, down in yon beautiful valley, Where love crowns the  
 2. This lone vale is a-far from contention, Where no soul may  
 3. Ye lone sons of misfortune, come hither, Where joys bloom and  
 meek and the lowly, Where rude storms of envy and folly, May  
 dream of dissension; No dark wiles of evil invention, Can  
 never shall wither, Where faith binds all people together, In  
 roll on their billows in vain, The lone soul, in humble subjection,  
 find out this valley of peace; Lo there, there the Lord will deliver,  
 firm love to the sov'reign I Am: O there, there surrounded with glory,  
 May there find un-shaken protection, The soft gales of  
 And souls drink of that beau-ti-ful river, Which flows peace for  
 O Lord, we will tell the glad story, And shouting thy praise and  
 cheering reflection, The mind may soothe from sorrow and pain.  
 ever and ever, And love and joy shall ever increase.  
 bowing before thee, We'll sing Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

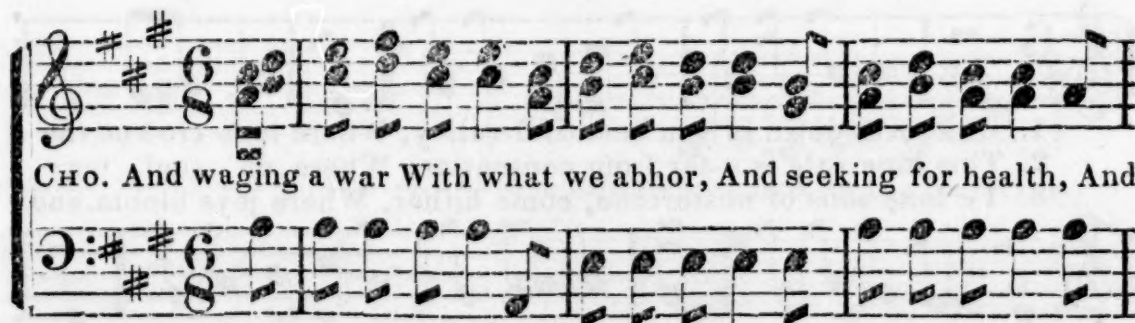
## SONG OF THE C. W. A.



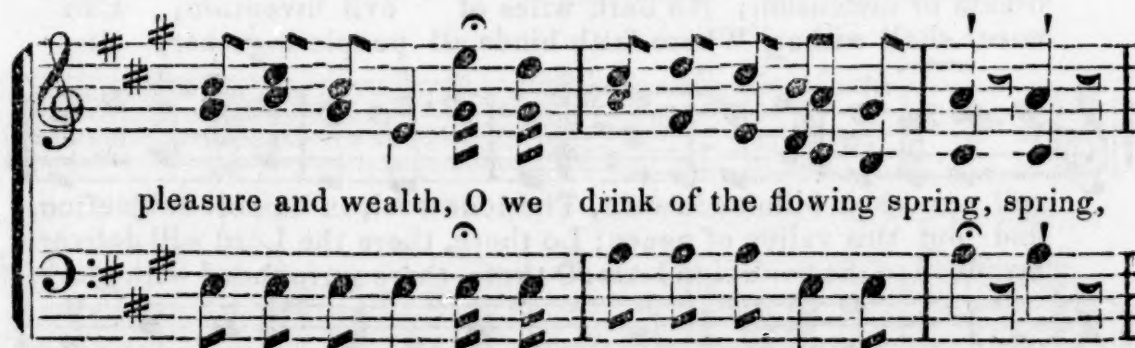
SOLO. 1. C W A we here proclaim, claim, claim, A  
 2. O happy are they to us who come, come, come, Dis-  
 3. C W A shall ever be, be, be, The  
 4. We never will seek reward or thanks, thanks, thanks, From



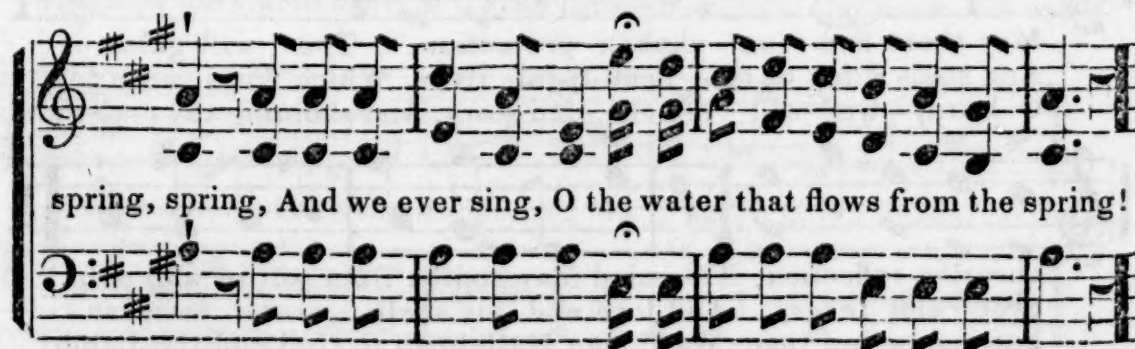
(1) title devoid of shame; Cold Water Army is our name,  
 (2) carding the use of Rum; Of its dire woes we've witness'd some,  
 (3) boast of the glad and free; Cold Water Army still are we,  
 (4) any who join our ranks; O we're a stout and firm phalanx,



CHO. And waging a war With what we abhor, And seeking for health, And



pleasure and wealth, O we drink of the flowing spring, spring,



spring, spring, And we ever sing, O the water that flows from the spring!



## RULE OF ACTION.

"'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
And so for him will I."—GOLDSMITH.

"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," is a rule given unto those who would arrive at the standard of perfection. It was exemplified in the character of "him who spake as never man spake," and whose conduct was guided by loftier motives than often actuate humanity. It was a hard saying, and one which is often evaded by those who almost believe themselves the imitators of Jesus of Nazareth.

But Oh! how easy it would have been to have obeyed the precept, had it but been, "Do unto others as they do unto you." Then, the quick prompting of nature would have coincided with the words of the Teacher; and the heart would have followed its own strong impulses in the attainment of the highest moral excellence.

We are perhaps almost unconscious of the extent to which our feelings towards others are modified by those which they evince towards us. We find ourselves the objects of anger, and our own hearts throb with tumultuous passion, and our own veins swell, and a choking arises in our own throats; and then perhaps the wrath of the opponent abates, and the storm subsides in our own bosoms, and the waves which have tossed and foamed, sink gently down beneath the wind which up-heaved them.

We find ourselves the objects of affection, and a tide of sweet emotions flows through our souls at the calm, attractive influence which draws us to the friend. Gratitude and resentment, love and hate, antipathy and sympathy, though so far unlike, are sisters of the same parents. They are the offspring of that instinct of our nature which prompts us to "render blessing for blessing, and cursing for cursing." It was the influence of this feeling which the poet portrayed, when in that old, touching ballad he made his heroine exclaim,

"'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
And so for him will I."

Even death, though she should die "forlorn, despairing, hid," would be more than welcome; for it would come to her for *his* sake, as it had done to him for *hers*.

Though in the busy transactions of life, in all its scenes of trials, vexation and grief, we should ever retain the remembrance of the Saviour's precept, "Do unto others," not as they do, but "as ye would that they should do unto you;" yet this natural principle need not always be kept from sight. In our intercourse with others, we should remember that we are generally engendering in *their* hearts towards *us*, feelings corresponding to those we cherish in our own towards *them*; and this reflection will admonish us to repress all hatred, envy, superciliousness, pride, indifference, or ill-will; and when conscious that *no* act of our own has implanted a Upas seed in the breast of another, to germinate and mature into a death-bearing tree, the sweet assurance will then be with us, that all are anxious to bestow upon us some evidence of their good-will; saying to themselves,

"'Tis so for *us* that she has done,  
And so for *her* will I."

Q. R.

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### HAPPINESS.

The great aim and object of all persons, is the attainment of happiness; but how few there are who obtain the desired end! For a long time have I been a wanderer in search of happiness; but never yet have I been able to secure that for which I sought.

I have travelled, in fancy, through foreign countries, even to the cold and frozen regions of the north, and to the warm and sunny climes of the south. I have beheld scenes which not even the pencil of the artist, nor the pen of the poet can portray. I have entered the mansions of the wealthy and proud, and the cottage of the humble and lowly peasant; but there I found not that peace and enjoyment for which I sought. I have beheld monarchs exercising unlimited power over their people, teaching them to bow in submission to *their* will, or suffer the penalty due for their disobedience. I have seen them, too, bereft of their shining crowns, wearing out their lives in poverty and wretchedness. And as I thus looked upon them, I thought of the uncertainty of riches. For one moment we may possess the wealth and power of *genii*, and the next, be despoiled of them all.



Happiness is not within the reach of man, said I, as I left the scenes I have described, to return to my native land, to mourn over the humble lot which God had assigned me, thinking that I should never discover the secret of happiness.

While these thoughts and feelings occupied my mind, a voice whispered within me, "Happiness is within the reach of every one, and the reason why so few have attained it, is, they do not seek for it from the right source. Return to thy home ; do good to all, and endeavor by all means in thy power to increase the happiness of those around thee ; and by so doing, thou wilt also secure thy own—for it is only by cherishing a charitable and benevolent spirit, by relieving the distressed and comforting the afflicted, that we may expect to enjoy true peace and happiness."

N. H.

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#### LAST EFFORT OF THE POETESS.

Addressed to a friend, who requested the writer to continue her poetical contributions to a social circle.

Nay, ask not, and think not, again I may lay  
A tribute upon our shrine ;  
For the gift and the spirit of poesy,  
I now may not claim as mine.

Yet often before me, by night and by day,  
Have visions of loveliness passed,  
Like the shadowy forms which people dreams,  
With a beauty which may not last.

And vainly I've prayed that the magical power,  
Might once more be given to me,  
To picture them forth with a pencil so true,  
That others their beauty might see.

But Oh ! there's a sickness within my heart,  
And a feverish whirl in my brain ;  
And the clear, bright thoughts of earlier days,  
May never be mine again.

Yet I would not heed the temple's throb,  
Nor the pulse's feverish thrill,  
So that feelings and powers which once were mine,  
Might gladden my being still.

Again I would drink at that sparkling fount,  
 But its waters in vapour arise ;  
 And the misty wreaths which around me curl,  
 Only dim and bewilder my eyes.

And wildly invoking the forms of the past,  
 They come at the sound of my breath ;  
 But they stand, as the prophet of old arose,  
 Arrayed in the mantle of death.

And silently I shall depart to my rest—  
 For mine's not the swan-like power,  
 To breathe forth a sweeter and lovelier lay,  
 The nearer the dying hour.

Yet haply, ere Death in his wasting career,  
 His robe o'er my weakness hath cast,  
 My spirit may hearken, and vividly hear  
 A strain of the shadowy past.

ILENA.

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### OUR DUTY TO STRANGERS.

“Deal gently with the stranger's heart.”—MRS. HEMANS.

The factory girl has trials, as every one of the class can testify. It was hard for thee to leave

“Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land,  
 The voices of thy kindred band,”—

was it not, my sister? Yes, there was a burden at your heart as you turned away from father, mother, sister and brother, to meet the cold glance of strange stage-companions. There was the mournfulness of the funeral dirge and knell, in the crack of the driver's whip, and in the rattling of the coach-wheels. And when the last familiar object receded from your fixed gaze, there was a sense of utter desolation at your heart. There was a half-formed wish that you could lie down on your own bed, and die, rather than encounter the new trials before you.

Home may be a capacious farm-house, or a lowly cottage, it matters not. It is *home*. It is the spot around which the dearest affections and hopes of the heart cluster and rest. When we turn away, a thousand tendrils are broken, and they bleed.—



Lovelier scenes *might* open before us, but that only "the loved are lovely." Yet until new interests are awakened, and new loves adopted, there is a constant heaviness of heart, more oppressive than can be imagined by those who have never felt it.

The "kindred band" may be made up of the intelligent and elegant, or of the illiterate and vulgar; it matters not. Our hearts yearn for their companionship. We would rejoice with them in health, or watch over them in sickness.

In all seasons of trial, whether from sickness, fatigue, unkindness or *ennui*, there is one bright *oasis*. It is

—"the hope of return to the mother, whose smile  
Could dissipate sadness and sorrow beguile;  
To the father, whose glance we've exultingly met—  
And no meed half so proud hath awaited us yet—  
To the sister whose tenderness, breathing a charm,  
Not distance could lessen, nor danger disarm;  
To the friends, whose remembrances time cannot chill,  
And whose home in the heart not the stranger can fill."

This hope is invaluable; for it,

"like the ivy round the oak,  
Clings closer in the storm."

Alas! that there are those to whom this hope comes not! those whose affections go out, like Noah's dove, in search of a resting place; and return without the olive-leaf.

"Death is in the world," and it has made hundreds of our factory girls orphans. Misfortunes are abroad, and they have left as many destitute of homes. This is a melancholy fact, and one that calls loudly for the sympathy and kind offices of the more fortunate of the class. It is not a light thing to be alone in the world. It is not a light thing to meet only neglect and selfishness, when one longs for disinterestedness and love. Oh, then, let us

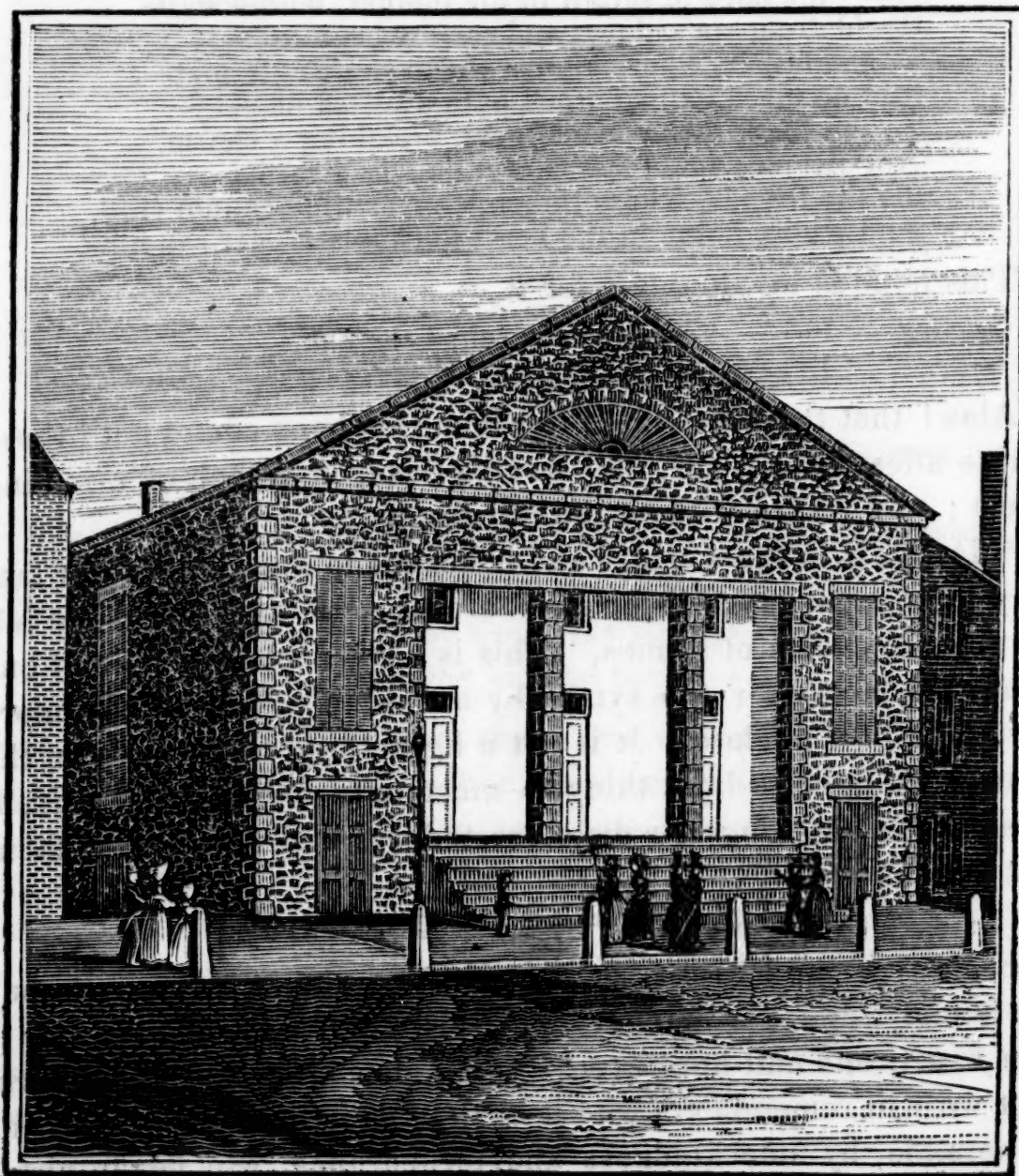
"Deal gently with the stranger's heart,"

especially if the stranger be a destitute orphan. Her garb may be homely, and her manners awkward; but we will take her to our heart, and call her sister. Some glaring faults may be hers; but we will remember "who it is that maketh us to differ," and if possible, by our kindness and forbearance, win her to virtue and peace.

There are many reasons why we should do this. It is a part of "pure and undefiled religion" to "visit the fatherless in their

afflictions." And "mercy is twice blest; blest in him that gives, and him that takes." In the beautiful language of the simple Scotch girl, "When the hour o' trouble comes, that comes to mind and body, and when the hour o' death comes, that comes to high and low, oh, my leddy, then it is na' what we ha' done for ourselves, but what we ha' done for others, that we think on maist pleasantly."

E.



APPLETON ST. CONGREGATIONALIST CHURCH.



## AMBITION AND CONTENTMENT.

### AN ALLEGORY.

It was Morning. A mother watched her beauteous boy, as he frolicked among the garden flowers, or sportively anticipated the southern breeze, which stealthily came on its wonted errand to bear away upon its silken wings the diamond gems, with which Night had so lavishly bestudded each leaf of the grove and herb of the field ; and as he shook the bright dew-drops from the low wild-flowers, or more beauteous blossoms of the garden parterre, he gaily laughed in his childish glee.

Nor did he pause in his wild pastime, save when he cast an upward glance at the sky-lark, soaring on to her own sweet music, as though it were her mission to pour that tribute of melody upon the fleecy clouds, which were blushing in the crimson robes thrown over their varying forms by the rising King of Day. And a thoughtful smile came upon the full lips, and beamed from the bright eyes of the fair child, as his young heart thrilled to that matin song.

But the flowers were many, and their hues were very beautiful ; and the perfume with which they loaded the morning breeze in return for its slight caress, was very sweet, and the gay butterflies flitted about, or shadowed with their gorgeous wings the opening petals of those lovely earth-stars, as if they were Flower-Spirits, guarding and admiring the sweet objects of their care.

So the boy withdrew his gaze from the glories of heaven, and fixed again his eyes upon the beauties of earth ; and his heart no longer swelled within him at the gushing strains of the heaven-bound lark, for he listened to nought but the chirp of the cricket, the song of the grasshopper, and the buzz of the silver-winged flies, which hummed amid the fragrant herbage ; and he renewed his wild play, and sported, like the passing zephyr, with the frail flowerets around him.

The morning passed. The mother's eyes were still upon her son, and she saw that he began to weary of the wonted pastime with flowerets, dew-drops and butterflies, and that a shadow was stealing upon his sunny brow, and the sparkle was fading from his joyous eyes ; and she called the bright boy to her side, and

asked him why he had ceased his merry shout, and why the gloom had so early fallen upon his spirit.

And the child said, "Mother, the dew-drops are gone ; the pink shadows of the morning clouds no longer rest upon the limpid lake ; the blue haze which slightly veiled the mountain tops, has faded all away ; the breeze now sleeps within the forest-shade, and beneath the shrubbery of the garden ; the flowers are drooping on their stems, or folding up their withered blossoms,—say, dearest mother, say, why should I longer shout for joy, or smile again in sunny glee ?"

And the mother pressed her boy closer to her side, and her low voice fell softly upon his ears, as she answered, "My son, are there not other beauties and other pleasures than those of the early morn ? and is thy heart saddened that they should so quickly pass away ? But behold the sun, for he is high in the heavens ; the labor of the day is before thee. Go now about thine appointed task, and thank thy Father in heaven that the day has dawned so brightly, and that so joyous a morning has been given to gladden thy heart, and strengthen thy frame."

And the boy said, "Mother, will there be no more morning ? Will the flowers no longer bloom ? and the insects no longer sing ? and the dew-drops never sparkle ? and the zephyrs no more play with the slight tendrils of the vine ?"

And the mother replied, "To each day there is but one morn, but our Father above has assured us that the day shall follow the night, and that when we lie down to sleep, it shall surely be to wake again. But if we would lie down to rest in peace, and would waken beneath His approving smile, it must be with the consciousness of a day well-spent, and a night anticipated as a release from useful toil. Yet God forbid that no more flowers should gladden thine eyes, and no more music enliven thy heart ; but the carols of *early* birds, and the fragrance of *opening* flowers, are delights which *this* day can never again bestow. My son can no more return to the haunts of his morning pleasures ; or if he could, those gardens, fields and vales would no more offer the delights which beguiled his gone-by hours. Yet in the pilgrim-path before him, there may be joys which will better meet his maturer mind. Flowers may blossom by the way-side, and leisure may be given the passing traveller to enjoy their sweet odor. Birds may carol in the shadowing trees, and may the ears



and heart of my child be ever unsealed to their simple melody. Sky-larks may never again attract thine upward gaze, but let *those morning songs* reverberate in the deep recesses of thy heart, and the ears of thy soul listen to the low echoes of their minstrelsy. So shall the brightness of the morning illuminate the coming day, as the sun sends forward roseate robes, for the clouds which wait upon his rising."

And the boy said, "Mother, there is but one direction, and that is, FORWARD; but there are many paths. Is there no chart? no guide for the inexperienced one?"

And the mother repeated mournfully, "Alas! is there no guide for my son?"

And there came in reply to her call a noble form, arrayed in richest robes of crimson and purple hues; and a diadem glittered above his brow, and his majestic mein and haughty step, well beseemed one clad in so much grandeur. Yet, spite of his lofty bearing, there was much of fascination in his tones, as he said to the boy, "My name is Ambition. Accept me as thy guide, for I can direct thy steps in the path which leads to Happiness. The way is toilsome, for thy steps must be ever ascending; yet there is a joy in the upward progress, and a noble pleasure awaits thee when thou shalt stand above thy fellows on yonder heights; and amidst the brilliant lights which play around their summits, there are glorious forms whose task is ever to minister to those who gain that envied station. Fame and Happiness, twin sisters, there make their habitations, and no where else can they ever be found."

The boy's heart was stirred within him at the beguiling words of his visitant, and he looked upward to the hills which Ambition had pointed out as the abodes of Fame and Happiness; and the lurid, flickering light was so dazzling to his young eyes, that he saw not how shadowy were the forms which he had been assured were those whom he should ever seek.

Yet ere he started upon his weary ascent, there came to him *another* form. Cheerful and placid was the expression of her countenance, and the serene light which beamed from her clear blue eyes, was well contrasted with the brighter but restless fires which flashed from the dark orbs of Ambition. Gentle and retiring were her manners; and there was little to charm in her person, arrayed in a plain brown robe, which bespoke frugality

and mediocrity of station. She advanced calmly to the boy, and her voice was low and sweet, though her speech was plain, as she thus addressed him :

“ My name is Contentment. I too am willing to be thy guide ; and though I may not present to thy view those attractions with which my rival would lure thee away, yet believe me when I assure thee, that I *alone* can conduct thee to Happiness. The path in which I would lead, winds through a lowly vale ; and though to thy bedazzled eyes it may look gloomy now, (for the shadows of those dizzy heights hang darkly over it,) yet there are lights gleaming upward from the still waters, and a soft brightness resting upon the low recesses of the sheltered valley. If Fame be considered the only person worthy thy regard, and the coronet that she may place upon thy brows the only object to which thou art willing to devote thy energies, I must withdraw my proffered aid ; but believe not the seducing words of yon false one, for Fame is not allied to Happiness, nor are their dwelling-places the same. The former may indeed be found upon that summit, but the latter dwells with every cottager who makes his home in that humble valley, and with every pilgrim who treads the shaded path which winds around it. Say then, wilt thou follow *me* ? or wouldst thou rather become the victim of that seducer ? ”

The boy was young, and the splendid attire of Ambition was far more pleasing to his eyes than the plain garments of Contentment ; and the path, to which he pointed, seemed like a bright ascent, leading upward to a scene of glittering illumination ; but the over-hanging heights which enclosed the low vale of Contentment, appeared to him to surround a scene of mingled poverty and gloom.

So he took hold of the skirts of Ambition's robe, and declared his readiness to pass the day in following his footsteps ; yet he dared not look back for his mother's blessing, for he felt that she would have smiled far more sweetly upon him, had he accepted the guidance of his gentler monitor. But when Contentment saw that he slighted her offers, and noticed not the hand which she had kindly extended towards him, she meekly turned away.

\* \* The sun was at the zenith. The mother's eyes were still upon her child, but it was with a fearful joy that she marked the upward path he trod, and saw that in basking amidst the



bright rays which poured upon his path, he heeded not the dark clouds which were rolling up from the horizon. And she saw, too, that the gay smile, which illuminated his face when he commenced his journey, had vanished away. His countenance was pale and haggard, his eyes wildly sending forth their bright, restless glances, and his footsteps growing fainter and more uncertain. Ever and anon would he cast an anxious glance at the brow of the hill he was ascending, thinking to behold upon it the splendid temple to which he had ever directed his steps, and hoping that there he might at length recruit his exhausted frame, and enjoy the reward of his hours of toil. But height peeped over height, hill frowned above hill, 'Alps on Alps continually arose,' until the anxious expression of his own countenance had changed to one of settled gloom. He had out-stripped many of his competitors, and had obeyed the low, selfish suggestions of his guide, who bade him thrust his rivals from the path, or hurl them down the summit, until his course had become one of reckless madness. Desiring to stand alone upon that lofty pinnacle, he had endeavored to bring upon all around him disappointment and destruction. His bosom had become a dark fountain, sending forth its black stream of unholy desires, and impious machinations. None ever smiled upon him now, and the voice of sympathy never fell upon his ears. There were no friends to aid him, no loved ones to cheer him.

Yet he was not alone. Wherever he went, he found that others had been there before him. Whatever summit he might ascend was overlooked by a loftier one, upon whose brow stood those who had attained a higher elevation. Yet Happiness was never visible, and the clouds, which had previously appeared to him refulgent with brightness, were bursting in tempestuous fury upon his head, and casting their black shadows upon the pathway before him.

He paused, and cast his eyes downward upon the low valley, in which he had been invited to pass the day. And he saw that the storms passed high above it, and though the bright sun-beams never dazzled it with radiant light, yet a softer brightness ever illuminated its bosom. He saw, also, that the dwellers there were a happy band, with cheerful smiles and joyful songs, and that they were truly wealthy, for all that they had was all they

wished. And he vainly regretted that he had not chosen the better part.

"I can never dwell there now," he bitterly repeated, "but Happiness may yet be found upon some loftier height." Again he turned to resume his toilsome progress, but his feeble limbs refused their aid; darkness came thickly down from the misty hills; his frame was sinking, and his mind despairing. He turned away from Ambition, who would still have urged him on, and sank down in utter despondency.—

Night was coming. Quickly had passed that day, for the sun had *early* hasted to his going down. The watchful mother had hastened to her son, and she vainly endeavored to arouse his drooping spirits and cheer his sunken heart. But it was too late. The shades of evening were gathering fast around him, and the sun was sinking below the horizon.

"Will no one aid me?" said the wretched mother; and there came, in reply to her call, a lovely form arrayed in robes of snowy whiteness.

"My name," said she, "is Religion. Mine is the task to heal the broken hearted, to give joy to the children of affliction, and to bestow upon them the spirit of rejoicing, for the garment of heaviness."

And she turned her angelic face towards that child of disappointment and despair, and sweetly smiled upon him; and with a voice, whose every tone was heavenly melody, she poured into his listening ears the words of consolation. "Oh," said he, "that I had earlier received thine instructions, and enjoyed the delights of thy presence!"

"My dwelling," she replied, "is in the valley below, and seldom do I find a votary upon the heights. Hadst thou followed Contentment, thou wouldst also have found *me*, and my sister, Happiness, whom thou hast vainly sought upon these dizzy summits."

"But," said he, "must thy votaries *ever* continue in the low vallies? Is there *no* upward path, but that which Ambition has chosen, to lure his followers to destruction?"

And Religion replied, "Thou hast said well, in that thou thinkest an upward progress preferable to a constant sojourn in the low vallies. There is an upward path, and it leads to mansions of eternal bliss; there is an exercise for the longing spirit, and it



is to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength ; and there is a joy in this which lasteth evermore. The day is now past, and the night cometh ; but that will also flee away, and a brighter morning shall arouse thee to renovated strength, to purer pleasures, to nobler and greater capacities of enjoyment, and to an entrance to that mansion which is the everlasting abode of Happiness, 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' "

The bright glow which irradiated the countenance of Religion was reflected upon that of her listener ; a heavenly smile passed over his worn features ; a brilliant light beamed from his sunken eyes ; he pressed his mother's hand in his, then gently laid his head upon her breast, "and so he fell asleep."

H. F.

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### THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

When first the little Pilgrim band  
Came o'er to fair Columbia's land,  
They planted, with a careful hand,  
The sacred Tree of Liberty.

Their prayers and tears enriched the soil ;  
Its rapid growth repaid their toil,  
Till England proudly thought to spoil  
The cherished Tree of Liberty.

She sent her prowling Lion o'er,  
To desolate our peaceful shore,  
And frighten, with his dreadful roar,  
The gallant sons of Liberty.

The Eagle spied him from afar,  
And poised herself his plots to mar,  
While brightly many a glistening star  
Shone o'er the Tree of Liberty.

The wild alarm rung thro' the land,  
And quickly many a valiant band  
Of patriots boldly took their stand,  
Around the Tree of Liberty.

At length, the clouds of war appear ;  
The deadly combat soon draws near—  
When suddenly a call we hear,  
'Defend the Tree of Liberty !'

Then quick, from many a heart and wound,  
The blood of free-men stains the ground, <sup>¶</sup>  
And brave men's bones are strewed around  
The waving Tree of Liberty.

Conflicting parties now engage,  
And long the doubtful conflicts rage;  
And deadly war the foe-men wage  
Against the Tree of Liberty.

Our veterans still maintain the field,  
And valiantly their weapons wield;  
While with their hearts they bravely shield  
The glorious Tree of Liberty.

Now fearfully the lowering cloud  
Comes o'er the land, an awful shroud!  
And pealing thunders, long and loud,  
Roll round the Tree of Liberty.

The strife is o'er. The battle's done!  
The triumph 's ours. The victory 's won!  
And brightly glorious Freedom's sun  
Shines on the Tree of Liberty.

Roaring with mingled rage and pain,  
The vanquished Lion left the plain;  
And as he fled across the main,  
He growled the name of Liberty.

Covered with wounds, and smeared with gore,  
He ceased not yet his dismal roar,  
Till safely landed on a shore,  
Far from the land of Liberty.

Then, lest the world should think him scared,  
He bravely turned, his fangs he bared—  
A threat'ning look, ('twas all he dared,)  
He gave the sons of Liberty.

Enraged and humbled by his fate,  
Nor time nor distance could abate  
The wrath he felt, th' embittered hate  
He bore the Tree of Liberty.

O thus forever may it be!  
E'er may the foes of Freedom see  
That patriot hearts, both brave and free,  
Still guard the Tree of Liberty.

Death hovers round the hostile band  
That dares invade Columbia's land,  
Or raise the sacrilegious hand,  
To mar the Tree of Liberty.

EMILY.



## COLD WATER SONG.

1. How sparkles the dew on the grass and flow'rs In rays of the early

2 The earth drinks enough of the cooling rains, And quenches her burning

3. To spring, or to pump, or to well we'll hie, Obedient to nature's

(1) dawn! And how refreshing are summer show'rs To fields and meadows and

(2) thirst; The sea a portion by rills obtains, A part by vapor the

(3) laws; And this to others shall be our cry, O drink cold water when-

(1) drooping bow'rs! And how reviving their secret pow'rs To garden & parching lawn!

(2) cloud regains; And some sinks downwards thro' earth's small veins  
[In springs from her heart to burst.

(3) e'er you're dry, And health and pelasure you'll gain thereby,  
[And honor a holy cause!

## THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

Ay, well do I remember the old farm-house—its spacious halls, its drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, and every room, from the attic to the cellar—not one of which had not a story connected with it of ghosts, hobgoblins, or something of the kind.

This house was built by Governor Wentworth, (the last Colonial Governor of New-Hampshire,) for a country residence, and was the largest house in the whole township. It was situated hard-by a beautiful pond of water, which covered some hundreds of acres, and contained a number of islands which added much to its beauty. In this pond, tradition says, the young wife of the old gray-haired Governor once made her spouse believe that she had thrown herself, after being refused admittance to the house upon her return from a moon-light frolic and ramble, which had kept her from home through the greater part of the night. The Governor, hearing a splash in the water, rushed out in his night-clothes to rescue his wife from a watery grave, when she in her turn took possession of the house, and refused her husband admittance; and he (poor soul!) had to spend the remainder of the night in the stable, wrapped in horse-blankets—a circumstance which Johnny O'Lara said proved 'beyond demonstration,' that the Governor's wife was his better half.

The large farm of the Governor had not only its garden, orchard, and mowing, pasturage, tillage and wood-lands, but also its park, lawn, shady walks, and many other embellishments, which are now remembered among the things which 'were, and are not.' The lawn was on the right hand from the house, the park on the left—the distance from the extreme part of the one to that of the other, might be three-fourths of a mile. The lawn is memorable as the place for dancing by moon-light, a custom which was fashionable in the day of Governor Wentworth, and which was highly approved of by his youthful partner, who made it a point of duty to honor by her presence all the merry-makings of her rustic neighbors. A narrow strip of dark growth, such as pine, hemlock, spruce and fir, was left standing when the land was cleared. This strip was called 'the green ribbon,' and commenced at the extreme part of the lawn, and extended a mile and a half to an eminence, called Mount Delight. It wound over the



mount, making a double bow, and then extended to the extreme part of the park. Here it terminated, and a white-washed, picket-fenced lane led to the house. A beautiful path through the green ribbon made it a delightful walk, either at blazing noon, or by the mild light of night's silver queen. It was from a ramble through the green ribbon, after a frolic on the lawn, that Madam Wentworth had returned, on the memorable night, when, by stratagem, she took possession of the farm-house, to the great discomfiture of the good Governor.

Upon the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, Governor Wentworth (who was a patriot at heart, and could not in conscience join with the British, and believing the cause of American independence to be a hopeless one, dared not join with the Americans) fled the country; and the farm-house, with all its appendages, fell into other hands. It had various owners from time to time; and at the period when I first became acquainted with it, it was owned by a Mrs. Raynard, a native of Yorkshire, England. Our whole township being destitute of public buildings, with the exception of one meeting-house, Mrs. Raynard's hall was the chosen place for all the Thanksgiving, Christmas, New-Year, and Washington balls. This made the old farm-house a place dear to the hearts of all the young ones who delighted in the innocent pastimes of youth. And thrice dear was the old farm-house in the memory of many; for there many an acquaintance commenced, that ended in friendship; and there, within its mouldering walls, many a friendship commenced which ripened into a pure and holy love. And when, tired of dancing, the young people would promenade through the house, while the attention of the rest was engaged in listening to some legendary tale of the spirits which had been known to haunt the house ever since the day on which Governor Wentworth left America, some bashful swain would muster courage to "pop the question" to his "beloved" — while she, from fancying herself in the midst of ghosts and hobgoblins, would so sensibly feel the need of a protector, that "I will be thine, and only thine," came with less hesitation from her trembling lips.

If the young people could have been the sole arbiters of the fate of the old farm-house, it would have stood the test of time — so much did they prize it. But it was made of perishable materials, and doomed to fire. Whether it was fired accidentally,

or by an incendiary, is a question in the minds of many, which without doubt will ever remain unanswered. Mrs. Raynard, at the time it was burned, was on the point of being married to a neighboring widower, whose children were very much opposed to the match, for fear that Mrs. R. would bring their father to poverty ; and report said that they often expressed a wish that the old woman would take fire and burn up. Mrs. R. was taken into the family of the gentleman to whom she was to have been married, who, upon better acquaintance, concluded not to marry her. The gentleman's children have not prospered so well as it was expected they would ; and the " wise ones," when conversing of these things, often think of retribution, and the old farm-house.

Revered building ! a small tribute is due thee, in memory of the many scenes of joy and sorrow which have been witnessed within thy walls ! Many of these have long been buried in oblivion, and many are still green spots in memory ! But *they*, too, will pass away ; and thou also wilt be forgotten. Peace to thy ashes !

TABITHA.

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### OUR HOUSEHOLD.

MR. EDITOR :—It may not perhaps be deemed intrusive for me to present to your notice some statistical facts, connected with our domestic circle ; if that may be properly called a *domestic circle*, which is in fact but a promiscuous collection of females, from many different places, in a house they can scarcely think a home.

There are now but eleven boarders in our family, and but thirteen, including every member of it.

Among us, there are regularly received fifteen papers and periodicals. These are as follows : Boston Daily Times ; Signs of the Times ; Herald of Freedom ; Christian Herald, two copies ; Christian Register ; Vox Populi ; Literary Souvenir ; Boston Pilot ; Young Catholic's Friend ; Star of Bethlehem ; Lowell Offering, three copies ; Magazine, one copy.

We also regularly *borrow* the Non-Resistant, the Liberator, the Lady's Book, the Ladies' Pearl—and the two last *have had* regular subscribers in the house ; also, the Ladies' Companion. Many other papers are occasionally borrowed. So I think you



must acknowledge that we *need* not be ignorant upon the subjects which are agitating the world around us, nor of the transactions which excite the interest of others besides "factory girls."

As to our religious tenets, classing the different members of the family according to the meetings which they attend, we have one Calvinist Baptist, two Universalists, one Unitarian, one Congregationalist, one Catholic, one Episcopalian, two Methodists, three Christian Baptists, and one Mormonite—which is a variety seldom found in one family; and we have here what is not to be found any where else in the City of Lowell, and in but few other places, and that is, A MORMON BIBLE.

Notwithstanding the divers faiths embraced among us, we live in much harmony, and seldom is difference of opinion the cause of contention amongst us. H. T.

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### EMMA AND GRACE.

"Courage resists danger; fortitude supports pain."—BLAIR.

"But surely, sister, you will not attempt to mount him," said Emma Hale to her sister, as she came to the door in a riding-dress.

Grace nodded gaily, kissed Emma's cheek *en passant*, and approached a horse which her brother was training.

Her father had just purchased a beautiful little creature, spirited as Bucephalus, black and glossy as a raven's plume, with a neck on the principle of Hogarth's "curve of beauty and of grace," and a step that seemed to spurn the ground. Little Henry watched his graceful evolutions with almost breathless admiration.

"Yes, Grace, do, do ride him. You will go it so pretty!" said he, offering Grace a riding stick.

George thought as much, but he was more prudent; and confident as he was of Grace's courage under ordinary trials, he did not dare urge her to an experiment so hazardous as the initiation of his charger into the mysteries of female equestrianism. Grace smiled alike at her sister's remonstrance and her brother's entreaty. She pressed the rosy point of her finger on her lip a mo-

ment, and then, stepping forward, extended her hand to George for his assistance in mounting.

"Neatly done, hurrah !" shouted Henry, as the horse pranced about, seemingly conscious and proud of the beautiful burden he bore. Grace attempted to urge him forward ; but in vain.

"Forward and back ; *chasse* across !" said the lively Henry, and Grace's horse obeyed him to the letter.

Several had gathered around, and among them some dozen boys. At an evolution they thought particularly fine, they gave a simultaneous shout of applause. Not Ichabod Crane's Gunpowder, or Tam O'Shanter's Maggie, dashed off with more fury, than did our Grace's little steed. George mounted another horse and followed with the greatest possible rapidity ; but Emma's heart sickened when, as a turn in the road took them from her sight, she saw that the distance between them was increasing. She threw herself on the sofa, faint with terror and apprehension.

Half an hour, that seemed an age to the anxious villagers, and especially to Emma, had "dragged its slow length along," and there were no tidings of Grace. Gentlemen had left their shops, offices and fields, and now stood in groups in the street. Mothers walked nervously about from door to window, and from sitting-room to attic. Daughters gathered at the yard-gates, or walked out in different directions, with hopes of meeting Grace on a safe return. Old grandmother Jones began one of her long stories; and its subject was a young and beautiful girl who was killed by being thrown down a "precipitate twenty feet horizontal," by another "jist sich a horse." And who would have thought it? Even Nancy Sibley, who had scarcely been known to utter a word in praise of a young and lovely girl, during the last ten years, said, on meeting Mr. Hervey, "Well, I declare, I shall be so sorry ! But I *do* think she will be killed ; and I *always* liked her, did n't you, Mr. Hervey ?"

Now this Mr. Hervey had been Grace's privileged protector for months. But for a few days there had been an estrangement between them, caused, as Mr. Hervey suspected, by the intrigues of said Nancy Sibley. He spent the previous evening in company with Grace and other young friends. He saw that she carefully avoided him. He saw, too, that she was unhappy; and a recollection of this latter circumstance, determined his purpose of "flying to the rescue." He did not pause to answer Miss



Sibley ; but nodding mechanically as he passed, he took from his father's stable a horse nearly as fleet as Grace's, and started in a direction opposite to that pursued by Grace, her brother, and others who had followed at intervals.

Another half-hour passed ; and Emma felt that she could not endure such suspense much longer. The stillness that now pervaded the house and street was fearful to her—it was so like the hush of death. She heard a footstep in the piazza. It was slow and solemn. Was it to inform her that the mangled form of her sister would soon meet her eye ? So she feared. A sickness was at her “bosom's core ;” and she trembled like an aspen leaf, when a suppressed shout of pleasure rose from her kind and sympathizing neighbors, who were still keeping their vigils. All hats were off ; and fair hands were waving joyous welcomes. All eyes were bent in one direction, except those of a few young friends who loved Grace best. Theirs were overflowing with tears, concealed in their handkerchiefs. The delight of Henry knew no bounds. He flew to Emma, flung his arms around her neck, and then ran back to the gate.

“It is, it is Grace and Mr. Hervey. I saw them just as plain when they came over Isaac's hill,” said he, again bounding into the sitting-room. He kissed Emma's cheek, took her hands and attempted to help her to the door. “Oh ! do come, sister. You won't be pale as soon as you see them ; I wa'n't. Come ; and see how pretty they go it.”

Emma attempted to rise, but she had lost all power of locomotion ; and when Mr. Hervey led the laughing Grace into the room, she fainted. This was very strange to Grace ; for during the whole transaction, her courage had not deserted her for one moment. At one time, while her steed was pursuing his flight, though somewhat less rapidly, he took new fright from a huge rock that projected itself from a high hill on the opposite side of the street. Here she must inevitably have been lost, but for her perfect presence of mind. With meteoric rapidity the horse darted to the very bank. But she spoke very gently to him, with a deal of *tact* backed him a little ; and he again beat forward. At this moment Mr. Hervey joined her. Never was knight more welcome to a distressed damsel, than was Mr. Hervey to Grace. Not that she felt the need of his assistance ; but that his looks and anxious inquiries proved every thing but that he was becom-

ing indifferent to her, as Miss Sibley had attempted, with a slight degree of success, to convince her. He had witnessed the fearful plunge of her horse, and when they met, had scarcely strength to retain his seat.

Whether on the magnetic principle, or some other, I do not know; but Grace's horse was perfectly docile from the moment that she was joined by Mr. Hervey. Strange! was n't it? And was n't it "passing strange" that Mr. Hervey and Grace *could* have forgotten every thing but that they were again all the world to each other, when they came in sight of their anxious friends? Miss Nancy Sibley thought that it was. \* \* \*

Months passed on. Emma and Grace were languishing on beds of sickness, perchance of death. Emma's disease was a hopeless consumption. For months she had suffered there, shut out from the beautiful sights and sounds of nature, to die. No one loved the long ramble better than Emma. To no one was the music of bird and rivulet sweeter, and, especially, to no one did the Sabbath-ministries bring more delight; but she was shut out from them all forever. So her physicians told her; so she believed. Yet there was not a complaining word. More gentle and affectionate than ever, she sought, by constant cheerfulness and concealment of her sufferings, to lessen the cares and anxieties of her friends.

How was it with our courageous Grace? Two weeks only she had been confined to the house. She was evidently recovering, although somewhat slowly—yet she was quite miserable.

"Oh, I could bear any thing better than this protracted debility!" said she to Emma one day, when she had been assisted to her chamber. "Let me just have strength once more to climb that hill, to push our little skiff across the river, or guide Don in a morning ride upon its bank; and I ask no more, except, indeed, to see you well again, dear sister."

Emma smiled sadly.

"I know you will despise me for my lack of fortitude," pursued Grace, "you have borne so much and so patiently. But I cannot help it. I have tried in vain to imitate your example." She burst into tears and wept like a child, while her poor sister repeated to her those lessons of fortitude and trust, which were so admirably illustrated by her daily endurance.

In a few days Grace was restored to health; but Emma was



dying. Never was she so strangely beautiful. Her eye shone with an unearthly fire ; and already her pure spirit seemed assimilated in its raptures to those " saints who fall down and worship before the Lamb." Entirely forgetful of self, she was only anxious that her weeping friends might be comforted. In short and earnest petitions, she commended them again and again to the care of their heavenly Father. She talked sweetly to them of heaven, and of their final meeting there. Grace was wholly unprepared for this trying hour. She walked the floor, wept aloud, and wrung her hands. She left the room, and gained a little composure ; but it forsook her the instant she returned to the bed-side of her sister.

" Oh how can she bear to die !" she exclaimed passionately, as she threw herself on a sofa in a fresh burst of grief.

Emma turned to her, and with perfect calmness, sang a part of the beautiful chant, " Though I walk through the dark valley," &c.

Grace fell on her knees, clasped Emma's hand in hers, and buried her face in the bed clothes. All others instinctively followed her example. Their minister was in the group, and the holy man prayed. His voice was tremulous at first, but it became strong and earnest in its pleadings as he proceeded. Every sob was hushed. They rose with an answer of peace in their hearts ; and it remained there, even after they saw that the spirit of the beloved one had fled.

From that hour Grace was a changed being. When her loving Hervey led her to his elegant home as his bride, he saw, in the expression of her mild blue eye and her thoughtful brow, " a sober certainty of waking bliss."

MADELINE.

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### ELDER ISAAC TOWNSEND.

Elder Townsend was a truly meek and pious man. He was not what is called *learned*, being bred a farmer, and never having had an opportunity of attending school but very little—for school privileges were very limited when Elder Townsend was young. His chief knowledge was what he had acquired by studying the

Bible, (which had been his constant companion from early childhood,) and a study of human nature, as he had seen it exemplified in the lives of those with whom he held intercourse.

Although a Gospel preacher for more than forty years, he never received a salary. He owned a farm of some forty acres, which he cultivated himself; and when, by reason of ill health, or from having to attend to pastoral duties, his farming-work was not so forward as that of his neighbors, he would ask his parishioners to assist him for a day, or a half-day, according to his necessities. As this was the only pay he ever asked for his continuous labors with them, he never received a denial, and a pittance so trifling could not be given grudgingly. The days which were spent on Elder Townsend's farm were not considered by his parishioners as days of toil, but as holy-days, from whose recreations they were sure to return home, richly laden with the blessings of their good pastor.

The sermons of Elder T. were always *extempore*; and if they were not always delivered with the elocution of an orator, they were truly excellent, inasmuch as they consisted principally of passages of scripture, judiciously selected, and well connected.

The Elder's intimate knowledge of his flock, and their habits and propensities, their joys, and their sorrows, together with his thorough acquaintance with the scriptures, enabled him to be ever in readiness to give reproof or consolation, (as need might be) in the language of Holy Writ. His reproofs were received with meekness, and the recipients would resolve to profit thereby; and when he offered the cup of consolation, it was received with gratitude by those who stood in need of its healing influences. But when he dwelt on the loving-kindness of our God, all hearts would rejoice and be glad. Often, while listening to his preaching, have I sat with eyes intently gazing on the speaker, until I fancied myself transported back to the days of the "beloved disciple," and on the Isle of Patmos was hearing him say, "My little children, love one another."

When I last saw Elder Townsend, his head was white with the frosts of more than seventy winters. It is many years since. I presume, ere this he sleeps beneath the turf on the hill-side, and is remembered among the worthies of the olden time.

B. N.



## INDEPENDENCE BELL.

“ The Declaration of Independence was announced to the congregated masses of the people by the Secretary of Congress, and immediately the great bell in the tower of the State House was mightily rung. That bell was cast twenty-two years previously — yet on it was inscribed this almost prophetic language of the Bible: ‘ PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF,’ Levit. xxv. 10 ”

‘ Loud soundeth that bell ! ’Tis the funeral knell  
Of the tyrant, whose violent wrong  
And edicts of fraud, through the country abroad  
Aroused the indignantly strong !  
They gathered in the Congress Hall,  
And vowed to break the despot’s thrall,  
And nobly stand, or nobly fall,  
In striving for the right,  
In council or in fight.’

Loud soundeth that bell, and deep is the swell  
Of feeling that bursts as ’tis heard ;  
It ringeth around, that heart-thrilling sound,  
And the blood of the people is stirred.  
Each pulse beats high at every peal,  
Each sinew wraps itself in steel,  
High purpose doth each eye reveal.  
The tolling of that bell  
On future time shall tell.

It is Liberty’s call ! her voice is to all,  
And all will her summons obey ;  
For, roused by the sound, they rally around,  
Already proclaiming her sway ;  
And “ Liberty or Death ! ” they cry,  
And echo lifts the watch-word high,  
And earth repeats it to the sky :  
Its thunders fill the vale,  
And swell the mountain gale.

’Tis fainter now, and fainter still—  
And now ’tis hushed upon the hill.  
The bell hath told the wondrous tale,  
And echo dies along the vale.  
And now the eye, imploring raised,  
That oft upon that bell hath gazed,  
Looks up to heaven in fervent prayer,  
Committing to Jehovah’s care,  
The destiny of future days,  
Then lifts the soul in grateful praise,  
By deep, o’erwhelming joy possessed—  
Yet, by a fearful thought distressed,

Still rests it in the cause of right,  
 Upon the unseen Arm of Might.  
 Now fixed as never till this hour,  
 Upon that lofty State House tower,  
 It reads—but ah! no tongue can tell  
 What mighty thoughts the bosom swell—  
 It reads as though unread before,  
 That sentence of prophetic lore,  
 Of “liberty throughout the land  
 To all th’ inhabitants” at hand.  
 That scripture ofttime hath been read,  
 Yet never hath the spirit fed,  
 As now, upon each shining word—  
 For now the inmost soul is stirred,  
 And life itself seems clinging there,  
 As though all else were but despair.

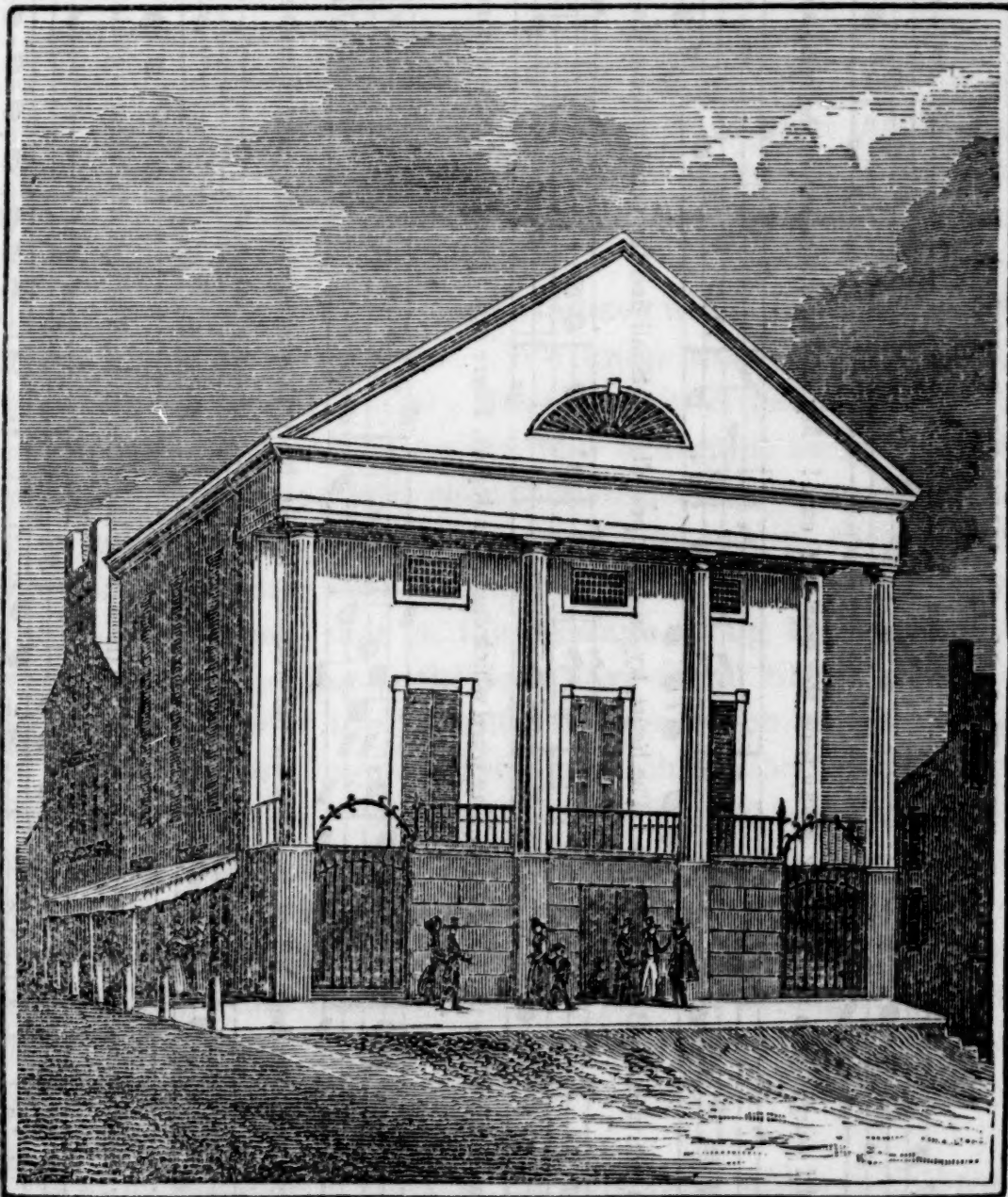
And why? Go, ask the spirit crushed—  
 Go, ask the voice of pleading hushed—  
 Go, ask the man, by tyrants wronged,  
 What images about him thronged,  
 When, roused by sounds before unheard,  
 He fixed his gaze upon that word!  
 Ah, then he thought of “liberty,”  
 That sets the ransomed being free;  
 Of worse than iron chains unbound,  
 Of more than monarch’s head uncrowned;  
 He thought of manly strength arising,  
 The “littleness of power” despising—  
 The image of his God aspiring  
     To be what God himself hath bidden;  
 Of immortality desiring,  
     To stand erect, no longer hidden,  
 To live while in life’s little span,  
 To break his yoke, and *be a man*.

What hand, with such unwonted care,  
 Engraved such prophecyings there?  
 Who looked through time, or time to come,  
 And saw his free prospective home,  
 While tracing there with pious zeal  
 The motto of his country’s weal?  
 Say, did his heaven-taught mind explore  
 The pages of prophetic lore,  
 And learn from inspiration’s pen  
 The destiny of fellow-men?  
 And felt he that his land should be  
 The very home of liberty?  
 Or knew he that from yonder Hall,  
 A voice should come to great and small,  
 With power that should convulse the land,  
 And shake to dust each fetter-band,  
 And strangely from the ashes raise  
 A monument to freedom’s praise?



Oh, 'twas a spirit-voice, from the eternal throne,  
That gave the State House bell that motto for its own.  
Obedient to the high command,  
It told its message through the land;  
And Columbia wept, and smiled—for joyfully she knew  
That the old bell's thrilling words of prophecy were true.

ADELAIDE.



FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, LOWELL.

"O THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE."



1. O had I wings like a dove, I'd fly Away from this world of care! My soul would mount to the realms on high, And seek for a refuge



2. O is it not written, Believe and live! The heart, by bright hopes allured, Shall find the comfort these words can give, And be by its faith as-



3. There is, there is in thy holy word, Thy word which can ne'er depart, There is a promise of mercy stored, For them who are meek of



there. But is there no haven here below, No hope for the wounded breast, No hallowing spot where content has birth, And where I may find a rest?



sured. Then why should we fear the cold world's frown, When truth to the heart has given, The light of religion to guide us on, In joy to the paths of heaven!



heart. "My yoke it is easy, my burden light; O come unto me for rest." This, this is the promise of mercy stored, For the wounded and weary breast.



## CONCLUSION OF THE VOLUME.

In seating myself to write the article which is to conclude the first volume of the Offering, my mind reverts involuntarily to the commencement of our enterprize. Our periodical was sent into the literary world with many doubts and misgivings, and the Offering was humbly laid upon the altar of literature. A success which we hardly dared anticipate, has crowned our labors. From distant parts of our own land, from many respected and valuable authorities, and even from beyond the great waters, has the voice of praise and encouragement been wafted to our ears; and truly grateful has it been to us—for *all* have not been thus indulgent. We have gone on “through *evil* report” as well as “through *good* report;” and the voice of censure has mingled with the tones of approbation.

We are well aware of the circumstances which have procured for us so cheering a welcome. We know that the new star, which appeared in the literary firmament, was hailed with joy, not so much because it was bright and beautiful, as because it appeared where no star had shone before, and where none had dared to look for an illuminating ray. The joyous shout went up, because that little star could penetrate so thick a cloud. The wonder has been, that in the passage along the stream of life, those who are toiling at the oars have found time and capacities to pluck a few of the beautiful flowers which are blooming on the banks, the privilege of culling which had been generally conceded to the leisure passengers of the bark; and the astonishment, that some taste has been displayed in the selection of the blossoms, has been heightened by the reflection that they were plucked in *twilight* hours. We experience some pleasure in the knowledge that the blossoms, so prettily arranged in this *boquet*, were gathered by ourselves; and though another hand occasionally removed a withered leaf, or cast aside an unsightly stalk, yet what is left is *ours*.

We will now glance at some of the objections which have been urged against our publication.

We have been accused by those who seem to wish us no ill, of disingenuousness, and unfaithfulness to ourselves, as exponents

of the general character and state of feeling among the female population of this city. They say the Offering, if indeed it be the organ of the factory girls, is not a *true* organ. It does not expose all the evils, and miseries, and mortifications, attendant upon a factory life. It speaks, they say, on only one side of the question ; and they compare us to poor, caged birds, singing of the flowers which surround our prison bars, and apparently unconscious that those bars exist. We however challenge any one to prove that we have made false assertions, and happy indeed are we, if our minds can turn involuntarily to the sunny side of the objects which arrest our gaze. May it not be supposed that we have written of these flowers, because so many assert that they do not exist, and that

“No more for us the violet shall bloom,  
Nor modest daisy rear its humble head”?

And perhaps we have written of the bright sky above us, because so many think our sun is always obscured by gloomy clouds.

And who will say that had the Offering been but the medium of the foreboding and discontented, and the instrument for the conveyance of one long, dismal wail throughout the land, that it would have been more useful, or a more correct exponent of the state of feeling amongst us ?

We are not generally miserable, either in point of fact, or in the prospect of a dreadful future. This may be the result of our ignorance—for it should be observed that the objections brought against the manufacturing system, are usually founded on analogies from foreign lands. Neither are we philosophical enough to deduce the long chain of dreadful effects which many think will be consequent upon the simple causes which we see in operation around us. But more than this : we see not how we can be accused of disingenuousness when we have never, either through our Editor, or in any other way, pledged ourselves to disseminate a knowledge of every petty evil and inconvenience of the manufacturing system. The Offering has faithfully sustained its character, as A REPOSITORY OF ORIGINAL ARTICLES, WRITTEN BY FEMALES EMPLOYED IN THE MILLS. In the words of one of our own number, we

“desired to show  
What factory girls had power to do.”



Still we might have portrayed the evils of a manufacturing system, had it not been a picture so often presented to the public, and painted, too, in colors black as the Stygian waves. Something surely was needed to counteract the false impression made by others.

It has also been asserted that we are tools, dupes, decoys, &c. Now those who are acquainted with the circumstances in which this periodical originated, will certainly exonerate us from aspersions of this character ; and if our publication has an influence, similar to that which has been attributed to it, it must be merely the incidental result of the removal of an unwarranted prejudice. And if that alone has restrained individuals from coming here, let there be henceforth no barrier.

We do not feel guilty of misleading others, by false representations. We have never said that confinement was less irksome, or labor less tedious here, than in any other place. We have never said that money could compensate for loss of health, or that exciting amusements were better than innocent pleasures. We have also so much confidence in the good sense of our countrywomen, as to feel assured that they will usually know when they have amended their condition. And should the time arrive when the great congregation of operatives here will cause a reduction of their wages, I fear not for the crust of black bread, the suppliant voice, and bended knee ; for then the inducement to remain will be withdrawn. Our broad and beautiful country will long present her spreading prairies, verdant hills, and smiling vales, to all who would rather work than starve ; and when that time shall no more exist, it will not be found that all wisdom and benevolence perished with the philanthropic of this age.

But those who have brought no other charge against us, say that our communications are too light, nonsensical, &c.

Now we never expected to be considered oracles, instructors, modern Minervas, &c. We did not write for the Offering, thinking our assistance was needed to enlighten the community upon lofty or abstruse themes. Still we know that the solid metal, which would sink if alone, may be buoyed upon the waters by the light and otherwise useless pith of a tree ; and so we may sometimes convey a useful moral in an amusing tale, which would have been passed unnoticed in a wise essay.

Yet if our "romantic stories" and "nonsense" have not even this redeeming quality, they are certainly an innocent amusement for those who are too toil-worn to engage after their day's labor in profound disquisitions, or deep investigations. May we not be allowed a harmless recreation? The Vicar of Wakefield gave his daughters money to pay an old fortune-teller, saying, that he was "tired of being always wise;" and if the old and learned will sometimes indulge in pleasantries, may not *we* be allowed this privilege? And those who can make a publication of this nature interesting without "nonsense" or "romantic stories," are gifted with talents for pleasing, superior to ours.

We will now take leave of our opponents, with the feeling that even their injustice would be no excuse for us, should we harbor malice or ill will; and gladly we turn to our friends and patrons.

A merry Christmas we wish them all, and a bounteous share of the blessings they so well deserve. May Providence ever smile upon their earthly path, and kindly hearts and hands be ever near, to cheer and aid their onward way.

To the Editor of this work we would also tender our thanks, for the patience, assiduity, and cheerfulness with which he has accomplished his arduous task. To him we are indebted for support and encouragement when our feelings were sorely tried. His was the cheering assurance that hostility would be of short duration; and though that hope was but a meteor light, it illuminated the gloom when the dark cloud hung nearest. He has the consciousness of projecting a noble work; and while we remember a stream which flowed on in almost unbroken darkness, we cannot forget *whose hand first* removed the overshadowing boughs, and showed a deriding world that those waters could flash and sparkle, when open to the sun's bright beams.

*His* opinion is also *ours*, that, spite of the aspersions cast upon us, no discredit has been done to *ourselves*, THE MANCHESTER OF AMERICA, OF THE MODEL REPUBLIC itself, by the publication of THE LOWELL OFFERING.

ELLA.

Lowell, December 4, 1841.

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ERRATA. Page 130, third line from the bottom, read "power into her mind," instead of *his*. Page 134, third line from the top, read "superior," instead of inferior. Page 272, line 25 from the top, read "usually," instead of really. Page 311, omit the two lines of poetry at the top—also the word "but," at the close of the preceding line.



